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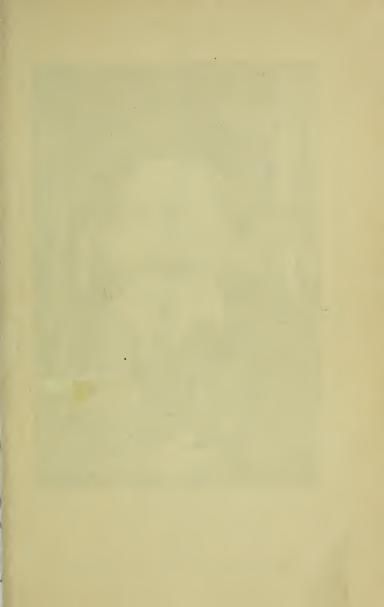
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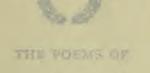




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ALTRED DIRECTENNYSON

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY BUILDIE PARSONS

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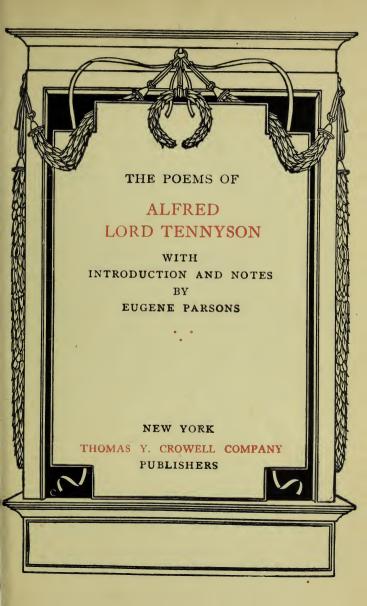
PUBLISHERS

SLERED, LORD TENNYSON.

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ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (Photograph by Barraud)



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## INTRODUCTION.

#### LIFE OF TENNYSON.

ALFRED TENNYSON was born Aug. 6, 1809, in Somersby, a wooded hamlet Lincolnshire, England. "The native village of Tennyson," says Howitt, ho visited the place not long after the Tennysons left it, "is not situated in the fens, but in a pretty pastoral district of softly sloping hills and large ashees. It is not based on bogs, but on a clean sandstone. There is a little glen

the neighborhood, called by the old monkish name of Holywell."

Here he was brought up amid the lovely idyllic scenes which he made famous the "Ode to Memory" and other poems. The picturesque "Glen," with its ngled underwood and purling brook, was a favorite haunt of the poet in child-bod. On one of the stones in this ravine he inscribed the words, Byron is

EAD, ere he was fifteen.

Alfred was the fourth son of the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, LL.D., ctor of Somersby (1807-1831), also rector of Benniworth and Bag Enderby, id vicar of Grimsby (1815). Dr. Tennyson was the eldest son of George ennyson (1750-1835), who belonged to the Lincolnshire gentry as the owner Bayons Manor and Usselby Hall. He was graduated at St. John's College, ambridge, in 1801, and received the degree of M.A. in 1805. The poet's ther (1778-1831) was a man of superior abilities and varied attainments, who led his hand with fair success at architecture, painting, music, and poetry.

Mrs. Tennyson (1781–1865) was a pious woman of many admirable qualities, id characterized by an especially sensitive nature. From his sweet, gentle other the poet inherited his refined, shrinking nature. She was the daughter Stephen Fytche (1734–1799), vicar of Louth (1764) and rector of Withcall

780), a small village between Horncastle and Louth.

Dr. Tennyson married (Aug. 6, 1806) Elizabeth Fytche; and their first child, eorge, died in infancy. He moved to Somersby in 1808, and the rectory in is quiet village was their home for many years. According to the parish registry, the Tennyson family consisted of eleven children: Frederick (1807), harles (1808-1879), Alfred (1809-1892), Mary (1810-1884), Emilia (1811-89), Edward (1813-1890), Arthur (1814), Septimus (1815-1866), Matilda 16), Cecilia (1817), Horatio (1819). They formed a joyous, lively housed, amusements being agreeably mingled with their daily tasks. They were handsome and gifted, with marked personal traits and imaginative temperants. They were very fond of reading and story-telling. At least four of e boys — Frederick, Charles, Alfred, and Edward — were addicted to verseiting.

The scholarly rector carefully attended to the education and training of his ildren. He turned his talents and accomplishments to good account in stimuing their mental growth. Alfred was a pupil of Louth Grammar School four

years (1816-1820). During this time he presumably learned something, although o flattering reports of his progress have come down to us. Then private teachers were employed by Dr. Tennyson to instruct his boys; but he took upon himself for the most part the burden of fitting them for college. One incident connected with the poet's intellectual life at home is worth repeating. It has been said that his father required him to memorize the odes of Horace, and to recite them morning by morning until the four books were gone through. Perhaps this practice aided him in cultivating a delicate sense for metrical music, in which he certainly surpassed Horace.

Only a moderate amount of study being imposed by his father, Alfred was out-of-doors much of the time, rambling through the pastures and wolds about Somersby and Bag Enderby. The two brothers, Charles and Alfred, were greatly attached to each other, and frequently were together in their walks. They were both large and strong for their age. Charles was a popular boy in Somersby on account of his frank, genial disposition. This cannot be said of the reticent Alfred, who was solitary, not caring to mingle with other lads in their sports. He was shy and reserved, moody and absent-minded, exhibiting when a boy the

same habits and peculiarities which characterized him as a man.

From his twelfth to his sixteenth year Alfred was apparently idle a great part of the time, yet he was unconsciously preparing for his life-work as a poet. He was gathering material and storing up impressions that were afterward utilized It was with him a formative period. The hours he spent strolling in lanes and woods were not wasted. The quiet, meditative boy lived in a realm of the imagi

nation, and his thoughts and fancies took shape in crude poems.

This period of day-dreaming was followed by one of intellectual activity His literary career began in his youth, his boyish rhymes and those of his elde brother Charles being collected into the thin volume, "Poems by Two Brothers," published in 1827. The pieces by Alfred were written when he was only sixtee or seventeen. They show that these were busy years. The Tennyson youths no only scribbled a great deal of verse, they ranged far and wide in the fields of ancient and modern literature. Their father had a fine library, and they appre ciated its treasures. In the footnotes and mottoes of their poems were man curious bits of information, and quotations from the classics. In some of the are echoes from Byron, who exercised a magical spell over Alfred in his teens. The Tennyson children were fortunate in having cultured parents. The

were favored in another respect. Dr. Tennyson was comfortably well off for country clergyman. His means, which he shrewdly husbanded, enabled th family to spend the summers at Mablethorpe and Skagness, on the eastern coa of England. Thus Alfred's passion for the sea was developed early in life. is said that in his boyhood he occasionally tramped the whole distance (a doze

miles or more) from Somersby to the coast.

For some years it was the rector's custom to occupy a dwelling in Louth pa of the school year. In this way the seclusion and monotony of Somersby li were broken. The young Tennysons saw considerable of Lincolnshire. The occasionally visited the old manor-house of Bayons, and were often welcomed the home of their aunt, Miss Fytche, in Westgate Place. Charles and Alfre were at times the guests of their great-uncle, the Rev. Samuel Turner, of Caistr who, dying about 1834, left his property and Grasby living to Charles. The tv young poets took the money given them for their first book by Messrs. Jackso and spent it "in a tour through Lincolnshire, inspecting the different churche for which the county is so justly famous."

Such were the surroundings and experiences of Tennyson's childhood and youth; they influenced his whole life, and inevitably entered into his poetry of later years. He illustrates the truth that a poet is largely what his environment makes him.

In October, 1828, he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, leaving in 1831 without a degree. In his boyhood Alfred manifested unmistakable indications of genius; and during his university career he was generally looked upon as a superior mortal, of whom great things were expected by his teachers and fellowcollegians. Dr. Whewell, his tutor, treated him with unusual respect. It was thought to be no slight honor for a young man of twenty to win the chancellor's gold medal for the prize poem "Timbuctoo," and the volume of his poems published in 1830 gave him a sort of celebrity beyond his set of college acquaintances.

While at Cambridge, Tennyson formed friendships which lasted till death ended them one by one. It was indeed a company of choice spirits with whom he had the good fortune to be associated. Among them were Milnes, Kemble, French, Alford, Brookfield, Spedding, and others. Besides these, he numbered among the friends of his early manhood, Fitzgerald, Kinglake, Thackeray, Maurice, Gladstone, Carlyle, Rogers, Forster, the Lushingtons, and other amous scholars and men of letters. In their companionship he found the timulus necessary for the development of his poetical faculty. They all rearded him with feelings of warmest admiration. The young singer had at least few appreciative readers during the ten or twelve years of obscurity when the public cared little for his writings. By their words of commendation he was ncouraged to pursue the bard's divine calling, to which he was led by an overnastering instinct.

Much as Tennyson owed to these men, he owed most to one whose name is prever associated with his own, Arthur Henry Hallam, a son of the historian. oon after coming to Cambridge he met Hallam, a young man of extraordinary romise, who became the dearest of his friends - more to him than a brother. hey were inseparable in their walks and studies. They shared each other's mbitions and enthusiasms. In the summer of 1830 the two comrades travelled prough the French Pyrenees. Their intimate fellowship was strengthened by rthur's love for the poet's younger sister, Emilia. It was apparently his rongest earthly attachment; and the beautiful record of their "fair companionup" is found in the lyrics of "In Memoriam," written to perpetuate the memy of the lost Hallam, whose life went suddenly out in Vienna, Sept. 15, 1833. This remarkable elegy remains, and is likely to remain through all time, a

obler monument than could be wrought out of bronze or marble. Equally during is the melodious wail, "Break, break, break," one of the sweetest rges in all literature, written shortly after Hallam's death.

The noted actress, Fanny Kemble, knew Tennyson in the prime of manhood, d in her journal (June 16, 1832) tells what manner of man he was: -

<sup>&</sup>quot;Alfred Tennyson dined with us. I am always a little disappointed with the exter of our poet when I look at him, in spite of his eyes, which are very fine; but his and face, striking and dignified as they are, are almost too ponderous and massive beauty in so young a man; and every now and then there is a slightly sarcastic exssion about his mouth that almost frightens me, in spite of his shy manner and itual silence."1

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;Records of a Girlhood," pp. 519-520.

After leaving college, Tennyson resided chiefly with his widowed mother at Somersby; then at High Beech (1837–1840), Tunbridge Wells and Boxley (1840–1844), and Cheltenham (1844–1850). He was often in London and elsewhere visiting friends. Fitzgerald speaks of his staying with Tennyson at the Cumberland home of James Spedding in 1835. Here Alfred would spend hour after hour reading aloud "Morte d'Arthur," and other unpublished poems, which his scholarly friend criticised. In 1838 he was a welcome member of the Anonymous Club in London, and had rooms in that city at various times during the next ten years.

It was his habit to make long journeys through the country on foot, studying the landscapes of England and Wales, and pondering many a lay unsung. He also made occasional trips to Ireland and the Continent. "From 1842," says Howitt, "he became pre-eminent among English poets;" and he was thenceforth often to be found in the society of prominent literary people. The Carlyles were much attached to him. In a letter written in 1843, Mrs. Carlyle calls him "a very handsome man, and a noble-hearted one, with something of the gypsy in his appearance, which for me is perfectly charming." In 1845 he was granted a pension of £200, and in 1850 he was appointed poet-laureate to succeed Words worth; in 1855 he received the honorary degree of D.C.L. from Oxford.

Tennyson married (June 13, 1850) at Shiplake, Oxfordshire, Emily Sarah Sellwood, whom he had known and loved for many years. Carlyle, not long afterward, came across the laureate "with his new wife," of whom he pleasantl writes: "Mrs. Tennyson lights up bright glittering blue eyes when you speak t her; has wit; has sense; and were it not that she seems so very delicate i health, I should augur really well of Tennyson's adventure." She was th eldest daughter of Henry Sellwood, of Peasmore in Berkshire, afterward a soli citor of Horncastle, Lincolnshire; her mother was a sister of Sir John Franklir

and her youngest sister the wife of Charles Tennyson Turner.

A lady of high intelligence and gracious manner, she was in every way fitte to be the companion of her poet husband, who lovingly bore testimony to he loyalty and worth. Exalted as was his ideal of woman as a wife and mothe she seems to have met his exacting requirements almost perfectly. Though woman of more than ordinary education and talent, she never sought public re ognition. A considerable number of the poet's songs she set to music. Conte with the round of duties in a domestic sphere, she lived for husband and childre Their wedded life was exceptionally harmonious and happy. Their union w blessed with two sons, - Hallam, born Aug. 11, 1852, and Lionel, born Marc 16, 1854. Bayard Taylor thought the Tennyson household a "delightful fami circle." "His wife," he wrote in 1857, "is one of the best women I ever m with; and his two little boys, Hallam and Lionel, are real cherubs of children

Many years later Professor Palgrave paid Lady Tennyson a well-deserv tribute in the graceful Dedication of "Lyrical Poems by Lord Tennyson (1885), characterizing her as "the counsellor to whom he has never looked vain for aid and comfort, - the wife whose perfect love has blessed him throu

these many years with large and faithful sympathy." 1

Three years they lived in Chapel House, Twickenham. In 1853 the laure. bought the Farringford domain (now over four hundred acres), near Freshwat

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Lady Tennyson died at Aldworth, Aug. 10, 1896, aged eighty-three. During the last ye of her life, notwithstanding ill-health, she materially aided her son Hallam in preparing biography of his father.

in the Isle of Wight. In the lines, "To the Rev. F. D. Maurice," dated January, 1854, the poet describes his pleasant life in this delightful retreat. In 1867 he purchased the Greenhill estate, in the northern part of Sussex. Here he built a Gothic mansion, which is an ideal residence for a poet. This house, named Aldworth, was finished and first occupied in 1869. Situated far up on Blackdown Heath, it overlooks a lovely valley, and commands a view of one of the finest landscapes in England. Aldworth was his summer home for more than twenty years. Here he found the peace and seclusion that he coveted, - at least part of the time, - spending his days removed from the bustle and rush and unrest of the outside world.

It should not be supposed from this that Tennyson's life at Farringford was passed in monastic isolation. However sequestered Aldworth was from the abodes of men, the poet's mansion near Freshwater was not a hermitage. Thither in the golden years of his long career, in the fifties and sixties and seventies, came men eminent in all the walks of life, - preachers, statesmen, artists, and authors. His brothers and sisters, especially Horatio and Matilda, were with him a great deal of the time. Occasional visits from his young nephews and nieces, and afterward the presence of grandchildren, gladdened the days of the aged singer. For many years Mrs. Julia Margaret Cameron (who achieved fame by her marvellously successful photographs) and her husband were near neighbors of Tennyson's, their cottage, Dimbola, being not far from Farringford. The Camerons and the Tennysons lived in closest intimacy, visiting each other's homes almost daily. Other dear friends on the Isle of Wight were the Prinseps, Mr. W. G. Ward, Sir John Simeon, and Mrs. Hughes, mother of Tom Hughes.

Tennyson's life was never that of a recluse long at a time. He saw much of he world. His solitude was broken by occasional trips abroad, and by frequent ours through the counties of England and Wales. During his entire career, after leaving Cambridge in 1831, it may be said that he inevitably gravitated to Condon to stay a few weeks or months, and refresh himself with boon companions. No attempt is made here to trace all the wanderings of this much-travelled man. The letters of Edward Fitzgerald afford some clews to Tennyson's whereabouts luring his early manhood, when his movements were not so closely watched and ecorded in the newspapers. "I have just come from Leamington," he writes June 7, 1840); "while there I met Alfred by chance; we made two or three leasant excursions together; to Stratford-upon-Avon and Kenilworth, etc."

In October, 1841, he writes: "As to Alfred, I have heard nothing of him ince May, except that some one saw him going on a packet which he believed

ras going to Rotterdam."

In 1851 the poet and his wife visited Italy, and vivid memories of their trav-Is are recalled in "The Daisy," written in Edinburgh two years later; this oem was suggested by the finding of a daisy in a book, the flower having been lucked on the Splugen, and placed by Mrs. Tennyson between the leaves of a ttle volume as a memento of their Italian journey. Scotland and the neighborig isles seem to have exercised a strange power over the laureate; for he was ten attracted to the Highlands, Valentia, and Ireland. He travelled in Portuul in 1859 with his friend Palgrave. He revisited the Pyrenees in 1861, this me with Arthur Hugh Clough, and again in 1876. In 1865 he was at Weimar nd Dresden; in 1869 through France and Switzerland with Frederick Locker. e went to Norway in 1872, where he had journeyed before, led thither by ading Bayard Taylor's "Northern Travel." He was in Italy in 1879, and in ombardy in 1882.

In 1883 Tennyson voyaged with Mr. Gladstone to Copenhagen, meeting at King Christian's court the Princess of Wales and the sovereigns of Greece and Russia. He visited the Channel Islands in 1887, and "in the spring of 1891 he was cruising in the Mediterranean." Only a few months before his death he was in Jersey, Guernsey, and London; and the venerable minstrel was preparing to return to Farringford for the winter when the final summons came in October, So the spirit of roving clung to him even to the end of his earthly pilgrimage.

In 1865 Tennyson declined a baronetcy offered by the queen as a reward for his loyal devotion to the crown, and again in 1868, when tendered by Disraeli. In the latter part of 1883 he accepted a peerage at Gladstone's earnest solicitation. He was created a peer of the realm Jan. 24, 1884, with the new title, Baron of Aldworth, Sussex, and of Freshwater, Isle of Wight. He took his

seat in the House of Lords March 11, 1884.

Baron Tennyson had a splendid lineage, three lines of noble and royal families being mingled in his descent. The poet himself writes: "Through my great-grandmother [Elizabeth Clayton], and through Jane Pitt, a still remoter grandmother, I am doubly descended from Plantagenets (Lionel, Duke of Clarence, and John of Lancaster), and this through branches of the Barons d'Eyncourt."

The pedigree of his grandfather, George Tennyson, is traced back to "the middle-class line of the Tennysons," and through Elizabeth Clayton ten generations back to Edmund, Duke of Somerset, and farther back to Edward III. The laureate's grandfather was a well-known lawyer and wealthy landowner o Lincolnshire, who "sat more than once in Parliament, representing Bletch ingly;" his second son, Charles Tennyson-d'Eyncourt, who succeeded him a the possessor of the family estate of Bayons Manor, was a noted public man having represented Lambeth and other boroughs in Parliament from 1818 to At the death of George Tennyson (July 4, 1835), the valuable Clayton property near Great Grimsby was left to the rector's family, and it is still (1896 in the hands of Frederick Tennyson, the poet's elder brother.

The poet's last years were saddened by the bereavement of many old friend and relatives. He suffered a severe blow in the death of his second son Lione while on the homeward voyage from India. He mourns his loss in the touchin stanzas, "To the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava." The Hon. Lionel Tennyson, fo several years connected with the India office, was attacked by jungle fever while on a visit to India, and died on board the Chusan, near Aden, April 20, 1886

at the age of thirty-two.

Honors were showered plentifully on Lord Tennyson in his last years, but l was not spoilt by vanity. He was the recipient of many congratulations on tl occasion of his eightieth birthday, Aug. 6, 1889. His was the fruitful old as that crowns a well-ordered career. His powers of body and mind were we preserved to the end, owing to his wonderful constitution and his quiet way He read Shakespeare during his final illness, and continued to compo even on his death-bed, dictating "The Silent Voices" sung at his funeral. the tranquil evening of a well-spent life he peacefully passed away Oct. 6, 189 receiving burial (Oct. 12) in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey.

### THE POETRY OF TENNYSON.

TENNYSON is pre-eminently a lyric poet. His lyrical efforts embrace an extensive range of subjects and a wide variety of metres. Not having naturally the rhythmical facility of Byron or Shelley, he conquered the technical difficulties of the minstrel's art by painstaking study and labor. In this field he became a master. But, not realizing his limitations, or not content with the renown of being a great lyrist, he ambitiously essayed to enter fields where supremacy was for him impossible. In the epic and the drama he achieved only partial success. It is, therefore, as a lyric poet that Tennyson is chiefly known and will be remembered. Such incomparable lyrics as "Break, break, break," "The splendor falls," and "Crossing the Bar," prove him to be a singer by

right divine - one whose fame is immortal.

In some of his blank-verse idylls he was scarcely less happy. Noteworthy among these are his studies and imitations of the antique, - "(Enone," "The Lotus-Eaters," "Ulysses," "Tithonus," "Lucretius," "Tiresias," "Demeter," and "The Death of Œnone," - which, it is safe to say, are not generally popular, however much they may be admired by persons of scholarly and critical tastes. "In Memoriam" and "Maud" are merely collections of lyrics. Tennyson's dramas are often lyrical in spirit if not in form; they are distinctly undramatic. Except a few magnificent passages of blank verse, the lyrics are the best things in them. The songs in "The Princess," and the little melodies scattered through the "Idylls of the King," will be prized in future ages when the main portions of these works may have lost their interest for the average reader. These lyrics have been set to music, and sung in many a household where his longer poems are unread. The scenes and characters described in them have been depicted by painters. Thus the sister arts have conspired to popularize them, and impress them on the memory.

Tennyson's lyrical successes are numerous, the list including most of his shorter poems. An array of versatile, superior productions! They make up a considerable body of poetry, much greater in bulk than the quantity of enduring verse produced by Herrick, Gray, Collins, Goldsmith, Cowper, Burns, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Scott, Keats, Campbell, Browning, Bryant, Poe, Lowell, or

Whittier.

Tennyson's first book - "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical" (1830) - was made up largely of metrical diversions, yet it contained a few pieces that are imperishable. They show plainly that when a young man he was as much addicted to wordmusic and word-color as he was in later years. The author of "Mariana" and "The Dirge" was a poetic artist of more than ordinary equipment.

His second book of "Poems," published late in 1832, included some of his eveliest lyrics, — "The Lady of Shalott," "The Miller's Daughter," "The Palace of Art," "The Lotus-Eaters," "A Dream of Fair Women," etc., naving the richness of melody and the indescribable witchery of style which

constitute Tennyson's charm.

In the two volumes of "Poems" appearing in 1842 were gathered the finest hings in the two earlier books, but changed and polished until well-nigh perfect, ogether with a number of new works "Morte d'Arthur," "The Talking Dak," "Ulysses," "Locksley Hall," "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," "The Two oices," "St. Agnes," "Sir Galahad," "Godiva," "Break, break, break," tc. - that are justly regarded among the choicest treasures of British lyrical and

idyllic poetry. These poems, new and old, exhibited not only a complete mastery of rhetorical effects and a rare æsthetic susceptibility, but a rich vein of sense and spirituality. Here were exquisite diction, harmonious versification, a command of the technical resources of the poetic art, and unrivalled ability in word-painting. The writer was a close observer of nature as well as a diligent

More than Virgil, he was a "landscape-lover," who with pictorial fidelity and vividness, though not with photographic accuracy, sketched the places he visited. Hamerton rightly called him the "prince of poet landscapists." Lut the domain of beauty was too narrow for him. Beyond any mere aesthetic influence that he exerted, Tennyson was a power for good, his refined verse being the graceful vehicle of ethical instruction and religious uplift. Like Wordsworth, he was a poet with a mission. His countrymen found his teaching helpful, stimulat-

Admirable as is "The Princess" (1847) in some respects, it falls somewhat below the level reached in his lyrics and idylls. The poem as a whole is disappointing, being richer in form than in substance. It has been concisely and accurately described as a "splendid failure." The plot is the work of a literary artist, rather than the heaven-born inspiration of genius. As an incursion into the realm of the romantic and the fantastic, the story is pleasing enough with its niry fancies and delightful reveries, but it is too unreal and wildly improbable to be impressive. It does not bear the test of re-reading. One becomes at last cloyed with its gorgeous style, overloaded as it is with glittering conceits and ornate commonplaces. However, the closing paragraphs, which deal with the woman question so sensibly and felicitously, compensate for some shortcomings

In producing the beautiful elegy known as "In Memoriam," Tennyson conferred immortality upon his lost friend and gained it for himself. This monumental work, which appeared anonymously in 1850, had been in process of growth during the seventeen years after the death of Arthur Henry Hallam in 1833. This tribute of love to the memory of the dearest of his companions occupies a unique place in literature. It is not only the most original of Tennyson's sustained writings — it is his best reflective poem and favorite work. Into it he poured the consecrated fragrance of his genius. It grew out of the author's manifold experiences, not only as a mourner, but as a thinker. He owed nothing material to Petrarch, as has been claimed, or to the sonnets of Shakespeare. The work is English and modern. It is emphatically Tennysonian. "In Memoriam" may be classed with the few really great poems of the nineteenth century. It is a masterpiece, worthy of a place among the classics of our English tongue. Perhaps no other poem of our age has been so influential. Perhaps no other literary production of the nineteenth century has elicited such high praise from eminent critics, and received during the writer's lifetime such loving, sympathetic study from cultivated readers.

"Maud," like "In Memoriam," is a poem with a history. It had its beginning in the stanzas, "O, that 'twere possible," contributed to The Tribute in 1837. This was the germ of "Maud." According to Mrs. Ritchie, we owe the expanded poem to the suggestion of Mr. John Simeon, one of the laureate's most intimate friends and neighbors in the Isle of Wight. "Sir John said that it seemed to him as if something were wanting to explain the story of this poem, and so by degrees it all grew." When published in 1855, it was greeted with a storm of criticism and derision, being everywhere misjudged and underrated. It purpose was misconceived on account of the Jingo sentiments and hysterical ravings put into the mouth of the hero (who was not Tennyson in disguise, but a fictitious character). This poem, always a favorite with the author, won its way at last to a generous appreciation of its abundant merits.

The threads woven into the fabric of "Maud" are a commercial swindle, suicide, love-making, murder, insanity, and an unrighteous war. Says a critic in the North British Review: "The poem is a lyric monologue, consisting of envious invective, gradually mastered by love, then anger, despair, madness, and

patriotic enthusiasm."

Out of these melodramatic elements a great work could hardly be expected to come forth. Something is wanting in the leading figure, whose morbid soliloquizing betrays a weak character. Notwithstanding the terribly serious and tragic circumstances of his history, the hero does not always keep from making a laughing-stock of himself. While not an unqualified success, a work 'containing one of the sweetest love-lyrics in any language, "Come into the garden," certainly is not to be pronounced a failure. This exquisite song "at once struck the fancy of musicians, and seemed spontaneously to clothe itself in melody." There are other strains in "Maud" which rank among the lyrical triumphs with which Alfred Tennyson enriched English literature.

Of all his extended efforts, "Enoch Arden" (1864) has been read most widely. Its popularity is partly accounted for by the peculiar incident of a long-absent husband returning home to find his wife married to another man. The story of Enoch Arden passes current where the name of Arthur Hallam is unheard. It has been twice dramatized. Judging from the large number of translations and illustrated editions of this poem, it is by far the best known of the laureate's writings in foreign lands, having been translated into Danish, German, Dutch, French, Bohemian, Italian, Hungarian, and Spanish. School editions, with notes, have been extensively circulated in France and Germany.

As a literary production, "Enoch Arden" is a poem after the manner of Tennyson's English idylls, only the narrative is more elaborate. In this field he achieved eminent success, because he was at home in pastoral subjects, and made the most of his material. The tale is said to be literally true, at least in its principal details, having been related to the poet by Thomas Woolner, the sculptor; a similar parrative forms the groundwork of a short poem by Miss Procter, published in her "Legends and Lyrics" about 1860. The style is not so severe and bare as Wordsworth's, yet it exhibits a noble simplicity, varied with flashes of imaginative splendor. While the picture of the fisher village is idealized, it is wonderfully sympathetic and faithful. The poet invests the lives of humble folk with dignity and "with glory not their own." In dwelling on affecting scenes with a tender pathos that but few story-tellers have equalled, he shows his skill as an artist in relieving the sombre sadness of the tale with glimpses of domestic felicity. As a whole, "Enoch Arden" is not an intellectual performance of a high order. Nevertheless, it is a poem that the world could ill afford to lose.

The first instalment of "Idylls of the King" was given to the world in 1859, although six copies of the first two in cruder form were privately printed in 1857 with the title "Enid and Nimuë." Four more Arthurian romaunts were added in 1869, two in 1872, and one in 1885. In early life Tennyson had been attracted by the Arthur legends, and had worked several isolated episodes or pictures into the lyrie,,—"The Lady of Shalott" (1832), "Sir Galahad" (1842), "Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere" (1842),—and the blank-verse fragment

entitled "Morte d'Arthur" (1842), afterward incorporated into "The Passing of Arthur." These were preludes of the fuller strain. He had then projected a national epic in twelve books on King Arthur, but abandoned the idea for a In "Enid," "Vivien," "Elaine," and "Guinevere," he versified disconnected incidents from the "Mabinogion" and the "Morte Darthur" of Thomas Malory. Their appearance in 1859 can be described as a literary sensation. Their success, it would seem, impelled him to carry out his old plan (perhaps altered somewhat) of an Arthuriad.

Seeing unused possibilities for new poems in the Middle Age romances and chronicles treating of pre-historic Britain, he from time to time added other tales, making the series named the Round Table, with introductory and closing poems, a complete cycle. The Dedication appeared in 1862, and the epilogue in 1873.

The Arthurian idylls occupied the poet's attention during many years. From the pains bestowed upon them and their elaborate design, it is evident that he intended them to be a monumental work. Such they cannot be, owing to their unevenness of merit and their want of coherent structure. They have been termed an epic. When arranged in their true order, they supply a tolerably clear account of a succession of events more or less connected. They trace the rise and fall of the Round Table. There is material enough for an epic in the deeds of King Arthur and his knights, but Tennyson's mind was not cast in the heroic mould requisite to sing of battles. A minstrel must live among heroes and be a man of action in order to compose a popular epic. To write an Arthuriad in this age would be a colossal undertaking, quite beyond the powers of any modern poet. These romantic stories are idyllic, not epic, in tone and manner. At times there is something of the Homeric spirit in Tennyson's lines, but it is not sustained.

In "Idylls of the King," Tennyson borrowed a great deal from mediæval romance, yet he added something of his own. His elegant panel-paintings of the feudal world are not true to life. There is less in them of historic fact than of imaginative enchantment. They are full of incongruities. Much in them seems unreal and antiquated, along with much that is addressed to the reader of to-day. These mixed elements are the sources of strength and weakness. The main interest of the idylls lies not in the historical fidelity of the pictures of legendary Britain, for they portray the English aristocracy of the nineteenth century; it is rather in the melodious cadences of the verse, in the artistic beauty of the word-painting, and in the spiritual teaching which permeates and trans-

Without the lessons drawn from the storied pages of chivalry, a poetical paraphrase of the Arthur legend would not have much permanent value. To glorify a past with which our own age is not in sympathy were hardly worth while.

Late in life Tennyson entered the difficult field of historical drama, becoming a rival of Shakespeare himself. "The historic trilogy," as Dr. van Dyke calls "Harold" (1876), "Becket" (1884), and "Queen Mary" (1875), perhaps affords a better example of the right employment of poetic genius than do the Arthurian romaunts. They are valuable studies of three momentous periods of English history. Mr. Arthur Waugh calls "Harold" "a great drama," the theme being "full of tragic pathos and dramatic situation." It must be confessed, however, that "Harold" is weighted down with a great deal of heavy poetry. "Becket" and "Queen Mary" are both noble poems. They are destined to become classics. "Queen Mary" will rank not far below the productions of the best of the Elizabethan dramatists. "Becket" is Tennyson's dramatic masterpiece. It surpasses all his other extended works in strength and passion. This splendid tragedy deserves a wider recognition, not only from lovers of Tennyson, but from all admirers of virile and sonorous blank verse.

The three shorter plays or dramatic sketches, "The Cup" (1884), "The Falcon" (1884), and "The Promise of May" (1886), are comparative failures; the playwright's instinct is absent, although here and there are gleams of poetic fire. The charming idyllic comedy of "The Foresters" (1892) derives its interest from the historic and romantic features of the story rather than from the poet's handling of the materials. It was a worthy endeavor on the part of the venerable singer to retell the old tale or tradition of Robin Hood and Maid Marian. As was to be expected, he improved the occasion to introduce several dainty lyrics, wherein was displayed the master's old-time power of exquisite versifying. But there is a poverty of stirring incidents, of moral and intellectual conflicts, which make up the warp and woof of great dramas.

Tennyson's dramas are not adapted to the stage of to-day, being deficient in the theatrical effects which tell with an audience. He lacked a knowledge of stage requirements and scenic accessories. Experience as an actor or manager, or even as a theatre-goer, would have been of advantage to him here. Notwithstanding Mr. Frederick Archer's favorable opinion of "Harold," no player has yet tried the rôle of the last Saxon king. Brilliant costumes and spectacular iplendors might make this play endurable on the stage, but its presentation

would be a doubtful experiment.

"Queen Mary" is a drama to be read, not acted. Its action drags, and its numerous speeches are not such as rouse listeners to the pitch of enthusiasm. Mr. Irving and Miss Bateman essayed its production at the Lyceum Theatre in 1876 with indifferent success. Without its enchanting stage-pictures, "The Foresters" would sorely try the patience of an average audience. The author's ttempts to relieve the tediousness with humor do not wholly fail; nevertheless, not one of the characters bubbles over with mirthful sallies. The interchange of conversation is not enlivened, as it is in Shakespeare, by sparkling wit and epartee. To the superb mounting of this drama by Mr. Augustin Daly and the ascinating personality of Miss Ada Rehan, was due in large measure whatever of success was achieved by "The Foresters." "Becket" alone redeems ennyson's reputation as a dramatist. As presented by Henry Irving and Ellen erry in 1893, it proved to be an exceptionally strong performance. Allowing Il the credit justly belonging to this honored actor for adapting it to the stage, still remains true that the laureate is entitled to the chief glory for this imporant addition to England's dramatic literature. His other plays failed on the oards; they lack spirited dialogue and exciting action.

What of the minor poems,—the lyrics, idylls, and ballads written during the ust four decades of Tennyson's literary career? To some it seemed that these oems compare unfavorably with the songs of his early manhood. So thought dward Fitzgerald, recalling the rapturous sensations which those poems when rst written produced on himself and other enthusiastic admirers of England's sing poet. But readers of a later generation, who have never enjoyed the privige of personal intercourse with the bard, are able to appreciate the work of

is later, as well as that of his earlier, years.

Passing by the two memorable patriotic lyrics, "Ode on the Death of the take of Wellington," and "The Charge of the Light Brigade," also the perputal poems (which include some of his sincerest, manliest utterances), we find mong the things printed between 1850 and 1870 such jewels as "The Brook,"

"Aylmer's Field," "The Voyage," "The Grandmother," "Northern Farmer," "The Victim," "Wages," "The Higher Pantheism," and "Flower in the crannied wall." As if to prove that his fertility in the province of the lyric was not exhausted, the laureate, though past sixty, made fresh incursions into fields of poetry long familiar to him. The last two decades of his life were exceptionally productive of short poems, which are stamped with dignity of thought, felicitous expression, and musical versification. The list of his notable successes would comprehend nearly all the contents of "Ballads, and Other Poems," published in 1880, - a book which Theodore Watts characterized as "the most richly various volume of English verse that has appeared in his own century." But the volumes "Tiresias, and Other Poems" (1885), and "Demeter, and Other Poems" (1889), were scarcely less rich in lays comparable with the finest efforts of his earlier days. Such poems as "The Ancient Sage," "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," "To Virgil," "Freedom," "Vastness," "Happy," "The Progress of Spring," "Merlin and The Gleam," "Far-far-away," "Crossing the Bar," "The Silent Voices," and many more in the books of his last years, would be sufficient of themselves to give their author a firm footing on Parnassus.

Tennyson is not a world-poet. He is, assuredly, not to be classed with the few chosen spirits who reared majestic edifices of thought like the "Iliad," the "Divina Commedia," "Paradise Lost," and "Faust." His appeal is more or less insular. Much of his verse has but little bearing on humanity at large. It is national rather than universal. Tennyson's poetry is distinctively English, as the Bard of Abbotsford is Scottish. The local element is prominent in most of his writings. The lovely setting and coloring of "In Memoriam" cannot be appreciated by those who have never gazed upon the scenery of England. "The Princess," "Maud," and the dramas are manifestly not for mankind; and this is true of the "Idylls of the King." Their author's audience must always be

composed chiefly of English-speaking peoples.

In spite of the provincialisms and local allusions of Burns, he has a large following of ardent lovers. Robert is the poet of man, and his bays are ever green. He found his inspiration, not in books, but in nature and the heart. There is the same vein of human interest in Homer, whose growing fame is accounted for by the vitality of the Greek factor in our civilization. In his poems are the seeds of Hellenic culture. The heart of Greece is so accurately and completely mirrored in Homer, that he has become an inseparable and undying part of her

legacy to the world. Arthur and Lancelot have not acquired such universal currency as have Achilles and Ulysses. They belong rather with the Roderick Dhus of the Highlands, with the Siegfrieds and other heroes of epic times in Germany and Norseland. Tennyson's Lancelot is something more than a name, but the mythic monarch of Camelot is a shadowy abstraction. The Canterbury Pilgrims are more familiar figures than the Knights of the Round Table. The former are charged with life and dramatic power; the latter are a set of bloodless apparitions, that

suffer in comparison with the mailed warriors of Scott's romances.

Horace reflects not only fleeting phases of Roman manners, but in a large degree universal experience. Tennyson is in some respects the British Horace, and his fame is as imperishable as is that of the Augustan lyrist. He has not so closely identified himself with the nation's life as did Shakespeare and Milton; he does not loom up so large as a historical personage, and it may be doubted whether he will ever become so intimately associated with English thought and character. Granting that Tennyson is the best exponent of the Victorian era, is he a great representative poet, like Lucretius, Dante, or Chaucer? Does he not interpret some of the temporary phases of his generation, rather than the life and spirit of the nineteenth century? And may not the representative element in his verse be of secondary moment and ephemeral? The poems which are perennially fresh, like "The Miller's Daughter," and "Rizpah," are so because they appeal to the heart and intellect of all times. Upon these and such as these, Tennyson's following and reputation must ultimately rest, not upon such fugitive

pieces as "Hands all Round" and "Riflemen form."

Tennyson's charm is as subtle and potent as is that of the courtly, polished Horace; but his charm consists largely of verbal felicities that are untranslatable. According to Dryden, if Shakespeare's "embroideries were burned down, there would be silver at the bottom of the melting-pot." Tennyson's songs do not translate so well as Uhland's. If turned into prose, their charm vanishes. He sigreat in small things, not in grand ideas. Nature did not endow him with the pure, fresh, joyous imagination of Homer, —the calm, brooding, radiant atmosphere through which the old bard saw so clearly and buoyantly. His pages fairly bristle with subtleties in thought and expression, with fantastic novelties and meretricious ornaments, which lose half of their effect and beauty when transferred into a foreign language. His "distilled thoughts in distilled words," as Matthew Arnold calls them, must be read in English.

Much of Tennyson's verse is open to criticism, being cold and labored, also lacking in sustained force and elevation. A vast deal that he wrote can be described as polished mediocrity. With all their rich music and color, most of his shorter pieces have not the majesty which the highest imagination alone can confer. All of his longer productions show the varying character of his work, by turns superb and weak. His mannerisms are carried to excess. His felicities are often such as only the cultivated reader can appreciate. Ordinary people

would enjoy less of refinement and more of vigor.

Tennyson is not, then, one of the mighty cosmopolitan forces of literature. Not one of those who suffered for poetry's sake, whose words are graven into the heart of civilized humanity, he sang so sweetly, and did so much to brighten and to dignify the life of mortals, that his name must needs long remain a household word wherever the Saxon tongue is heard. Much of his brilliant metrical foliage will wither "with the process of the suns." Nevertheless, his fame is enduring. He is more than a skilful versifier or literary artist, whose mellifluous lines and clear-cut, pithy phrases will continue to be quoted in after ages. Alfred Tennyson's poetical performances won for him the lasting distinction of being a genuine bard, one whose seat is far up among the throned sovereigns of British song.

EUGENE PARSONS.

Aug. 10, 1896.



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## TO THE QUEEN.

Revered, beloved — O you that hold

A nobler office upon earth

Than arms, or power of brains, or birth

Could give the warrior kings of old,

Victoria,—since your Royal grace
To one of less desert allows
This laurel greener from the brows
Of him that utter'd nothing base;

And should your greatness, and the care
That yokes with empire, yield you time
To make demand of modern rhyme
If aught of ancient worth be there;

Then—while a sweeter music wakes,

And thro' wild March the throstle calls,

Where all about your palace-walls

The sun-lit almond-blossom shakes—

Take, Madam, this poor book of song;
For tho' the faults were thick as dust

In vacant chambers, I could trust Your kindness. May you rule us long,

And leave us rulers of your blood

As noble till the latest day!

May children of our children say,

"She wrought her people lasting good;

"Her court was pure; her life serene;
God gave her peace; her land reposed;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen;

"And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet

"By shaping some august decree,
Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad-based upon her people's will,
And compass'd by the inviolate sea."

March, 1851.

## JUVENILIA.

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#### CLARIBEL.

A MELODY.

Where Claribel low-lieth The breezes pause and die, Letting the rose-leaves fall: But the solemn oak-tree sigheth, Thick-leaved, ambrosial, With an ancient melody Of an inward agony, Where Claribel low-lieth.

At eve the beetle boometh Athwart the thicket lone: At noon the wild bee hummeth About the moss'd headstone: At midnight the moon cometh And looketh down alone. Her song the lintwhite swelleth. The clear-voiced mavis dwelleth, The callow throstle lispeth, The slumbrous wave outwelleth. The babbling runnel crispeth, The hollow grot replieth Where Claribel low-lieth.

#### NOTHING WILL DIE.

THEN will the stream be aweary of flowing Under my eye? Vhen will the wind be aweary of blowing Over the sky?

When will the clouds be aweary of fleeting? When will the heart be aweary of beating ? And nature die?

Never, oh! never, nothing will die; The stream flows, The wind blows, The cloud fleets,

The heart beats, Nothing will die.

Nothing will die; All things will change Thro' eternity. 'Tis the world's winter: Autumn and summer Are gone long ago; Earth is dry to the centre, But spring, a new comer, A spring rich and strange, Shall make the winds blow Round and round. Thro' and thro'.

Here and there, Till the air And the ground Shall be fill'd with life anew.

The world was never made; It will change, but it will not fade So let the wind range; For even and morn Ever will be

Thro' eternity. Nothing was born; Nothing will die: All things will change.

#### ALL THINGS WILL DIE.

CLEARLY the blue river chimes in its flowing

Under my eye;

Warmly and broadly the south winds are blowing Over the sky.

One after another the white clouds are fleeting;

Every heart this May morning in joyance is beating

Full merrily;

Yet all things must die.
The stream will cease to flow;
The wind will cease to blow;
The clouds will cease to fleet;
The heart will cease to beat;

For all things must die.
All things must die.

Spring will come never more.
Oh! vanity!

Death waits at the door.
See! our friends are all forsaking
The wine and the merrymaking.
We are call'd—we must go.
Laid low, very low,
In the dark we must lie.

The merry glees are still;

The voice of the bird
Shall no more be heard,

Shall no more be heard, Nor the wind on the hill.

Oh! misery!
Hark! death is calling
While I speak to ye,
The jaw is falling,
The red cheek paling,
The strong limbs failing;
Ice with the warm blood mixing;
The eyeballs fixing.
Nine times goes the passing bell:
Ye merry souls, farewell.

The old earth Had a birth, As all men know, Long ago.

And the old earth must die.
So let the warm winds range,
And the blue wave beat the shore;
For even and morn
Ye will never see
Thro' eternity.

All things were born. Ye will come never more, For all things must die.

#### LEONINE ELEGIACS.

Low-flowing breezes are roaming the broad valley dimm'd in the gloaming: Thoro' the black-stemm'd pines only

'horo' the black-stemm'd pines only the far river shines.

Creeping thro' blossomy rushes and bowers of rose-blowing bushes,

Down by the poplar tall rivulets babble and fall.

Barketh the shepherd-dog cheerly; the grasshopper carolleth clearly;

Deeply the wood-dove coos; shrilly the owlet halloos;

Winds creep; dews fall chilly: in her first sleep earth breathes stilly

Over the pools in the burn water-gnate murmur and mourn.

Sadly the far kine loweth: the glim mering water out-floweth:

Twin peaks shadow'd with pine slope to the dark hyaline.

Low-throned Hesper is stayed between the two peaks; but the Naiad Throbbing in mild unrest holds hin

beneath in her breast.

The ancient poetess singeth, that Hes

perus all things bringeth, Smoothing the wearied mind: bring

me my love, Rosalind.
Thou comest morning or even; she

cometh not morning or even; so

False-eyed Hesper, unkind, where is my sweet Rosalind?

#### SUPPOSED CONFESSIONS

#### OF A SECOND-RATE SENSITIVE MIND.

O Goo! my God! have mercy now. I faint, I fall. Men say that Thou Didst die for me, for such as me, Patient of ill, and death, and scorn, And that my sin was as a thorn

Among the thorns that girt Thy brow, Vounding Thy soul. — That even now, n this extremest misery of ignorance, I should require

sign! and if a bolt of fire

Vould rive the slumbrous summer

Vhile I do pray to Thee alone,
hink my belief would stronger grow:
s not my human pride brought low?
The boastings of my spirit still?
The joy I had in my freewill
ll cold, and dead, and corpse-like

grown?
And what is left to me, but Thou
And faith in Thee? Men pass me by;
Thristians with happy countenances—
And children all seem full of Thee!

women smile with saint-like

glances

ike Thine own mother's when she

bow'd
Hove Thee, on that happy morn
When angels spake to men aloud,
And Thou and peace to earth were

born,
Goodwill to me as well as all—
one of them: my brothers they:
Brothers in Christ—a world of peace
And confidence, day after day;
And trust and hope till things should

cease, and then one Heaven receive us all.

Iow sweet to have a common faith! To hold a common scorn of death! And at a burial to hear

The creaking cords which wound and eat

nto my human heart, whene'er Earth goes to earth, with grief, not fear,

Vith hopeful grief, were passing sweet!

'hrice happy state again to be
'he trustful infant on the knee!
Vho lets his rosy fingers play
bout his mother's neck, and knows
Jothing beyond his mother's eyes.
'hey comfort him by night and day;
'hey light his little life alway;

He hath no thought of coming woes; He hath no care of life or death; Scarce outward signs of joy arise, Because the Spirit of happiness And perfect rest so inward is; And loveth so his innocent heart, Her temple and her place of birth, Where she would ever wish to dwell, Life of the fountain there, beneath Its salient springs, and far apart, Hating to wander out on earth, Or breathe into the hollow air, Whose chillness would make visible Her subtil, warm, and golden breath, Which mixing with the infant's blood, Fulfils him with beatitude. Oh! sure it is a special care Of God, to fortify from doubt, To arm in proof, and guard about With triple-mailed trust, and clear Delight, the infant's dawning year.

Would that my gloomed fancy were As thine, my mother, when with brows Propt on thy knees, my hands upheld In thine, I listen'd to thy vows. For me outpour'd in holiest prayer — For me unworthy! — and beheld Thy mild deep eyes upraised, that knew The beauty and repose of faith, And the clear spirit shining thro'. Oh! wherefore do we grow awry From roots which strike so deep? why

dare
Paths in the desert? Could not I
Bow myself down, where thou hast

knelt,
To the earth — until the ice would
melt

Here, and I feel as thou hast felt? What Devil had the heart to scathe Flowers thou hadst rear'd — to brush the dew

From thine own lily, when thy grave
Was deep, my mother, in the clay?
Myself? Is it thus? Myself? Had I
So little love for thee? But why
Prevail'd not thy pure prayers? Why
pray

To one who heeds not, who can save But will not? Great in faith, and

atrong

Against the grief of circumstance
Wert thou, and yet unheard. What if
Thou pleadest still, and seest me drive
Thro' utter dark a full-sail'd skiff,
Unpiloted i' the echoing dance
Of reboant whirlwinds, stooping low
Unto the death, not sunk! I know
At matins and at evensong,
That thou, if thou wert yet alive,
In deep and daily prayers would'st
strive

To reconcile me with thy God.

Albeit, my hope is gray, and cold

At heart, thou wouldest murmur

"Bring this lamb back into Thy fold, My Lord, if so it be Thy will."
Would'st tell me I must brook the rod And chastisement of human pride; That pride, the sin of devils, stood Betwixt me and the light of God!
That hitherto I had defied And had rejected God — that grace Would drop from his o'er-brimming love.

As manna on my wilderness,

If I would pray—that God would

move

And strike the hard, hard rock, and thence.

Sweet in their utmost bitterness, Would issue tears of penitence Which would keep green hope's life. Alas!

I think that pride hath now no place Nor sojourn in me. I am void, Dark, formless, utterly destroyed.

Why not believe then? Why not yet Anchor thy frailty there, where man Hath moor'd and rested? Ask the sea At midnight, when the crisp slope waves

After a tempest, rib and fret
The broad-imbased beach, why he
Slumbers not like a mountain tarn?
Wherefore his ridges are not curls
And ripples of an inland mere?
Wherefore he moaneth thus, nor can
Draw down into his vexed pools
All that blue heaven which hues and
paves

The other? I am too forlorn,
Too shaken: my own weakness fools
My judgment, and my spirit whirls,
Moved from beneath with doubt and
fear

"Yet," said I in my morn of youth, The unsunn'd freshness of mystrength, When I went forth in quest of truth, "It is man's privilege to doubt, If so be that from doubt at length, Truth may stand forth unmoved of

change, An image with profulgent brows, And perfect limbs, as from the storm Of running fires and fluid range Of lawless airs, at last stood out This excellence and solid form Of constant beauty. For the Ox Feeds in the herb, and sleeps, or fills The horned valleys all about, And hollows of the fringed hills In summer heats, with placid lows Unfearing, till his own blood flows About his hoof. And in the flocks The lamb rejoiceth in the year, And raceth freely with his fere, And answers to his mother's calls From the flower'd furrow. In a time, Of which he wots not, run short pains Thro' his warm heart; and then, from whence

He knows not, on his light there falls A shadow; and his native slope, Where he was wont to leap and climb, Floats from his sick and filmed eyes, And something in the darkness draws His forehead earthward, and he dies. Shall man live thus, in joy and hope As a young lamb, who cannot dream, Living, but that he shall live on? Shall we not look into the laws Of life and death, and things that seem,

And things that be, and analyze
Our double nature, and compare
All creeds till we have found the one,
If one there be?" Ay me! I fear
All may not doubt, but everywhere
Some must clasp Idols. Yet, rly God.
Whom call I Idol? Let Thy ive
Shadow me over, and my sins

Be unremember'd, and Thy love Enlightename. Oh teach me yet Somewhat before the heavy clod Weighs on me, and the busy fret Of that sharp-headed worm begins In the gross blackness underneath.

O weary life! O weary death!
O spirit and heart made desolate!
O damned vacillating state!

### THE KRAKEN.

Below the thunders of the upper 'deep;

Far, far beneath in the abysmal sea, His ancient, dreamless, uninvaded sleep

The Kraken sleepeth: faintest sunlights flee

About his shadowy sides: above him

Huge sponges of millennial growth and height;

And far away into the sickly light, From many a wondrous grot and secret cell

Unnumber'd and enormous polypi Winnow with giant arms the slumbering green.

There hath he lain for ages and will lie Battening upon huge seaworms in his

sleep, Until the latter fire shall heat the

deep;
Then once by man and angels to be seen.

In roaring he shall rise and on the surface die.

### SONG.

The winds, as at their hour of birth, Leaning upon the ridged sea, Breathed low around the rolling earth With mellow preludes, "We are free."

The streams through many a lilied row Down-carolling to the crisped sea, Low-tinkled with a bell-like flow

Atween the blossoms, "We are free."

### LILIAN.

I.

AIRY, fairy Lilian,
Flitting, fairy Lilian,
When I ask her if she love me,
Clasps her tiny hands above me,
Laughing all she can;
She'll not tell me if she love me,
Cruel little Lilian.

II.

When my passion seeks
Pleasance in love-sighs,
She, looking thro' and thro' me
Thoroughly to undo me,
Smiling, never speaks:
So innocent-arch, so cunning-simple,
From beneath her gathered wimple
Glancing with black-beaded eyes,
Till the lightning laughters dimple
The baby-roses in her cheeks;
Then away she flies.

III.

Prithee weep, May Lilian!
Gayety without eclipse
Wearieth me, May Lilian:
Thro' my very heart it thrilleth
When from crimson-threaded lips
Silver-treble laughter trilleth:
Prithee weep, May Lilian.

IV.

Praying all I can,
If prayers will not hush thee,
Airy Lilian,
Like a rose-leaf I will crush thee,
Fairy Lilian.

### ISABEL.

I.

but fed
With the clear reject of fewer of

With the clear-pointed flame of chastity,

Clear, without heat, undying, tended by

Pure vestal thoughts in the translucent fane Of her still spirit; locks not wide-dispread,

Madonna-wise on either side her head:

Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign

The summer calm of golden charity, Were fixed shadows of thy fixed mood, Revered Isabel, the crown and

head. The stately flower of female fortitude, Of perfect wifehood and pure lowlihead.

The intuitive decision of a bright

And thorough-edged intellect to part Error from crime; a prudence to withhold:

The laws of marriage character'd

in gold

Upon the blanched tablets of her heart;

A love still burning upward, giving light

To read those laws; an accent very

In blandishment, but a most silver flow Of subtle-paced counsel in distress,

Right to the heart and brain, tho'

undescried.

Winning its way with extreme gentleness Thro' all the outworks of suspicious

pride:

A courage to endure and to obey; A hate of gossip parlance, and of sway, Crown'd Isabel, thro' all her placid life, The queen of marriage, a most perfect wife.

The mellow'd reflex of a winter moon; A clear stream flowing with a muddy one.

Till in its onward current it absorbs With swifter movement and in purer light

The vexed eddies of its wayward

brother:

A leaning and upbearing parasite,

Clothing the stem, which else had fallen quite

With cluster'd flower-bells and ambrosial orbs Of rich fruit-bunches leaning on

each other -

Shadow forth thee: - the world hath not another

(Tho' all her fairest forms are types of thee,

And thou of God in thy great charity) Of such a finish'd chasten'd purity.

### MARIANA.

"Mariana in the moated grange." Measure for Measure.

With blackest moss the flower-plots Were thickly crusted, one and all: The rusted nails fell from the knots

That held the pear to the gablewall.

The broken sheds look'd sad and strange:

Unlifted was the clinking latch; Weeded and worn the ancient thatch Upon the lonely moated grange.

She only said, "My life is dreary, He cometh not," she said; She said, "I am aweary, aweary, I would that I were dead!"

Her tears fell with the dews at even: Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;

She could not look on the sweet heaven, Either at morn or eventide.

After the flitting of the bats,

When thickest dark did trance the sky,

She drew her casement-curtain by, And glanced athwart the glooming flats. She only said, "The night is dreary,

He cometh not," she said; She said, "I am aweary, aweary, I would that I were dead!"

Upon the middle of the night,

Waking she heard the night-fowl crow:

The cock sung out an hour ere light: From the dark fen the oxen's low

Came to her: without hope of change, in sleep she seem'd to walk forlorn, fill cold winds woke the gray-eyed morn

About the lonely moated grange.
She only said, "The day is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

About a stone-cast from the wall
A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The cluster'd marish-mosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silver-green with gnarled bark:
For leagues no other tree did mark
The level waste, the rounding gray.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

And ever when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up and
away,

In the white curtain, to and fro,
She saw the gusty shadow sway.
But when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their
cell.

The shadow of the poplar fell Upon her bed, across her brow.

She only said, "The night is dreary, He cometh not," she said; She said, "I am aweary, aweary,

I would that I were dead!"

All day within the dreamy house,
The doors upon their hinges creak'd;
The blue fly sung in the pane; the
mouse

Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,

Or from the crevice peer'd about.
Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices called her from without.
She only said, "My life is dreary,

He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

The sparrows chirrup on the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Which to the wooing wind aloof

The poplar made, did all confound Her sense; but most she loathed the hour

When the thick-moated sunbeam lay Athwart the chambers, and the day Was sloping toward his western bower.

Then, said she, "I am very dreary, He will not come," she said; She wept, "I am aweary, aweary, Oh, God, that I were dead!"

# MARIANA IN THE SOUTH.

WITH one black shadow at its feet, The house thro' all the level shines, Close-latticed to the brooding heat, And silent in its dusty vines:

A faint-blue ridge upon the right, An empty river-bed before,

And shallows on a distant shore, In glaring sand and inlets bright. But "Ave Mary," made she moan,

And "Ave Mary," made she moan,
And "Ave Mary," night and
morn,

And "Ah," she sang, "to be all alone,

To live forgotten, and love forlorn."

She, as her carol sadder grew,
From brow and bosom slowly down
Thro' rosy taper fingers drew

Her streaming curls of deepest

To left and right, and made appear Still lighted in a secret shrine, Her melancholy eyes divine.

The home of woe without a tear.

And "Ave Mary," was her moan,
"Madonna, sad is night and
morn,"

And "Ah," she sang, "to be all alone,

To live forgotten, and love forlorn."

Till all the crimson changed, and past Into deep orange o'er the sea. Low on her knees herself she cast, Before Our Lady murmur'd she; Complaining, "Mother, give me grace To help me of my weary load."

And on the liquid mirror glow'd
The clear perfection of her face.

"Is this the form," she made her moan,

"That won his praises night and morn?"

and morn?"
And "Ah," she said, "but I wake

alone,
I sleep forgotten, I wake forlorn."

Nor bird would sing, nor lamb would bleat,

Nor any cloud would cross the vault, But day increased from heat to heat, On stony drought and steaming salt; Till now at noon she slept again,

And seem'd knee-deep in mountain

grass,

And heard her native breezes pass, And runlets babbling down the glen. She breathed in sleep a lower moan,

And murmuring, as at night and morn,

She thought, "My spirit is here alone,

Walks forgotten, and is forlorn."

Dreaming, she knew it was a dream:
She felt he was and was not there.
She woke: the babble of the stream
Fell, and, without, the steady glare

Shrank one sick willow sear and small.

The river-bed was dusty-white;

And all the furnace of the light

Struck up against the blinding wall.
She whisper'd, with a stifled moan
More inward than at night or

"Sweet Mother, let me not here alone

Live forgotten, and die forlorn."

And, rising, from her bosom drew
Old letters, breathing of her worth,
For "Love," they said, "must needs
be true,

To what is loveliest upon earth." An image seem'd to pass the door,

To look at her with slight, and say "But now thy beauty flows away, So be alone forevermore."

"O cruel heart," she changed her tone,

"And cruel love, whose end is scorn,

Is this the end to be left alone,

To live forgotten, and die forlorn?"

But sometimes in the falling day
An image seem'd to pass the door,
To look into her eyes and say,
"But thou shalt be alone no more."

And flaming downward over all

From heat to heat the day decreased, And slowly rounded to the east The one black shadow from the wall.

"The day to night," she made her moan,

"The day to night, the night to morn,

And day and night I am left alone To live forgotten, and love forlorn."

At eve a dry cicala sung, There came a sound as of the sea; Backward the lattice-blind she flung, And lean'd upon the balcony.

There all in spaces rosy-bright Large Hesper glitter'd on her tears, And deepening thro' the silent

spheres
Heaven rose the night.
And weeping then she made her moan,
"The night comes on that knows
not morn,

When I shall cease to be all alone, To live forgotten, and love forlorn."

то —.

I.

CLEAR-HEADED friend, whose joyful scorn,

Edged with sharp laughter, cuts atwain

The knots that tangle human creeds,

The wounding cords that bind and strain

The heart until it bleeds,

Ray-fringed eyelids of the morn Roof not a glance so keen as thine: If aught of prophecy be mine, Thou wilt not live in vain.

Low-cowering shall the Sophist sit: Falsehood shall bare her plaited brow:

Fair-fronted Truth shall droop not

With shrilling shafts of subtle wit. Nor martyr-flames, nor trenchant swords

Can do away that ancient lie; A gentler death shall Faisehood die, Shot thro' and thro' with cunning words.

Weak Truth a-leaning on her crutch, Wan, wasted Truth in her utmost need,

Thy kingly intellect shall feed, Until she be an athlete bold, And weary with a finger's touch Those writhed limbs of lightning speed;

Like that strange angel which of old, Until the breaking of the light, Wrestled with wandering Israel,

Past Yabbok brook the livelong night.

And heaven's mazed signs stood still In the dim tract of Penuel.

# MADELINE.

Thou are not steep'd in golden languors,

No tranced summer calm is thine, Ever varying Madeline.

Thro' light and shadow thou dost range,

Sudden glances, sweet and strange, Delicious spites and darling angers, And airy forms of flitting change.

Smiling, frowning, evermore, Thou art perfect in love-lore. Revealings deep and clear are thine Of wealthy smiles: but who may know Whether smile or frown be fleeter? Whether smile or frown be sweeter.

Who may know? I rowns perfect-sweet along the brow Light-glooming over eyes divine, Like little clouds sun-fringed, are thine.

Ever varying Madeline. Thy smile and frown are not aloof From one another,

Each to each is dearest brother; Hues of the silken sheeny woof Momently shot into each other.

All the mystery is thine: Smiling, frowning, evermore, Thou art perfect in love-lore, Ever varying Madeline.

A subtle, sudden flame, By veering passion fann'd, About thee breaks and dances: When I would kiss thy hand, The flush of anger'd shame

O'erflows thy calmer glances, And o'er black brows drops down A sudden-curved frown: But when I turn away, Thou, willing me to stay,

Wooest not, nor vainly wranglest; But, looking fixedly the while, All my bounding heart entanglest

In a golden-netted smile: Then in madness and in bliss, If my lips should dare to kiss Thy taper fingers amorously, Again thou blushest angerly; And o'er black brows drops down A sudden-curved frown.

SONG: THE OWL.

WHEN cats run home and light is come, And dew is cold upon the ground, And the far-off stream is dumb,

12

And the whirring sail goes round, And the whirring sail goes round; Alone and warming his five wits, The white owl in the belfry sits.

H

When merry milkmaids click the latch, And rarely smells the new-mown hay,

And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch

Twice or thrice his roundelay,
Twice or thrice his roundelay;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

# SECOND SONG.

Ι.

Thy tuwhits are lull'd, I wot,
Thy tuwhoos of yesternight,
Which upon the dark afloat,
So took echo with delight,
So took echo with delight,
That her voice untuneful grown,
Wears all day a fainter tone.

TT

I would mock thy chant anew;
But I cannot mimic it;
Not a whit of thy tuwhoo,
Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,
Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,
With a lengthen'd loud halloo,
Tuwhoo, tuwhit, tuwhit, tuwhoo-

# RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free

In the silken sail of infancy,

The tide of time flow'd back with me,
The forward-flowing tide of time;
And many a sheeny summer-morn,
Adown the Tigris I was borne,
By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold,
High-walled gardens green and old;
True Mussulman was I and sworn,

For it was in the golden prime Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Anight my shallop, rustling thro'
The low and bloomed foliage, drove
The fragrant, glistening deeps, and
clove

The citron-shadows in the blue:
By garden porches on the brim,
The costly doors flung open wide,
Gold glittering thro' lamplight dim,
And broider'd sofas on each side:

In sooth it was a goodly time, For it was in the golden prime Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Often, where clear-stemm'd platans guard
The outlet, did I turn away
The boat-head down a broad canal
From the main river sluiced, where all
The sloping of the moon-lit sward
Was damask-work, and deep inlay
Of braided blooms unmown, which
crent

Adown to where the water slept.
A goodly place, a goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

A motion from the river won Ridged the smooth level, bearing on My shallop thro' the star-strown calm, Until another night in night I enter'd, from the clearer light, Imbower'd vaults of pillar'd palm, Imprisoning sweets, which, as they

Heavenward, were stay'd beneath the

Of hollow boughs.—A goodly time For it was in the golden prime Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Still onward; and the clear canal Is rounded to as clear a lake. From the green rivage many a fall Of diamond rillets musical, Thro' little crystal arches low Down from the central fountain's flow Fall'n silver-chiming, seemed to shake The sparkling flints beneath the prow.

A goodly place, a goodly time, For it was in the golden prime Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Above thro' many a bowery turn A walk with vary-color'd shells Wander'd engrain'd. On either side All round about the fragrant marge From fluted vase, and brazen urn In order, eastern flowers large, Some dropping low their crimson bells Half-closed, and others studded wide

With disks and tiars, fed the time With odor in the golden prime Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Far off, and where the lemon grove In closest coverture upsprung, The living airs of middle night Died round the bulbul as he sung; Not he: but something which possess'd The darkness of the world, delight, Life, anguish, death, immortal love, Ceasing not, mingled, unrepress'd,

Apart from place, withholding time, But flattering the golden prime Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Black the garden-bowers and grots Slumber'd: the solemn palms were ranged

Above, unwoo'd of summer wind: A sudden splendor from behind Flush'd all the leaves with rich gold-

green, and, flowing rapidly between Their interspaces, counterchanged The level lake with diamond-plots Of dark and bright. A lovely time, For it was in the golden prime Of good Haroun Alraschid.

)ark-blue the deep sphere overhead, Distinct with vivid stars inlaid. frew darker from that under-flame. o, leaping lightly from the boat, Vith silver anchor left affoat, a marvel whence that glory came pon me, as in sleep I sank a cool soft turf upon the bank, Entranced with that place and time, So worthy of the golden prime

Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Thence thro' the garden I was drawn— A realm of pleasance, many a mound, And many a shadow-checker'd lawn Full of the city's stilly sound, And deep myrrh-thickets blowing round

The stately cedar, tamarisks, Thick rosaries of scented thorn, Tall orient shrubs, and obelisks Graven with emblems of the time,

In honor of the golden prime Of good Haroun Alraschid.

With dazed visions unawares From the long alley's latticed shade Emerged, I came upon the great Pavilion of the Caliphat. Right to the carven cedarn doors, Flung inward over spangled floors, Broad-based flights of marble stairs Ran up with golden balustrade,

After the fashion of the time, And humor of the golden prime Of good Haroun Alraschid.

The fourscore windows all alight As with the quintessence of flame, A million tapers flaring bright From twisted silvers look'd to shame The hollow-vaulted dark, and stream'd Upon the mooned domes aloof In inmost Bagdat, till there seem'd Hundreds of crescents on the roof

Of night new-risen, that marvellous time

To celebrate the golden prime Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Then stole I up, and trancedly Gazed on the Persian girl alone, Serene with argent-lidded eyes Amorous, and lashes like to rays Of darkness, and a brow of pearl Tressed with redolent ebony, In many a dark delicious curl, Flowing beneath her rose-hued zone;

The sweetest lady of the time, Well worthy of the golden prime Of good Haroun Airaschid.

Six columns, three on either side, Pure silver, underpropt a rich Throne of the massive ore, from which Down-droop'd, in many a floating fold, Engarlanded and diaper'd

With inwrought flowers, a cloth of

Thereon, his deep eye laughter-stirr'd

With merriment of kingly pride,
Sole star of all that place and time,
I saw him — in his golden prime,

THE GOOD HAROUN ALRASCHID.

# ODE TO MEMORY.

T

Thou who stealest fire, From the fountains of the past, To glorify the present; oh, haste,

Visit my low desire! Strengthen me, enlighten me! I faint in this obscurity,

Thou dewy dawn of memory.

#### II.

Come not as thou camest of late, Flinging the gloom of yesternight On the white day; but robed in soften'd light

Of orient state.

Whilom thou camest with the morning mist,

Even as a maid, whose stately brow The dew-impearled winds of dawn have kiss'd.

When, she, as thou,

Stays on her floating locks the lovely freight

Of overflowing blooms, and earliest shoots

Of orient green, giving safe pledge of fruits,

Which in wintertide shall star The black earth with brilliance rare.

#### III.

Whilom thou camest with the morn ing mist,

And with the evening cloud, Showering thy gleaned wealth into my open breast

(Those peerless flowers which in the rudest wind

. Never grow sear,

When rooted in the garden of the mind,

Because they are the earliest of the year).

Nor was the night thy shroud. In sweet dreams softer than unbroken rest

Thou leddest by the hand thine infant Hope.

The eddying of her garments caught from thee

The light of thy great presence; and the cope

Of the half-attain'd futurity, Tho' deep not fathomless,

Was cloven with the million stars which tremble

O'er the deep mind of dauntless infancy.

Small thought was there of life's distress;

For sure she deem'd no mist of earth could dull

Those spirit-thrilling eyes so keen and beautiful:

Sure she was nigher to heaven's spheres,

Listening the lordly music flowing from

The illimitable years.
O strengthen me, enlighten me!
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory.

#### IV.

Come forth, I charge thee, arise, Thou of the many tongues, the myriad eyes!

Thou comest not with showers of flaunting vines

Unto mine inner eye, Divinest Memory!

Thou wert not nursed by the waterfall

Which ever sounds and shines
A pillar of white light upon the wall
Of purple cliffs, aloof descried:

Come from the woods that belt the gray hill-side,

The seven elms, the poplars four That stand beside my father's door,

And chiefly from the brook that loves To purl o'er matted cress and ribbed sand,

Or dimple in the dark of rushy coves, Drawing into his narrow earthen urn,

In every elbow and turn, The filter'd tribute of the rough wood-

land,

O! hither lead thy feet!

Pour round mine ears the livelong bleat

Of the thick-fleeced sheep from wattled folds,

Upon the ridged wolds,
When the first matin-song hath
waken'd loud

Over the dark dewy earth forlorn, What time the amber morn

Forth gushes from beneath a low-hung cloud.

v.

Large dowries doth the raptured eye
To the young spirit present

When first she is wed;
And like a bride of old

In triumph led,

Withmusicandsweetshowers Of festal flowers,

Unto the dwelling she must sway.
Well hast thou done, great artist
Memory.

In setting round thy first experiment With royal frame-work of wrought gold;

Needs must thou dearly love thy first essay,

And foremost in thy various gallery
Place it, where sweetest sunlight
falls

Upon the storied walls;

For the discovery

and newness of thine art so pleased thee,

That all which thou hast drawn of fairest

Or boldest since, but lightly weighs Vith thee unto the love thou bearest 'he first-born of thy genius. Artistlike,

ver retiring thou dost gaze
n the prime labor of thine early days:

No matter what the sketch might be; Whether the high field on the bushless Pike,

Or even a sand-built ridge Of heaped hills that mound the sea, Overblown with murmurs harsh, Or even a lowly cottage whence we see

Stretch'd wide and wild the waste enormous marsh, Where from the frequent bridge,

Like emblems of infinity,
The trenched waters run from sky to
sky;

Or a garden bower'd close With plaited alleys of the trailing rose, Long alleys falling down to twilight

grots,
Or opening upon level plots
Of crowned lilies, standing near
Purple-spiked lavender:
Whither in after life retired
From brawling storms,

From weary wind,
With youthful fancy re-inspired,
We may hold converse with all

forms
Of the many-sided mind,
And those whom passion hath not

blinded, Subtle-thoughted, myriad-minded.

My friend, with you to live alone, Were how much better than to own A crown, a sceptre, and a throne!

O strengthen me, enlighten me! I faint in this obscurity, Thou dewy dawn of memory.

# SONG.

I.

A spirit haunts the year's last hours Dwelling amid these yellowing bowers:

To himself he talks;

For at eventide, listening earnestly, At his work you may hear him sob and sigh

In the walks;

Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks

Of the mouldering flowers:

Heavily hangs the broad sunflower Over its grave i' the earth so chilly;

Heavily hangs the hollyhock, Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

II

The air is damp, and hush'd, and close, As a sick man's room when he taketh repose

An hour before death;

My very heart faints and my whole soul grieves

At the moist rich smell of the rotting leaves,

And the breath

Of the fading edges of box beneath,

And the year's last rose.

Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
Over its grave i' the earth so

Heavily hangs the hollyhock, Heavily hangs the tiger-lily

# A CHARACTER.

WITH a half-glance upon the sky
At night he said, "The wanderings
Of this most intricate Universe
Teach me the nothingness of things."
Yet could not all creation pierce
Beyond the bottom of his eye.

He spake of beauty; that the dull Saw no divinity in grass,
Life in dead stones, or spirit in air;
Then looking as 'twere in a glass,
He smooth'd his chin and sleek'd his hair,

And said the earth was beautiful.

He spake of virtue: not the gods
More purely, when they wish to charm
Pallas and Juno sitting by:
And with a sweeping of the arm,
And a lack-lustre dead-blue eye,
Devolved his rounded periods.

Most delicately hour by hour He canvass'd human mysteries, And trod on silk, as if the winds Blew his own praises in his eyes, And stood aloof from other minds In impotence of fancied power.

With lips depress'd as he were meek, Himself unto himself he sold: Upon himself himself did feed: Quiet, dispassionate, and cold, And other than his form of creed, With chisell'd features clear and sleek.

### THE POET.

The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above;
Dower'd with the hate of hate, the
scorn of scorn,
The love of love.

He saw thro' life and death, thro'
good and ill,
He saw thro' his own soul,

The marvel of the everlasting will.

An open scroll,

Before him lay: with echoing feet he threaded

The secretest walks of fame:
The viewless arrows of his thoughts
were headed
And wing'd with flame,

Like Indian reeds blown from his sil-

ver tongue,
And of so fierce a flight,
From Calpe unto Caucasus they sung
Filling with light

And vagrant melodies the winds which

Them earthward till they lit;
Then, like the arrow-seeds of the field
flower,

The fruitful wit

Cleaving, took root, and springing forth anew Where'er they fell, behold, Like to the mother plant in semblance, grew A flower all gold,

And bravely furnish'd all abroad to

Thy winged shafts of truth, To throng with stately blooms the breathing spring Of Hope and Youth.

So many minds did gird their orbs with beams, Tho' one did fling the fire.

Heaven flow'd upon the soul in many dreams

Of high desire.

Thus truth was multiplied on truth, the world

Like one great garden show'd, And thro' the wreaths of floating dark upcurl'd,

Rare sunrise flow'd.

And Freedom rear'd in that august sunrise

Her beautiful bold brow.

When rites and forms before his burning eyes Melted like snow.

There was no blood upon her maiden robes

Sunn'd by those orient skies; But round about the circles of the globes

Of her keen eyes

Ind in her raiment's hem was traced in flame

Wisdom, a name to shake

all evil dreams of power - a sacred name. And when she spake,

er words did gather thunder as they

And as the lightning to the thun-

Thich follows it, riving the spirit of man. Making earth wonder,

So was their meaning to her words. No sword Of wrath her right arm whirl'd,

But one poor poet's scroll, and with his word

She shook the world.

# THE POET'S MIND.

VEX not thou the poet's mind With thy shallow wit: Vex not thou the poet's mind;

For thou canst not fathom it. Clear and bright it should be ever, Flowing like a crystal river; Bright as light, and clear as wind.

Dark-brow'd sophist, come not anear All the place is holy ground;

Hollow smile and frozen sneer Come not here. Holy water will I pour

Into every spicy flower Of the laurel-shrubs that hedge it

around. The flowers would faint at your cruel cheer.

In your eye there is death, There is frost in your breath

Which would blight the plants. Where you stand you cannot hear From the groves within

The wild-bird's din.

In the heart of the garden the merry bird chants.

It would fall to the ground if you came in.

In the middle leaps a fountain Like sheet lightning, Ever brightening

With a low melodious thunder; All day and all night it is ever drawn

From the brain of the purple moun-

Which stands in the distance youder:

It springs on a level of bowery lawn, And the mountain draws it from Heaven above.

And it sings a song of undying love; And yet, tho' its voice be so clear and

You never would hear it; your ears are so dull;

So keep where you are: you are foul

with sin; It would shrink to the earth if you came in.

# THE SEA-FAIRIES.

SLow sail'd the weary mariners and saw,

Betwixt the green brink and the running foam,

Sweet faces, rounded arms, and bosoms

To little harps of gold; and while they mused

Whispering to each other half in fear, Shrill music reach'd them on the middle sea.

Whither away, whither away, whither away? fly no more.

Whither away from the high green field, and the happy blossoming shore?

Day and night to the billow the fountain calls:

Down shower the gambolling waterfalls

From wandering over the lea:

Out of the live-green heart of the dells They freshen the silvery-crimson shells,

And thick with white bells the cloverhill swells

High over the full-toned sea:

O hither, come hither and furl your sails,

Come hither to me and to me: Hither, come hither and frolic and

play; Here it is only the mew that wails; We will sing to you all the day: Mariner, mariner, furl your sails,

For here are the blissful downs and dales,

And merrily, merrily carol the gales,

And the spangle dances in bight and bay,

And the rainbow forms and flies on the land

Over the islands free;

And the rainbow lives in the curve of the sand;

Hither, come hither and see:

And the rainbow hangs on the poising And sweet is the color of cove and

cave, And sweet shall your welcome be:

O hither, come hither, and be our lords,

For merry brides are we:

We will kiss sweet kisses, and speak sweet words:

O listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten With pleasure and love and jubilee: O listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten When the sharp clear twang of the

golden chords

Runs up the ridged sea. Who can light on as happy a shore All the world o'er, all the world o'er? Whither away? listen and stay mariner, mariner, fly no more.

# THE DESERTED HOUSE.

LIFE and Thought have gone away Side by side,

Leaving door and windows wide Careless tenants they!

All within is dark as night. In the windows is no light; And no murmur at the door, So frequent on its hinge before

Close the door, the shutters close, Or thro' the windows we shall s The nakedness and vacancy Of the dark deserted house.

Come away: no more of mirth Is here or merry-making sound The house was builded of the earth, And shall fall again to ground.

v.

Come away: for Life and Thought
Here no longer dwell;
But in a city glorious—
A great and distant city—have bought

A mansion incorruptible.

Would they could have staid with us!

# THE DYING SWAN.

т

The plain was grassy, wild and bare, Wide, wild and open to the air, Which had built up everywhere An under-roof of doleful gray. With an inner voice the river ran, Adown it floated a dying swan, And loudly did lament.

It was the middle of the day.

Ever the weary wind went on,
And took the reed-tops as it went.

#### TT.

Some blue peaks in the distance rose, and white against the cold-white sky, shone out their crowning snows.

One willow over the river wept,

Ind shook the wave as the wind did sigh;

bove in the wind was the swallow,
Chasing itself at its own wild will,
And far thro' the marish green
and still

The tangled water-courses slept, hot over with purple, and green, and yellow.

#### III.

he wild swan's death-hymn took the soul

f that waste place with joy idden in sorrow: at first to the ear he warble was low, and full and clear;

nd floating about the under-sky, evailing in weakness, the coronach stole

Sometimes afar, and sometimes anear; But anon her awful jubilant voice, With a music strange and manifold, Flow'd forth on a carol free and bold; As when a mighty people rejoice With shawms, and with cymbals, and harps of gold.

And the tumult of their acclaim is

Thro' the open gates of the city afar, To the shepherd who watcheth the evening star.

And the creeping mosses and clamber-

ing weeds,

And the willow-branches hoar and dank,

And the wavy swell of the soughing reeds,

And the wave-worn horns of the echoing bank,

And the silvery marish-flowers that throng

The desolate creeks and pools among, Were flooded over with eddying song.

# A DIRGE.

I.

Now is done thy long day's work; Fold thy palms across thy breast, Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest.

Let them rave.

Shadows of the silver birk
Sweep the green that folds thy grave,
Let them rave.

#### II.

Thee nor carketh care nor slander; Nothing but the small cold worm Fretteth thine enshrouded form.

Let them rave.
Light and shadow ever wander
O'er the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

### III.

Thou wilt not turn upor thy bed; Chanteth not the brooding bee Sweeter tones than calumny? Let them rave. Thou wilt never raise thine head From the green that folds thy grave. Let them rave.

ıv.

Crocodiles wept tears for thee; The woodbine and eglatere Drip sweeter dews than traitor's tear. Let them rave.

Rain makes music in the tree O'er the green that folds thy grave. Let them rave.

Round thee blow, self-pleached deep, Bramble roses, faint and pale, And long purples of the dale. Let them rave.

These in every shower creep Thro' the green that folds thy grave. Let them rave.

The gold-eyed kingcups fine; The frail bluebell peereth over Rare broidry of the purple clover. Let them rave.

Kings have no such couch as thine, As the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

VII.

Wild words wander here and there: God's great gift of speech abused Makes thy memory confused: But let them rave.

The balm-cricket carols clear In the green that folds thy grave. Let them rave.

# LOVE AND DEATH.

WHAT time the mighty moon was gathering light

Love paced the thymy plots of Para-

And all about him roll'd his lustrous

When, turning round a cassia, full in

Death, walking all alone beneath a

And talking to himself, first met his sight:

"You must begone," said Death, "these walks are mine."

Love wept and spread his sheeny vans for flight; Yet ere he parted said, "This hour is

thine: Thou art the shadow of life, and as

the tree Stands in the sun and shadows all beneath,

So in the light of great eternity Life eminent creates the shade of

death; The shadow passeth when the tree

shall fall. But I shall reign forever over all."

THE BALLAD OF ORIANA. My heart is wasted with my woe,

Oriana. There is no rest for me below. Oriana.

When the long dun wolds are ribb'd with snow, And loud the Norland whirlwin**ds** 

blow,

Oriana, Alone I wander to and fro, Oriana.

Ere the light on dark was growing, Oriana,

At midnight the cock was crowing, Oriana:

Winds were blowing, waters flowing, We heard the steeds to battle going, Oriana;

Aloud the hollow bugle blowing, Oriana.

In the yew-wood black as night, Oriana,

Ere I rode into the fight, Oriana,

While blissful tears blinded my sigh By star-shine and by moonlight,

Oriana, I to thee my troth did plight,

Oriana.

She stood upon the castle wall, Oriana:

She watch'd my crest among them all, Oriana:

She saw me fight, she heard me call, When forth there stept a foeman tall, Oriana,

Atween me and the castle wall, Oriana.

The bitter arrow went aside, Oriana:

The false, false arrow went aside, Oriana:

The damned arrow glanced aside,

And pierced thy heart, my love, my bride, Oriana!

Thy heart, my life, my love, my bride, Oriana!

Oh! narrow, narrow was the space, Oriana.

Loud, loud rung out the bugle's brays, Oriana.

Oh! deathful stabs were dealt apace, The battle deepen'd in its place, Oriana;

But I was down upon my face, Oriana.

They should have stabb'd me where I lay,

Oriana ! How could I rise and come away,

Oriana? How could I look upon the day? They should have stabb'd me where I

lay, Oriana -

They should have trod me into clay, Oriana.

) breaking heart that will not break, Oriana!

pale, pale face so sweet and meek, Oriana!

hou smilest, but thou dost not speak, nd then the tears run down my cheek, Oriana:

That wantest thou? whom dost thou seek.

Oriana?

I cry aloud: none hear my cries, Oriana.

Thou comest atween me and the skies. Oriana.

I feel the tears of blood arise Up from my heart unto my eyes. Oriana.

Within thy heart my arrow lies, Oriana.

O cursed hand! O cursed blow! Oriana!

O happy thou that liest low, Oriana!

All night the silence seems to flow Beside me in my utter woe, Oriana.

A weary, weary way I go, Oriana.

When Norland winds pipe down the

Oriana. I walk, I dare not think of thee, Oriana.

Thou liest beneath the greenwood tree, I dare not die and come to thee, Oriana.

I hear the roaring of the sea, Oriana

# CIRCUMSTANCE.

Two children in two neighbor villages Playing mad pranks along the heathyleas:

Two strangers meeting at a festival; Two lovers whispering by an orchard wall;

Two lives bound fast in one with

golden ease: Two graves grass-green beside a gray

church-tower, Wash'd with still rains and daisy blossomed:

Two children in one hamlet born and bred;

So runs the round of life from hour to hour.

# THE MERMAN.

I.

Who would be A merman bold, Sitting alone, Singing alone Under the sea, With a crown of gold, On a throne?

TT

I would be a merman bold,
I would sit and sing the whole of the
day;

I would fill the sea-halls with a voice of power;

But at night I would roam abroad and play

With the mermaids in and out of the rocks,

Dressing their hair with the white seaflower;

And holding them back by their flowing locks

I would kiss them often under the sea, And kiss them again till they kiss'd

Laughingly, laughingly;

And then we would wander away, away To the pale-green sea-groves straight and high,

Chasing each other merrily.

III.

There would be neither moon nor star; But the wave would make music above us afar —

Low thunder and light in the magic night —

Neither moon nor star.

We would call aloud in the dreamy dells,

Call to each other and whoop and cry All night, merrily, merrily;

They would pelt me with starry spangles and shells,

Laughing and clapping their hands between,

All night, merrily, merrily:
But I would throw to them back in
mine

Turkis and agate and almondine:
Then leaping out upon them unseen
I would kiss them often under the sea,
And kiss them again till they kiss'd me

Laughingly, laughingly.
Oh! what a happy life were mine
Under the hollow-hung ocean green!
Soft are the moss-beds under the sea;
We would live merrily, merrily.

# THE MERMAID.

1.

Who would be A mermaid fair, Singing alone, Combing her hair Under the sea, In a golden curl With a comb of pearl, On a throne?

Π.

I would be a mermaid fair;
I would sing to myself the whole of
the day;

With a comb of pearl I would comb

And still as I comb'd I would sing and say.

"Who is it loves me? who loves no me?"

I would comb my hair till my ringlet would fall

Low adown, low adown, From under my starry sea-bud crow Low adown and around,

And I should look like a fountain gold

Springing alone
With a shrill inner sound,
Over the throne

In the midst of the hall;
Till that great sea-snake under the s
From his coiled sleeps in the centre deeps

Would slowly trail himself sevenfo Round the hall where I sate, and lo

in at the gate
With his large calm eyes for the lo

And all the mermen under the sea Would feel their immortality Die in their hearts for the love of me.

#### III.

But at night I would wander away, away, I would fling on each side my low-

flowing locks,

And lightly vault from the throne and play

With the mermen in and out of the rocks:

We would run to and fro, and hide and seek,

On the broad sea-wolds in the crimson shells.

Whose silvery spikes are nighest the

But if any came near I would call, and shriek,

And adown the steep like a wave I would leap

From the diamond-ledges that jut

from the dells;
For I would not be kiss'd by all who

would list,
Of the bold merry mermen under the

sea; They would sue me, and woo me, and

flatter me, in the purple twilights under the sea;

But the king of them all would carry me,

Voo me, and win me, and marry me,

n the branching jaspers under the sea:

hen all the dry pied things that be 1 the hucless mosses under the sea Yould curl round my silver feet silently.

Il looking up for the love of me. nd if I should carol aloud, from aloft Il things that are forked, and horned,

and soft culd lean out from the hollow sphere

of the sea,
I looking down for the love of
me.

## ADELINE.

#### I.

Mystery of mysteries,
Faintly smiling Adeline,
Scarce of earth nor all divine,
Nor unhappy, nor at rest,
But beyond expression fair

With thy floating flaxen hair;
Thy rose-lips and full blue eyes
Take the heart from out my

breast.

Wherefore those dim looks of thine, Shadowy, dreaming Adeline?

### II.

Whence that aery bloom of thine,
Like a lily which the sun
Looks thro' in his sad decline,
And a rose-bush leans upon,
Thou that faintly smilest still,
As a Naiad in a well,
Looking at the set of day,
Or a phantom two hours old
Of a maiden past away,
Ere the placid lips be cold?
Wherefore those faint smiles of
thine,
Spiritual Adeline?

#### III.

What hope or fear or joy is thine?
Who talketh with thee, Adeline?
For sure thou art not all alone.
Do beating hearts of salient
springs

Keep measure with thine own?

Hast thou heard the butterflies
What they say betwixt their
wings?

Or in stillest evenings With what voice the violet woos To his heart the silver dews?

Or when little airs arise,
How the merry bluebell rings
To the mosses underneath?
Hast thou look'd upon the breath
Of the lilies at sunrise?
Wherefore that faint smile of thine,

Shadowy, dreamy Adeline?

ıv.

Some honey-converse feeds thy mind, Some spirit of a crimson rose In love with thee forgets to close His curtains, wasting odorous sighs All night long on darkness blind. What aileth thee? whom waitest thou With thy soften'd, shadow'd brow,

And those dew-lit eyes of thine, Thou faint smiler, Adeline?

V

Lovest thou the doleful wind
When thou gazest at the skies?
Doth the low-tongued Orient
Wander from the side of the

morn,
Dripping with Sabæan spice
On thy pillow, lowly bent
With melodious airs lovelorn,
Breathing Light against thy face,
While his locks a-drooping twined
Round thy neck in subtle ring

Round thy neck in subtle rin Make a carcanet of rays, And ye talk together still,

In the language wherewith Spring Letters cowslips on the hill? Hence that look and smile of thine, Spiritual Adeline.

# MARGARET.

ī.

O sweet pale Margaret,
O rare pale Margaret,
What lit your eyes with tearful power,
Like moonlight on a falling shower?
Who lent you, love, your mortal dower
Of pensive thought and aspect

pale,
Your melancholy sweet and frail
As perfume of the cuckoo-flower?
From the westward-winding flood,
From the evening-lighted wood,

From all things outward you have

A tearful grace, as tho' you stood
Between the rainbow and the sun.
The very smile before you speak,
That dimples your transparent
cheek,

Encircles all the heart, and feedeth The senses with a still delight

Of dainty sorrow without sound, Like the tender amber round, Which the moon about her spread-

eth, Moving thro' a fleecy night.

11.

You love, remaining peacefully, To hear the murmur of the strife, But enter not the toil of life.

Your spirit is the calmed sea, Laid by the tumult of the fight.

You are the evening star, alway Remaining betwixt dark and bright:

Lull'd echoes of laborious day
Come to you, gleams of mellow
light
Float by you on the verge of

night.

III.

What can it matter, Margaret,
What songs below the waning
stars

The lion-heart, Plantagenet,
Sang looking thro' his prison
bars?
Exquisite Marge et, who can

tell
The last wild thought of Chatelet,
Just ere the falling axe did part
The burning brain from the true

Even in her sight he loved so well?

IV

A fairy shield your Genius made And gave you on your natal day. Your sorrow, only sorrow's shade, Keeps real sorrow far away.

You move not in such solitudes, You are not less divine,

But more human in your moods, Than your twin-sister, Adeline.

Your hair is darker, and your eyes Touch'd with a somewhat darker hue.

And less aerially blue,

But ever-trembling thro' the dew Of dainty-woful sympathies.

O sweet pale Margaret, O rare pale Margaret, Come down, come down, and hear me speak:

Tie up the ringlets on your cheek: The sun is just about to set, The arching limes are tall and shady, And faint, rainy lights are seen,

Moving in the leavy beech. Rise from the feast of sorrow, lady, Where all day long you sit between

Joy and woe, and whisper each. Or only look across the lawn,

Look out below your bower-eaves, Look down, and let your blue eyes dawn

Upon me thro' the jasmine-leaves.

### ROSALIND.

My Rosalind, my Rosalind, My frolic falcon, with bright eyes, Whose free delight, from any height of rapid flight,

Stoops at all game that wing the skies, My Rosalind, my Rosalind, My bright-eyed, wild-eyed falcon

whither, Careless both of wind and weather, Whither fly ye, what game spy ye, Up or down the streaming wind?

11.

The quick lark's closest-caroll'd strains.

The shadow rushing up the sea, The lightning flash atween the rains, The sunlight driving down the lea, The leaping stream, the very wind, That will not stay, upon his way, o stoop the cowslip to the plains. s not so clear and bold and free Is you, my falcon Rosalind. ou care not for another's pains,

Because you are the soul of joy, Bright metal all without alloy. Life shoots and glances thro' your veins.

And flashes off a thousand ways, Thro' lips and eyes in subtle rays. Your hawk-eyes are keen and bright, Keen with triumph, watching still To pierce me thro' with pointed light; But oftentimes they flash and glitter Like sunshine on a dancing rill, And your words are seeming-bitter, Sharp and few, but seeming-bitter From excess of swift delight.

Come down, come home, my Rosalind, My gay young hawk, my Rosalind: Too long you keep the upper skies; Too long you roam and wheel at will; But we must hood your random eyes, That care not whom they kill, And your cheek, whose brilliant hue Is so sparkling-fresh to view, Some red heath-flower in the dew. Touch'd with sunrise. We must bind And keep you fast, my Rosalind, Fast, fast, my wild-eyed Rosalind, And clip your wings, and make you

When we have lured you from above, And that delight of frolic flight, by day or night,

From North to South, We'll bind you fast in silken cords And kiss away the bitter words From off your rosy mouth.

# ELEÄNORE.

THY dark eyes open'd not, Nor first reveal'd themselves to English air,

For there is nothing here, Which, from the outward to the inward brought,

Moulded thy baby thought. Far off from human neighborhood,

Thou wert born, on a summer morn.

A mile beneath the cedar-wood.

Thy bounteous forehead was not fann'd

With breezes from our oaken

with breezes from our oake glades,

But thou wert nursed in some delicious

land
Of lavish lights, and floating
shades:

And flattering thy childish thought
The oriental fairy brought,
At the moment of thy birth,

From old well-heads of haunted rills, And the hearts of purple hills,

And shadow'd coves on a sunny shore,

The choicest wealth of all the earth,

Jewel or shell, or starry ore, To deck thy cradle, Eleänore.

H

Or the yellow-banded bees, Thro' half-open lattices Coming in the scented breeze,

Fed thee, a child, lying alone,
With whitest honey in fairy gardens cull'd —

A glorious child, dreaming alone, In silk-soft folds, upon yielding down,

With the hum of swarming bees Into dreamful slumber lull'd.

III.

Who may minister to thee?
Summer herself should minister
To thee, with fruitage golden-rinded
On golden salvers, or it may be,
Youngest Autumn, in a bower
Grape-thicken'd from the light, and
blinded

With many a deep-hued bell-like flower

Of fragrant trailers, when the air
Sleepeth over all the heaven,
And the crag that fronts the Even,
All along the shadowing shore,
Crimsons over an inland mere,

Eleänore!

IV.

How many full-sail'd verse express, How many measured words adore The full-flowing harmony

Of thy swan-like stateliness,

Eleänore?

The luxuriant symmetry
Of thy floating gracefulness,
Eleänore?

Every turn and glance of thine, Every lineament divine,

Eleänore,

And the steady sunset glow, That stays upon thee? For in thee Is nothing sudden, nothing single; Like two streams of incense free

From one censer in one shrine, Thought and motion mingle, Mingle ever. Motions flow

Mingle ever. Motions how
To one another, even as the'
They were modulated so
To an unheard melody,

Which lives about thee, and a sweep
Of richest pauses, evermore
Drawn from each other mellow-deep;

Who may express thee, Eleanore?

v.

I stand before thee, Eleanore;
I see thy beauty gradually unfold,
Daily and hourly, more and more.
I muse, as in a trance, the while

Slowly, as from a cloud of gold, Comes out thy deep ambrosial smile. I muse, as in a trance, whene'er

The languors of thy love-deep eyes Float on to me. I would I were

So tranced, so rapt in ecstasies, To stand apart, and to adore, Gazing on thee forevermore, Serene, imperial Eleänore!

VI.

Sometimes, with most intensity Gazing, I seem to see

Thought folded over thought, smiling asleep,

Slowly awaken'd, grow so full and deep In thy large eyes, that, overpower'd quite, I cannot veil, or droop my sight, But am as nothing in its light: As tho' a star, in inmost heaven set, Ev'n while we gaze on it, Should slowly round his orb, and

slowly grow

To a full face, there like a sun remain Fix'd—then as slowly fade again,
And draw itself to what it was

And draw itself to what it was before;

So full, so deep, so slow, Thought seems to come and go In thy large eyes, imperial Eleanore,

#### VII.

As thunder-clouds that, hung on high, Roof'd the world with doubt and fear, Floating thro' an evening atmosphere,

Grow golden all about the sky; In thee all passion becomes passion-

less,

Touch'd by thy spirit's mellowness, Losing his fire and active might In a silent meditation,

Falling into a still delight,

And luxury of contemplation:
As waves that up a quiet cove

Rolling slide, and lying still Shadow forth the banks at will: Or sometimes they swell and move,

Pressing up against the land, With motions of the outer sea: And the self-same influence

Controlleth all the soul and sense Of Passion gazing upon thee. His bow-string slacken'd, languid Love,

Leaning his cheek upon his hand, Droops both his wings, regarding thee,

And so would languish evermore, Serene, imperial Eleänore.

#### VIII

But when I see thee roam, with tresses unconfined,
While the amorous, odorous wind

Breathes low between the sunset and the moon;

Or, in a shadowy saloon,

on silken cushions half reclined;

I watch thy grace; and in its place My heart a charm'd slumber keeps,

While I muse upon thy face;

And a languid fire creeps
Thro' my veins to all my frame,

Dissolvingly and slowly: soon
From thy rose-red lips My name

Floweth; and then, as in a swoon, With dinning sound my ears are

rife,

My tremulous tongue faltereth, I lose my color, I lose my breath, I drink the cup of a costly death, Brimm'd with delirious draughts of warmest life.

I die with my delight, before I hear what I would hear from thee:

Yet tell my name again to me,
I would be dying evermore,

So dying ever, Eleänore.

T.

My life is full of weary days,
But good things have not kept aloof,
Nor wander'd into other ways:

I have not lack'd thy mild reproof, Nor golden largess of thy praise.

And now shake hands across the brink Of that deep grave to which I go: Shake hands once more: I cannot sink So far — far down, but I shall know Thy voice, and answer from below.

#### II.

When in the darkness over me
The four-handed mole shall scrape,
Plant thou no dusky cypress-tree,

Nor wreathe thy cap with doleful crape,

But pledge me in the flowing grape.

And when the sappy field and wood Grow green beneath the showery gray,

And rugged barks begin to bud,

And thro' damp holts new-flush'd with may,

Ring sudden scritches of the jay,

Then let wise Nature work her will, And on my clay her darnel grow; Come only, when the days are still,

And at my headstone whisper low, And tell me if the woodbines blow.

# EARLY SONNETS.

I. TO ----

As when with downcast eyes we muse

and brood.

And ebb into a former life, or seem To lapse far back in some confused dream

To states of mystical similitude;

If one but speaks or hems or stirs his chair.

Ever the wonder waxeth more and

So that we say, "All this hath been

before. All this hath been, I know not when

or where." So, friend, when first I look'd upon your face,

Our thought gave answer each to each, so true -

Opposed mirrors each reflecting each-That tho' I knew not in what time or place.

Methought that I had often met with

And either lived in either's heart and speech.

II.

# TO J. M. K.

My hope and heart is with thee - thou wilt be

A latter Luther, and a soldier-priest To scare church-harpies from the master's feast:

Our dusted velvets have much need of thee:

Thou art no sabbath-drawler of old 38W6.

Distill'd from some worm-canker'd homily:

But spurr'd at heart with fieriest energy To embattail and to wall about thy

With iron-worded proof, hating to hark The humming of the drowsy pulpitdrone

Half God's good sabbath, while the worn-out clerk

Brow-beats his desk below. from a throne

Mounted in heaven wilt shoot into the dark

Arrows of lightnings. I will stand and mark.

MINE be the strength of spirit, full and free, Like some broad river rushing down

alone.

With the self-same impulse wherewith he was thrown

From his loud fount upon the echoing

Which with increasing might doth forward flee

By town, and tower, and hill, and cape, and isle.

And in the middle of the green salt sea Keeps his blue waters fresh for many a mile.

Mine be the power which ever to its sway

Will win the wise at once, and by degrees

May into uncongenial spirits flow;

Ev'n as the warm gulf-stream of Florida

Floats far away into the Northern seas The lavish growths of southern Mexico.

IV.

# ALEXANDER.

WARRIOR of God, whose strong right arm debased

The throne of Persia, when her Satrap bled

At Issus by the Syrian gates, or fled Beyond the Memmian naphtha-pits, disgraced

Forever - thee (thy pathway sanderased)

Gliding with equal crowns two serpents led

Joyful to that palm-planted fountain-

Ammonian Oasis in the waste.

There in a silent shade of laurel brown Apart the Chamian Oracle divine

Shelter'd his unapproached mysteries: High things were spoken there, unhanded down:

Only they saw thee from the secret shrine

Returning with hot cheek and kindled eves.

### v.

## BUONAPARTE.

He thought to quell the stubborn hearts of oak,

Madman! - to chain with chains, and bind with bands

That island queen who sways the floods and lands.

From Ind to Ind, but in fair daylight woke.

When from her wooden walls, - lit by sure hands, -

With thunders, and with lightnings, and with smoke, -

Peal after peal, the British battle broke.

Lulling the brine against the Coptic sands.

We taught him lowlier moods, when Elsinore

Heard the war moan along the distant Rocking with shatter'd spars, with

sudden fires

Flamed over: at Trafalgar yet once more

taught him: late he learned humility

Perforce, like those whom Gideon school'd with briers.

# VI.

# POLAND.

dow long, O God, shall men be ridden down,

And trampled under by the last and least

Of men? The heart of Poland hath not ceased

To quiver, tho' her sacred blood doth drown The fields, and out of every smoulder-

ing town Cries to Thee, lest brute Power be in-

creased. Till that o'ergrown Barbarian in the East

Transgress his ample bound to some new crown: -

Cries to Thee, "Lord, how long shall these things be?

How long this icy-hearted Muscovite Oppress the region?" Us, O Just and Good.

Forgive, who smiled when she was torn in three;

Us, who stand now, when we should aid the right -

A matter to be wept with tears of blood!

#### VII.

Caress'd or chidden by the slender hand.

And singing airy trifles this or that, Light Hope at Beauty's call would

perch and stand. And run thro' every change of sharp and flat;

And Fancy came and at her pillow sat, When Sleep had bound her in his rosy band.

And chased away the still-recurring gnat,

And woke her with a lay from fairy land.

But now they live with Beauty less and less,

For Hope is other Hope and wanders

far, Nor cares to lisp in love's delicious creeds:

And Fancy watches in the wilderness, Poor Fancy sadder than a single star,

That sets at twilight in a land of reeds.

#### VIII.

THE form, the form alone is eloquent!
A nobler yearning never broke her

Than but to dance and sing, be gayly drest,

And win all eyes with all accomplishment:

Yet in the whirling dances as we went, My fancy made me for a moment blest To find my heart so near the beauteous breast

That once had power to rob it of content.

A moment came the tenderness of

The phantom of a wish that once could move,

A ghost of passion that no smiles re-

For ah! the slight coquette, she cannot love,

And if you kiss'd her feet a thousand years,

She still would take the praise, and care no more.

#### IX.

Wan Sculptor, weepest thou to take the cast Of those dead lineaments that near

thee lie? O sorrowest thou, pale Painter, for the

O sorrowest thou, pale Fainter, for the past,
In painting some dead friend from

memory? Weep on: beyond his object Love can

last: His object lives: more cause to weep

have I: My tears, no tears of love, are flowing

No tears of love, but tears that Love

I pledge her not in any cheerful cup, Nor care to sit beside her where she

Ah pity — hint it not in human tones, But breathe it into earth and close it

With secret death forever, in the pits Which some green Christmas crams with weary bones.

#### x.

If I were loved, as I desire to be, What is there in the great sphere of

the earth,

And range of evil between death and birth,
That I should fear,—if I were loved

by thee?
All the inner, all the outer world of

pain
Clear Love would pierce and cleave.

if thou wert mine, As I have heard that, somewhere in

the main, Fresh-water springs come up through

bitter brine.
"Twere joy, not fear, claspt hand-in-

hand with thee,
To wait for death—mute—careless

of all ills, Apart upon a mountain, tho' the surge Of some new deluge from a thousand

Flung leagues of roaring foam into

Below us, as far on as eye could see.

#### XI.

# THE BRIDESMAID.

O BRIDESMAID, ere the happy knot was tied, Thine eyes so wept that they could

hardly see;

Thy sister smiled and said, "No tears for me!

A happy bridesmaid makes a happy bride."

And then, the couple standing side by side,
Love lighted down between them full

of glee, And over his left shoulder laugh'd at

thee,
"O happy bridesmaid, make a happy

"O happy bridesmaid, make a nappy bride."

And all at once a pleasant truth learn'd,

For while the tender service made thee

I loved thee for the tear thou couldst not hide,

And prest thy hand, and knew the press return'd,

And thought, "My life is sick of single sleep:

O happy bridesmaid, make a happy bride!"

# THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

PART I.

On either side of the river lie Long fields of barley and of rye, That clothe the wold and meet the sky; And thro' the field the road runs by

To many-tower'd Camelot; And up and down the people go, Gazing where the lilies blow Round an island there below The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver, Little breezes dusk and shiver Thro' the wave that runs forever By the island in the river

Flowing down to Camelot. Four gray walls, and four gray towers, Overlook a space of flowers, And the silent isle embowers

The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd, Slide the heavy barges trail'd. By slow horses; and unhail'd The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd

Skimming down to Camelot: But who hath seen her wave her hand? Or at the casement seen her stand? Or is she known in all the land,

The Lady of Shalott?

only reapers, reaping early n among the bearded barley, lear a song that echoes cheerly 'rom the river winding clearly,

Down to tower'd Camelot: and by the moon the reaper weary, Piling sheaves in uplands airy, Listening, whispers "'Tis the fairy Lady of Shalott."

#### PART II.

THERE she weaves by night and day A magic web with colors gav. She has heard a whisper say, A curse is on her if she stay

To look down to Camelot. She knows not what the curse may be And so she weaveth steadily, And little other care hath she, The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear That hangs before her all the year, Shadows of the world appear. There she sees the highway near

Winding down to Camelot. There the river eddy whirls, And there the surly village-churls, And the red cloaks of market girls,

Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad, An abbot on an ambling pad, Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad, Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad.

Goes by to tower'd Camelot; And sometimes thro' the mirror blue The knights come riding two and two. She hath no loyal knight and true, The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights To weave the mirror's magic sights, For often thro' the silent nights A funeral, with plumes and lights

And music, went to Camelot: Or when the moon was overhead, Came two young lovers lately wed; "I am half sick of shadows," said

The Lady of Shalott.

### PART III.

A Bow-shot from her bower-eaves, He rode between the barley-sheaves, The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves And flamed upon the brazen greaves

Of bold Sir Lancelot.

A red-cross knight forever kneel'd To a lady in his shield, That sparkled on the yellow field, Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free, Like to some branch of stars we see Hung in the golden Galaxy. The bridle bells rang merrily

As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armor rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather Thick-jewell'd shone the saddleleather,

The helmet and the helmet-feather Burn'd like one burning flame together, As he rode down to Camelot.

As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;

On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;

From underneath his helmet flow'd His coal-black curls as on he rode,

As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom, She made three paces thro' the room, She saw the water-lily bloom, She saw the helmet and the plume,

She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

### PART IV.

In the stormy east-wind straining, The pale yellow woods were waning,

The broad stream in his banks complaining,

Heavily the low sky raining,

Over tower'd Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse Like some bold seer in a trance, Seeing all his own mischance — With a glassy countenance

Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,

The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white,
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night

She floated down to Camelot: And as the boat-head wound along The willowy hills and fields among, They heard her singing her last song,

The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy, Chanted loudly, chanted lowly, Till her blood was frozen slowly, And her eyes were darken'd wholly,

Turn'd to tower'd Camelot. For ere she reach'd upon the tide The first house by the water-side, Singing in her song she died,

The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony, By garden-wall and gallery, A gleaming shape she floated by, Dead-pale between the houses high,

Silent into Camelot. Out upou the wharfs they came, Knight and burgher, lord and dame, And round the prow they read her

The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here? And in the lighted palace near Died the sound of royal cheer; And they cross'd themselves for fear, All the knights at Camelot: But Lancelot mused a little space; He said, "She has a lovely face;

God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott."

# THE TWO VOICES.

A STILL small voice spake unto me, "Thou art so full of misery, Were it not better not to be?"

Then to the still small voice I said; "Let me not cast in endless shade What is so wonderfully made."

To which the voice did urge reply; "To-day I saw the dragon-fly Come from the wells where he did lie.

"An inner impulse rent the veil of his old husk: from head to tail Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.

"He dried his wings: like gauze they

Thro'crofts and pastures wet with dew A living flash of light he flew."

I said, "When first the world began, Young Nature thro' five cycles ran, And in the sixth she moulded man.

"She gave him mind, the lordliest Proportion, and, above the rest, Dominion in the head and breast."

Thereto the silent voice replied; "Self-blinded are you by your pride: Look up thro'night: the world is wide.

"This truth within thy mind rehearse, That in a boundless universe Is boundless better, boundless werse.

"Think you this mould of hopes and fears

Could find no statelier than his peers In yonder hundred million spheres?" It spake, moreover, in my mind:
"Tho'thou wert scatter'd to the wind,
Yet is there plenty of the kind."

Then did my response clearer fall: "No compound of this earthly ball Is like another, all in all."

To which he answer'd scoffingly; "Good soul! suppose I grant it thee, Who'll weep for thy deficiency?

"Or will one beam be less intense, When thy peculiar difference Is cancell'd in the world of sense?"

I would have said, "Thou canst not know,"

But my full heart, that work'd below, Rain'd thro' my sight its overflow.

Again the voice spake unto me: "Thou art so steep'd in misery, Surely 'twere better not to be.

"Thine anguish will not let thee sleep, Nor any train of reason keep: Thou canst not think, but thou wilt weep."

I said, "The years with change advance:

If I make dark my countenance, I shut my life from happier chance.

"Some turn this sickness yet might take,

take, Ev'n yet." But he: "What drug can make

A wither'd palsy cease to shake?"

I wept, "Tho' I should die, I know That all about the thorn will blow In tufts of rosy-tinted snow;

"And men, thro' novel spheres of thought

Still moving after truth long sought, Will learn new things when I am not." "Yet," said the secret voice, "some time,

Sooner or later, will gray prime Make thy grass hoar with early rime.

"Not less swift souls that yearn for light,

Rapt after heaven's starry flight, Would sweep the tracts of day and night.

"Not less the bee would range her cells, The furzy prickle fire the dells, The foxglove cluster dappled bells."

I said that "all the years invent; Each month is various to present The world with some development.

- "Were this not well, to bide mine hour, Tho' watching from a ruin'd tower How grows the day of human power?"
- "The highest-mounted mind," he said,
  "Still sees the sacred morning spread
  The silent summit overhead.
- "Will thirty seasons render plain Those lonely lights that still remain, Just breaking over land and main?
- "Or make that morn, from his cold crown

And crystal silence creeping down, Flood with full daylight glebe and town?

- "Forerun thy peers, thy time, and let Thy feet, millenniums hence, be set In midst of knowledge,dream'd not yet.
- 'Thou hast not gain'd a real height, Nor art thou nearer to the light, Because the scale is infinite.
- "Twere better not to breathe or speak, Than cryfor strength, remaining weak, And seem to find, but still to seek.
- "Moreover, but to seem to find Asks what thou lackest, thought resign'd,

A healthy frame, a quiet mind."

I said, "When I am gone away, 'He dared not tarry,' men will say, Doing dishonor to my clay."

"This is more vile," he made reply,
"To breathe and loathe, to live and
sigh,

Than once from dread of pain to die.

- "Sick art thou—a divided will Still heaping on the fear of ill The fear of men, a coward still.
- "Do men love thee? Art thou so bound To men, that how thy name may sound Will vex thee lying underground?
- "The memory of the wither'd leaf In endless time is scarce more brief Than of the garner'd Autumn-sheaf.
- "Go, vexed Spirit, sleep in trust; The right ear, that is fill'd with dust, Hears little of the false or just."
- " Hard task, to pluck resolve," I cried, "From emptiness and the waste wide Of that abyss, or scornful pride!
- "Nay rather yet that I could raise One hope that warm'd me in the days While still I yearn'd for human praise.
- "When, wide in soul and bold of tongue,

Among the tents I paused and sung, The distant battle flash'd and rung.

- "I sung the joyful Pæan clear, And, sitting, burnish'd without fear The brand, the buckler, and the spear—
- "Waiting to strive a happy strife, To war with falsehood to the knife, And not to lose the good of life —
- "Some hidden principle to move,
  To put together, part and prove,
  And mete the bounds of hate and
  love—

"As far as might be, to carve out Free space for every human doubt, That the whole mind might orb about—

"To search through all I felt or saw, The springs of life, the depths of awe, And reach the law within the law:

"At least, not rotting like a weed, But, having sown some generous seed, Fruitful of further thought and deed,

"To pass when Life her light withdraws,

Not void of righteous self-applause, Nor in a merely selfish cause —

"In some good cause, not in mine own To perish, wept for, honor'd, known, And like a warrior overthrown;

"Whose eyes are dim with glorious tears,

When soil'd with noble dust, he hears His country's war-song thrill his ears:

"Then dying of a mortal stroke, What time the foeman's line is broke, And all the war is rolled in smoke."

"Yea!" said the voice, "thy dream was good,

While thou abodest in the bud. It was the stirring of the blood.

"If Nature put not forth her power About the opening of the flower, Who is it that could live an hour?

"Then comes the check, the change,
the fall,
Pain rises up, old pleasures and

Pain rises up, old pleasures pall.

There is one remedy for all.

"Yet hadst thou, thro' enduring pain, Link'd month to month with such a chain

Of knitted purport, all were vain.

"Thou hadst not between death and birth
Dissolved the riddle of the earth.
So were thy labor little-worth.

"That men with knowledge merely play'd,
I told thee — hardly nigher made,

Tho' scaling slow from grade to grade;

"Much less this dreamer, deaf and blind, Named man, may hope some truth to

That bears relation to the mind.

"For every worm beneath the moon Draws different threads, and late and soon

Spins, toiling out his own cocoon.

"Cry, faint not: either Truth is born Beyond the polar gleam forlorn, Or in the gateways of the morn.

"Cry, faint not, climb: the summits slope
Beyond the furthest flights of hope,
Wrapt in dense cloud from base to cope.

"Sometimes a little corner shines, As over rainy mist inclines A gleaming crag with belts of pines

"I will go forward, sayest thou, I shall not fail to find her now. Look up, the fold is on her brow.

"If straight thy track, or if oblique, Thou know'st not. Shadows thou dost strike,

Embracing cloud, Ixion-like;

"And owning but a little more Than beasts, abidest lame and poor, Calling thyself a little lower

"Than angels. Cease to wail and brawl!

Why inch by inch to darkness crawl? There is one remedy for all."

"O dull, one-sided voice," said I,
"Wilt thou make every thing a lie,
To flatter me that I may die?

- "I know that age to age succeeds, Blowing a noise of tongues and deeds, A dust of systems and of creeds.
- "I cannot hide that some have striven, Achieving calm, to whom was given The joy that mixes man with Heaven:
- "Who,rowing hard against the stream, Saw distant gates of Eden gleam, And did not dream it was a dream;
- "But heard, by secret transport led, Ev'n in the charnels of the dead, The murmur of the fountain-head—
- "Which did accomplish their desire, Bore and forebore, and did not tire, Like Stephen, an unquenched fire.
- "He heeded not reviling tones, Nor sold his heart to idle moans, Tho' cursed and scorn'd, and bruised with stones:
- "But looking upward, full of grace, He pray'd, and from a happy place God's glory smote him on the face."
- The sullen answer slid betwixt:
  "Not that the grounds of hope were fix'd,
  The elements were kindlier mix'd."

I said, "I toil beneath the curse, But, knowing not the universe, I fear to slide from bad to worse.

- "And that, in seeking to undo, One riddle, and to find the true, I knit a hundred others new:
- "Or that this anguish fleeting hence, Unmanacled from bonds of sense, Be fix'd and froz'n to permanence:
- "For I go, weak from suffering here: Naked I go, and void of cheer: What is it that I may not fear?"

- "Consider well," the voice replied,
  "His face, that two hours since hath
- died;
- Wilt thou find passion, pain or pride?
- "Will he obey when one commands? Or answer should one press his hands? He answers not, nor understands.
- "His palms are folded on his breast:
  There is no other thing express'd
  But long disquiet merged in rest.
- "His lips are very mild and meek:
  Tho' one should smite him on the
  cheek,
  And on the mouth, he will not speak.
- "His little daughter, whose sweet face He kiss'd, taking his last embrace, Becomes dishonor to her race—
- "His sons grow up that bear his name, Some grow to honor, some to shame,— But he is chill to praise or blame.
- "He will not hear the north-wind rave, Nor, moaning, household shelter crave From winter rains that beat his grave.
- "High up the vapors fold and swim: About him broods the twilight dim: The place he knew forgetteth him."
- "If all be dark, vague voice," I said,
  "These things are wrapt in doubt and
  dread,
  Nor canst thou show the dead are dead.
- "The sap dries up: the plant declines.
  A deeper tale my heart divines.
  Know I not Death? the outward signs?
- "I found him when my years were few; A shadow on the graves I knew, And darkness in the village yew.
- "From grave to grave the shadow erept:

  In her still place the morning went:

In her still place the morning wept: Touch'd by his feet the daisy slept.

- "The simple senses crown'd his head: 'Omega! thou art Lord,' they said,
- 'We find no motion in the dead.'
- "Why, if man rot in dreamless ease, Should that plain fact, as taught by these,

Not make him sure that he shall cease?

- "Who forged that other influence, That heat of inward evidence, By which he doubts against the sense?
- "He owns the fatal gift of eyes, That read his spirit blindly wise, Not simple as a thing that dies.
- "Here sits he shaping wings to fly: His heart forebodes a mystery: He names the name Eternity.
- "That type of Perfect in his mind In Nature can he nowhere find. He sows himself on every wind.
- "He seems to hear a Heavenly Friend, And thro' thick veils to apprehend A labor working to an end.
- "The end and the beginning vex His reason: many things perplex, With motions, checks, and counterchecks.
- "He knows a baseness in his blood At such strange war with something good,

He may not do the thing he would.

- "Heaven opens inward, chasms yawn, Vast images in glimmering dawn, Half shown, are broken and withdrawn.
- 'Ah! sure within him and without, Could his dark wisdom find it out, There must be answer to his doubt.

But thou canst answer not again. Vith thine own weapon art thou slain, Ir thou wilt answer but in vain,

- "The doubt would rest, I dare not solve.
- In the same circle we revolve. Assurance only breeds resolve."
- As when a billow, blown against, Falls back, the voice with which I fenced

A little ceased, but recommenced.

"Where wert thou when thy father play'd
In his free field, and pastime made,

A merry boy in sun and shade?

- "A merry boy they call'd him then, He sat upon the knees of men In days that never come again.
- "Before the little ducts began To feed thy bones with lime, and ran Their course, till thou wert also man:
- "Who took a wife, who rear'd his race, Whose wrinkles gather'd on his face, Whose troubles number with his days:
- "A life of nothings, nothing-worth, From that first nothing ere his birth To that last nothing under earth!"
- "These words," I said, "are like the rest;

No certain clearness, but at best A vague suspicion of the breast:

- "But if I grant, thou mightst defend The thesis which thy words intend— That to begin implies to end;
- "Yet how should I for certain hold Because my memory is so cold, That I first was in human mould?
- "I cannot make this matter plain, But I would shoot, howe'er in vain, A random arrow from the brain.
- "It may be that no life is found, Which only to one engine bound Falls off, but cycles always round.

"As old mythologies relate, Some draught of Lethe might await The slipping thro' from state to state.

"As here we find in trances, men Forget the dream that happens then, Until they fall in trance again.

"So might we, if our state were such As one before, remember much, Yer those two likes might meet and touch.

"But if I lapsed from nobler place, Some legend of a fallen race Alone might hint of my disgrace;

"Some vague emotion of delight In gazing up an Alpine height, Some yearning toward the lamps of night;

"Or if thro' lower lives I came — Tho' all experience past became Consolidate in mind and frame —

"I might forget my weaker lot; For is not our first year forgot? The haunts of memory echo not.

"And men, whose reason long was blind,

From cells of madness unconfined, Oft lose whole years of darker mind.

"Much more, if first I floated free, As naked essence, must I be Incompetent of memory:

"For memory dealing but with time, And he with matter, could she climb Beyond her own material prime?

"Moreover, something is or seems, That touches me with mystic gleams, Like glimpses of forgotten dreams —

"Of something felt, like something here;

Of something done, I know not where; Such as no language may declare."

The still voice laugh'd. "I talk," said he,

"Not with thy dreams. Suffice it thee Thy pain is a reality."

"But thou," said I, "hast missed thy mark,

Who sought'st to wreck thy mortal ark,

By making all the horizon dark.

"Why not set forth, if I should do This rashness, that which might ensue With this old soul in organs new?

"Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human
breath
Has ever truly long'd for death.

"'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,
Oh life, not death, for which we pant;
More life, and fuller, that I want."

I ceased, and sat as one forlorn. Then said the voice, in quiet scorn, "Behold, it is the Sabbath morn."

And I arose, and I released The casement, and the light increased With freshness in the dawning east.

Like soften'd airs that blowing steal, When meres begin to uncongeal, The sweet church bells began to peal.

On to God's house the people prest: Passing the place where each must rest, Each enter'd like a welcome guest.

One walk'd between his wife and child, With measured footfall firm and mild, And now and then he gravely smiled.

The prudent partner of his blood Lean'd on him, faithful, gentle, good Wearing the rose of womanhood.

And in their double love secure, The little maiden walk'd demure, Pacing with downward eyelids pure. These three made unity so sweet, My frozen heart began to beat, Remembering its ancient heat.

I blest them, and they wander'd on: I spoke, but answer came there none The dull and bitter voice was gone.

A second voice was at mine ear, A little whisper silver-clear, A murmur, "Be of better cheer."

As from some blissful neighborhood, A notice faintly understood, "I see the end, and know the good."

A little hint to solace woe, A hint, a whisper breathing low, "I may not speak of what I know."

Like an Æolian harp that wakes No certain air, but overtakes Far thought with music that it makes:

Such seem'd the whisper at my side:
"What is it thou knowest, sweet
voice?" I cried.
"A hidden hope," the voice replied:

So heavenly-toned, that in that hour From out my sullen heart a power Broke, like the rainbow from the shower.

To feel, altho' no tongue can prove, That every cloud, that spreads above And veileth love, itself is love.

And forth into the fields I went, And Nature's living motion lent The pulse of hope to discontent.

I wonder'd at the bounteous hours, The slow result of winter showers: You scarce could see the grass for flowers.

I wonder'd while I paced along:
The woods were fill'd so full with song,
There seem'd no room for sense of
wrong;

And all so variously wrought, I marvell'd how the mind was brought To anchor by one gloomy thought;

And wherefore rather I made choice To commune with that barren voice, Than him that said, "Rejoice! Rejoice!"

### THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

I see the wealthy miller yet,
His double chin, his portly size,
And who that knew him could forget
The busy wrinkles round his eyes?
The slow wise smile that, round about
His dusty forehead dryly curl'd,
Seem'd half-within and half-without,
And full of dealings with the world?

In yonder chair I see him sic,
Three fingers round the old silver
cup—

I see his gray eyes twinkle yet
At his own jest—gray eyes lit up
With summer lightnings of a soul
So full of summer warmth, so glad,
So healthy, sound, and clear and
whole.

His memory scarce can make me sad.

Yet fill my glass: give me one kiss:
My own sweet Alice, we must die.
There's somewhat in this world amiss
Shall be unriddled by and by.
There's somewhat flows to us in life,
But more is taken quite away.

Pray, Alice, pray, my darling wife, That we may die the self-same day.

Have I not found a happy earth?
I least should breathe a thought of pain.

Would God renew me from my birth
I'd almost live my life again.
So sweet it seems with thee to walk,

And once again to woo thee mine—
It seems in after-dinner talk

Across the walnuts and the wine -

To be the long and listless boy
Late-left an orphan of the squire,
Where this old mansion mounted high
Looks down upon the village spire:

For even here, where I and you Have lived and loved alone so long, Each morn my sleep was broken thro' By some wild skylark's matin song.

And oft I heard the tender dove In firry woodlands making moan; But ere I saw your eyes, my love, I had no motion of my own.

For scarce my life with fancy play'd Before I dream'd that pleasant

dream —

Still hither thither idly sway'd
Like those long mosses in the
stream.

Or from the bridge I lean'd to hear
The milldam rushing down with
noise,

And see the minnows everywhere In crystal eddies glance and poise, The tall flag-flowers when they sprung Below the range of stepping-stones, Or those three chestnuts near, that

In masses thick with milky cones.

But, Alice, what an hour was that,
When after roving in the woods
('Twas April then), I came and sat
Below the chestnuts, when their

Were glistening to the breezy blue;
And on the slope, an absent fool,
I cast me down, nor thought of you,
But angled in the higher pool.

A love-song I had somewhere read,
An echo from a measured strain,
Beat time to nothing in my head
From some odd corner of the brain.

It haunted me, the morning long,
With weary sameness in the rhymes,
The phantom of a silent song,

That went and came a thousand times.

Then leapt a trout. In lazy mood
I watch'd the little circles die;
They past into the level flood,
And there a vision caught my eye;

The reflex of a beauteous form,
A glowing arm, a gleaming neck,

As when a sunbeam wavers warm Within the dark and dimpled beck.

For you remember, you had set,
That morning, on the casement-edge
A long green box of mignonette,
And you were leaning from the

ledge:
And when I raised my eyes, above
They met with two so full and

bright-

Such eyes! I swear to you, my love,
That these have never lost their
light.

I loved, and love dispell'd the fear
That I should die an early death:
For love possess'd the atmosphere,
And fill'd the breast with purer

breath.

My mother thought, What ails the boy?

For I was alter'd, and began To move about the house with joy, And with the certain step of man.

I loved the brimming wave that swam
Thro' quiet meadows round the mill,
The sleepy pool above the dam,

The pool beneath it never still,
The meal-sacks on the whiten'd floor,
The dark round of the dripping
wheel,

The very air about the door Made misty with the floating meal.

And oft in ramblings on the wold,
When April nights began to blow,
And April's crescent glimmer'd cold,
I saw the village lights below;

I knew your taper far away,
And full at heart of trembling hope,
From off the wold I came, and lay
Upon the freshly-flower'd slope.

The deep brook groan'd beneath the

And "by that lamp," I thought, "she sits!"

The white chalk-quarry from the hill Gleam'd to the flying moon by fits. "O that I were beside her now!

O will she answer if I call? () would she give me vow for vow, Sweet Alice, if I told her all?"

Sometimes I saw you sit and spin: And, in the pauses of the wind, Sometimes I heard you sing within;

Sometimes your shadow cross'd the blind. At last you rose and moved the light,

And the long shadow of the chair Flitted across into the night,

And all the casement darken'd there.

But when at last I dared to speak, The lanes, you know, were white with may,

Your ripe lips moved not, but your cheek

Flush'd like the coming of the day; And so it was - half-sly, half-shy, You would, and would not, little

Although I pleaded tenderly, And you and I were all alone.

And slowly was my mother brought To yield consent to my desire: she wish'd me happy, but she thought I might have look'd a little higher; and I was young - too young to wed:

"Yet must I love her for your sake; o fetch your Alice here," she said: Her eyelid quiver'd as she spake.

nd down I went to fetch my bride: But, Alice, you were ill at ease; his dress and that by turns you tried, Too fearful that you should not please.

loved you better for your fears, I knew you could not look but well; nd dews, that would have fall'n in

I kiss'd away before they fell.

I watch'd the little flutterings, The doubt my mother would not see;

She spoke at large of many things, And at the last she spoke of me; And turning look'd upon your face, As near this door you sat apart,

And rose, and, with a silent grace Approaching, press'd you heart to heart.

Ah, well - but sing the foolish song I gave you, Alice, on the day When, arm in arm, we went along, A pensive pair, and you were gay With bridal flowers - that I may seem, As in the nights of old, to lie Beside the mill-wheel in the stream,

While those full chestnuts whisper by.

It is the miller's daughter And she is grown so dear, so dear, That I would be the jewel That trembles in her ear: For hid in ringlets day and night, I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle About her dainty dainty waist. And her heart would beat against me, In sorrow and in rest: And I should know if it beat right, I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace, And all day long to fall and rise Upon her balmy bosom, With her laughter or her sighs, And I would lie so light, so light, I scarce should be unclasp'd at night.

A trifle, sweet! which true love spells-True love interprets - right alone. His light upon the letter dwells, For all the spirit is his own.

So, if I waste words now, in truth You must blame Love. His early rage

Had force to make me rhyme in youth, And makes me talk too much in age.

And now those vivid hours are gone, Like mine own life to me thou art, Where Past and Present, wound in

Do make a garland for the heart: So sing that other song I made, Half-anger'd with my happy lot, The day, when in the chestnut shade I found the blue Forget-me-not.

> Love that bath us in the net Can be pass, and we forget? Many suns arise and set. Many a chance the years beget. Love the gift is Love the debt. Even so.

Love is hurt with jar and fret. Love is made a vague regret. Eyes with idle tears are wet. Idle habit links us yet. What is love? for we forget: Ah, no! no!

Look thro' mine eyes with thine. True

Round my true heart thine arms intwine

My other dearer life in life,

Look thro' my very soul with thine! Untouch'd with any shade of years,

May those kind eyes forever dwell! They have not shed a many tears,

Dear eyes, since first I knew them

Yet tears they shed: they had their

Of sorrow: for when time was ripe, The still affection of the heart

Became an outward breathing type, That into stillness past again,

And left a want unknown before: Although the loss has brought'us pain, That loss but made us love the more,

The kiss, With farther lookings on. The woven arms, seem but to be Weak symbols of the settled bliss,

The comfort, I have found in thee: But that God bless thee, dear — who

wrought

Two spirits to one equal mind beyond hope or blessings thought,

With blessings which no words can

find.

Arise, and let us wander forth, To you old mill across the wolds; For look, the sunset, south and north, Winds all the vale in rosy tolds, And fires your narrow casement glass, Touching the sullen pool below:

On the chalk-hill the bearded grass Is dry and dewless. Let us go.

#### FATIMA.

O Love, Love, Love! O withering might!

O sun, that from thy noonday height Shudderest when I strain my sight, Throbbing thro' all thy heat and light,

Lo, falling from my constant mind, Lo, parch'd and wither'd, deaf and blind,

I whirl like leaves in roaring wind.

Last night I wasted hateful hours Below the city's eastern towers: I thirsted for the brooks, the showers: I roll'd among the tender flowers:

I crush'd them on my breast, my mouth:

I look'd athwart the burning drouth Of that long desert to the south.

Last night, when some one spoke his

From my swift blood that went and came

A thousand little shafts of flame Were shiver'd in my narrow frame.

O Love, O fire! once he drew With one long kiss my whole soul thro'

My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.

Before he mounts the hill, I know He cometh quickly: from below Sweet gales, as from deep gardens, blow

Before him, striking on my brow. In my dry brain my spirit soon, Down-deepening from swoon

Faints like a dazzled morning moon.

The wind sounds like a silver wire. And from beyond the noon a fire

Is pour'd upon the hills, and nigher The skies stoop down in their desire; And, isled in sudden seas of light, My heart, pierced thro' with fierce delight,

Bursts into blossom in his sight.

My whole soul waiting silently, All naked in a sultry sky, Droops blinded with his shining eye: I will possess him or will die.

I will grow round him in his place, Grow, live, die looking on his face, Die, dying clasp'd in his embrace.

# CENONE.

THERE lies a vale in Ida, lovelier Than all the valleys of Ionian hills. The swimming vapor slopes athwart

the glen,

Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,

And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand

The lawns and meadow-ledges mid-

way down Hang rich in flowers, and far below

them roars The long brook falling thro' the

clov'n ravine

In cataract after cataract to the sea. Behind the valley topmost Gargarus Stands up and takes the morning: but in front

The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal Troas and Ilion's column'd citadel,

The crown of Troas.

Hither came at noon Mournful Œnone, wandering forlorn Of Paris, once her playmate on the hills.

Her cheek had lost the rose, and round her neck

loated her hair or seem'd to float in

he, leaning on a fragment twined with vine.

ang to the stillness, till the mountainshade

loped downward to her seat from the upper cliff.

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,

Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die. For now the noonday quiet holds the

The grasshopper is silent in the grass: The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,

Rests like a shadow, and the winds are dead.

The purple flower droops: the golden bee

Is lily-cradled: I alone awake.

My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love,

My heart is breaking, and my eyes are dim,

And I am all aweary of my life.

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida, Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.

Hear me, O Earth, hear me, O Hills, O Caves

That house the cold crown'd snake! O

mountain brooks, I am the daughter of a River God, Hear me, for I will speak, and build

up all My sorrow with my song, as yonder

walls Rose slowly to a music slowly

breathed. A cloud that gather'd shape: for it

may be That, while I speak of it, a little while

My heart may wander from its deeper woe.

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,

Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die. I waited underneath the dawning hills, Aloft the mountain lawn was dewydark,

And dewy-dark aloft the mountain pine:

Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris, Leading a jet-black goat white-horn'd, white-hooved,

Came up from reedy Simois all alone

"O mother Ida, hearken ere I die. Far-off the torrent call'd me from the cleft:

Far up the solitary morning smote 'The streaks of virgin snow. With

down-dropt eyes

I sat alone: white-breasted like a star Fronting the dawn he moved; a leopard skin

Droop'd from his shoulder, but his

sunny hair

Cluster'd about his temples like a God's:

And his cheek brighten'd as the foambow brightens

When the wind blows the foam, and all my heart

Went forth to embrace him coming ere he came.

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die. He smiled, and opening out his milkwhite palm

Disclosed a fruit of pure Hesperian gold,

That smelt ambrosially, and while I look'd

And listen'd, the full-flowing river of speech

Came down upon my heart.

"'My own Enone,

Beautiful-brow'd Œnone, my own soul, Behold this fruit, whose gleaming rind ingrav'n

"For the most fair," would seem to

award it thine,

As lovelier than whatever Oread haunt The knolls of Ida, loveliest in all grace Of movement, and the charm of married brows.'

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die. He prest the blossom of his lips to mine, And added 'This was cast upon the board.

When all the full-faced presence of

the Gods

Ranged in the halls of Peleus; whereupon

Rose feud, with question unto whom 'twere due:

But light-foot Iris brought it yester-

Delivering, that to me, by common voice

Elected umpire, Herè comes to-day, Pallas and Aphrodite, claiming each This meed of fairest. Thou, within the cave

Behind you whispering tuft of oldest

Mayst well behold them unbeheld, unheard

Hear all, and see thy Paris judge of Gods.

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die, It was the deep midnoon: one silvery cloud

Had lost his way between the piney sides

Of this long glen. Then to the bower they came,

Naked they came to that smoothswarded bower,

And at their feet the crocus brake like

Violet, amaracus, and asphodel, Lotos and lilies: and a wind arose,

And overhead the wandering ivy and vine.

This way and that, in many a wild festoon

Ran riot, garlanding the gnarled boughs

With bunch and berry and flower thro' and thro'.

"O mother Ida, hearken ere I die, On the tree-tops a crested peacock lit, And o'er him flow'd a golden cloud, and lean'd

Upon him, slowly dropping fragrant

Then first I heard the voice of her, to whom

Coming thro' Heaven, like a light that grows

Larger and clearer, with one mind the

Rise up for reverence. She to Paris made

Proffer of royal power, ample rule Unquestion'd overflowing revenue

Wherewith to embellish state, 'from many a vale

And river-sunder'd champaign clothed with corn,

Or labor'd mine undrainable of ore. Honor,' she said, 'and homage, tax and toll,

From many an inland town and haven

large,

Mast-throng'd beneath her shadowing citadel

In glassy bays among her tallest towers.

"O mother Ida, hearken ere I die. Still she spake on and still she spake of power,

Which in all action is the end of all; 'ower fitted to the season; wisdom-

bred

and throned of wisdom - from all neighbor crowns

Illiance and Allegiance, till thy hand 'ail from the sceptre-staff. Such boon from me,

'rom me, Heaven's Queen, Paris, to thee king-born,

shepherd all thy life but yet king-

born. hould come most welcome, seeing

men in power

nly, are likest gods, who have attain'd est in a happy place and quiet seats bove the thunder, with undying bliss knowledge of their own supremacy.'

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die. ne ceased, and Paris held the costly fruit

it at arm's-length, so much the thought of power

atter'd his spirit; but Pallas where she stood

mewhat apart, her clear and bared limbs

erthwarted with the brazen-headed spear

on her pearly shoulder leaning cold, e while, above, her full and earnest eye

Over her snow-cold breast and angry cheek

Kept watch, waiting decision, made reply.

" 'Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, These three alone lead life to sover

eign power.

Yet not for power (power of herself Would come uncall'd for) but to live

by law,

Acting the law we live by without fear: And, because right is right, to follow right

Were wisdom in the scorn of conse-

quence.'

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die Again she said: 'I woo thee not with gifts.

Sequel of guerdon could not alter me Judge thou me by what I To fairer.

So shalt thou find me fairest.

Yet, indeed, If gazing on divinity disrobed

Thy mortal eyes are frail to judge of

Unbiass'd by self-profit, oh! rest thee

That I shall love thee well and cleave to thee,

So that my vigor, wedded to thy blood, Shall strike within thy pulses, like a God's,

To push thee forward thro' a life of shocks,

Dangers, and deeds, until endurance

Sinew'd with action, and the full-grown will,

Circled thro' all experiences, pure law, Commeasure perfect freedom.'

"Here she ceas'd, And Paris ponder'd, and I cried, 'O Paris,

Give it to Pallas!' but he heard me not.

Or hearing would not hear me, woe is me!

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida, Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.

Idalian Aphroditè beautiful, Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in

Paphian wells, With rosy slender fingers backward

drew From her warm brows and bosom her

deep hair

Ambrosial, golden round her lucid throat

And shoulder . from the violets her light foot

Shone rosy-white, and o'er her rounded form

Between the shadows of the vinebunches

Floated the glowing sunlights, as she moved.

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die. She with a subtle smile in her mild eves.

The herald of her triumph, drawing nigh

Half-whisper'd in his ear, 'I promise

The fairest and most loving wife in Greece.'

She spoke and laugh'd: I shut my sight for fear:

But when I look'd, Paris had raised

his arm.

And I beheld great Here's angry eyes, As she withdrew into the golden cloud, And I was left alone within the bower; And from that time to this I am alone, And I shall be alone until I die.

"Yet, mother Ida, hearken ere I die. Fairest - why fairest wife? am I not fair?

My love hath told me so a thousand

Methinks I must be fair, for yesterday, When I past by, a wild and wanton

Eyed like the evening star, with play-

ful tail

Crouch'd fawning in the weed. Most loving is she?

Ah me, my mountain shepherd, that my arms

Were wound about thee, and my hot lips prest

Close, close to thine in that quickfalling dew Of fruitful kisses, thick as Autumn

rains Flash in the pools of whirling Simois.

"O mother, hear me yet before I die. They came, they cut away my tallest pines.

My tall dark pines, that plumed the

craggy ledge

High over the blue gorge, and all between The snowy peak and snow-white cata-

Foster'd the callow eaglet - from be-

Whose thick mysterious boughs in the dark morn

The panther's roar came muffled, while

Low in the valley. Never, never more Shall lone Enone see the morning

Sweep thro' them; never see then overlaid

With narrow moon-lit slips of silve cloud, Between the loud stream and the trem

bling stars.

"O mother, hear me yet before I die I wish that somewhere in the ruin' folds.

Among the fragments tumbled from the glens,

Or the dry thickets, I could meet wit

The Abominable, that uninvited cam

Into the fair Peleïan banquet-hall, And cast the golden fruit upon th board.

And bred this change; that I migl speak my mind,

And tell her to her face how much

Her presence, hated both of Gods ar men.

"O mother, hear me yet before I die. Hath he not sworn his love a thousand times.

In this green valley, under this green

Ev'n on this hand, and sitting on this stone?

Seal'd it with kisses? water'd it with tears?

O happy tears, and how unlike to these!

O happy Heaven, how canst thou see my face?

O happy earth, how canst thou bear my weight?

O death, death, thou ever-floating cloud.

There are enough unhappy on this earth.

Pass by the happy souls, that love to

pray thee, pass before my light of

And shadow all my soul that I may

Thou weighest heavy on the heart within,

Veigh heavy on my eyelids: let me die.

"O mother, hear me yet before I die. will not die alone, for fiery thoughts lo shape themselves within me, more and more,

Thereof I catch the issue, as I hear ead sounds at night come from the inmost hills.

ike footsteps upon wool. I dimly see y far-off doubtful purpose, as a mother

onjectures of the features of her child

e it is born: her child! - a shudder

cross me: never child be born of me, iblest, to vex me with his father's eves!

'O mother, hear me yet before I die. ar me, O earth. I will not die alone, st their shrill happy laughter come

to me

Walking the cold and starless road of Death

Uncomforted, leaving my ancient love With the Greek woman. I will rise and go

Down into Troy, and ere the stars come forth

Talk with the wild Cassandra, for she

A fire dances before her, and a sound Rings ever in her ears of armed men. What this may be I know not, but I know

That, whereso'er I am by night and

All earth and air seem only burning fire."

#### THE SISTERS

WE were two daughters of one race: She was the fairest in the face:

The wind is blowing in turret and tree.

They were together, and she fell; Therefore revenge became me well. O the Earl was fair to see!

She died: she went to burning flame: She mix'd her ancient blood with shame.

The wind is howling in turret and

Whole weeks and months, and early and late,

To win his love I lay in wait: O the Earl was fair to see!

I made a feast; I bade him come; I won his love, I brought him home. The wind is roaring in turret and tree.

And after supper, on a bed, Upon my lap he laid his head: O the Earl was fair to see!

I kiss'd his eyelids into rest: His ruddy cheek upon my breast.

The wind is raging in turret and tree I hated him with the hate of hell. But I loved his beauty passing well.

O the Earl was fair to see!

I rose up in the silent night:

I made my dagger sharp and bright. The wind is raving in turret and tree.

As half-asleep his breath he drew, Three times I stabb'd him thro' and thro'.

O the Earl was fair to see!

I curl'd and comb'd his comely head, He look'd so grand when he was dead. The wind is blowing in turret and tree.

I wrapt his body in the sheet, And laid him at his mother's feet. O the Earl was fair to see!

#### TO ---

WITH THE FOLLOWING POEM.

I send you here a sort of allegory, (For you will understand it) of a soul, A sinful soul possess'd of many gifts, A spacious garden full of flowering weeds.

A glorious Devil, large in heart and

brain,

That did love Beauty only, (Beauty

In all varieties of mould and mind) And Knowledge for its beauty; or if Good,

Good only for its beauty, seeing not That Beauty, Good, and Knowledge, are three sisters

That dote upon each other, friends to

Living together under the same roof, And never can be sunder'd without

tears. And he that shuts Love out, in turn

shall be Shut out from Love, and on her threshold lie

Howling in outer darkness. Not for this

Was common clay ta'en from the common earth

Moulded by God, and temper'd with the tears

Of angels to the perfect shape of man.

THE PALACE OF ART.

I BUILT my soul a lordly pleasure house,

Wherein at ease for aye to dwell. I said, "O Soul, make merry and carouse,

Dear soul, for all is well."

A huge crag-platform, smooth as burnish'd brass

The ranged ramparts I chose. bright

From level meadow-bases of deep grass Suddenly scaled the light.

Thereon I built it firm. Of ledge or shelf

The rock rose clear, or winding stair. My soul would live alone unto herself In her high palace there.

And "while the world runs round and round," I said,

"Reign thou apart, a quiet king, Still as, while Saturn whirls, his stead

fast shade Sleeps on his luminous ring."

To which my soul made answe readily:

"Trust me, in bliss I shall abide In this great mansion that is built fo

So royal-rich and wide."

Four courts I made, East, West an South and North,

In each a squared lawn, wherefro The golden gorge of dragons spoute forth

A flood of fountain-foam.

And round the cool green courts the ran a row

Of cloisters, branch'd like migh

Echoing all night to that sonoro flow

Of spouted fountain-floods.

And round the roofs a gilded gallery That lent broad verge to distant lands.

Far as the wild swan wings, to where the sky

Dipt down to sea and sands.

From those four jets four currents in one swell

Across the mountain stream'd below In misty folds, that floating as they

Lit up a torrent-bow.

And high on every peak a statue seem'd

To hang on tiptoe, tossing up A cloud of incense of all odor steam'd From out a golden cup.

So that she thought, "And who shall gaze upon

My palace with unblinded eyes, While this great bow will waver in the

And that sweet incense rise?"

For that sweet incense rose and never fail'd.

And, while day sank or mounted higher,

The light aerial gallery, golden-rail'd, Burnt like a fringe of fire.

Likewise the deep-set windows, stain'd and traced,

Would seem slow-flaming crimson

From shadow'd grots of arches interlaced.

And tipt with frost-like spires.

'ull of long-sounding corridors it was, That over-vaulted grateful gloom, 'hro' which the livelong day my soul did pass,

Well-pleased, from room to room.

ull of great rooms and small the palace stood,

All various, each a perfect whole

From living Nature, fit for every mood And change of my still soul.

For some were hung with arras green and blue.

Showing a gaudy summer-morn, Where with puff'd cheek the belted hunter blew

His wreathed bugle-horn.

One seem'd all dark and red - a tract of sand.

And some one pacing there alone, Who paced forever in a glimmering land.

Lit with a low large moon.

One show'd an iron coast and angry waves,

You seem'd to hear them climb and

And roar rock-thwarted under bellowing caves.

Beneath the windy wall.

And one, a full-fed river winding slow By herds upon an endless plain, The ragged rims of thunder brooding

low. With shadow-streaks of rain.

And one, the reapers at their sultry toil.

In front they bound the sheaves. Behind

Were realms of upland, prodigal in oil,

And hoary to the wind.

And one a foreground black with stones and slags,

Beyond, a line of heights, and higher All barr'd with long white cloud the scornful crags,

And highest, snow and fire.

And one, an English home - gray twilight pour'd

On dewy pastures, dewy trees, Softer than sleep - all things in order stored,

A haunt of ancient Peace.

Nor these alone, but every landscape |

As fit for every mood of mind, Or gay, or grave, or sweet, or stern, was there

Not less than truth design'd.

Or the maid-mother by a crucifix, In tracts of pasture sunny-warm. Beneath branch-work of costly sardo-

Sat smiling, babe in arm.

Or in a clear-wall'd city on the sea, Near gilded organ-pipes, her hair Wound with white roses, slept St. Cecily;

An angel look'd at her.

Or thronging all one porch of Paradise A group of Houris bow'd to see The dying Islamite, with hands and eyes

That said, We wait for thee.

Or mythic Uther's deeply-wounded

In some fair space of sloping greens Lay, dozing in the vale of Avalon, And watch'd by weeping queens.

Or hollowing one hand against his ear, To list a foot-fall, ere he saw The wood-nymph, stay'd the Ausonian

king to hear Of wisdom and of law.

Or over hills with peaky tops engrail'd, And many a tract of palm and rice, The throne of Indian Cama slowly sail'd

A summer fann'd with spice.

Or sweet Europa's mantle blew unclasp'd,

From off her shoulder backward borne:

From one hand droop'd a crocus: one hand grasp'd

The mild bull's golden horn.

Or else flush'd Ganymede, his rosy thigh

Half-buried in the Eagle's down Sole as a flying star shot thro' the sky Above the pillar'd town.

Nor these alone: but every legend fair Which the supreme Caucasian mind Carved out of Nature for itself, was there.

Not less than life, design'd.

Then in the towers I placed great bells that swung.

Moved of themselves, with silver sound:

And with choice paintings of wise men I hung The royal dais round.

For there was Milton like a seraph

Beside him Shakespeare bland and mild:

And there the world-worn Dante grasp'd his song,

And somewhat grimly smiled.

And there the Ionian father of the

A million wrinkles carved his skin; A hundred winters snow'd upon his breast.

From cheek and throat and chin.

Above, the fair hall-ceiling statelyset

Many an arch high up did lift, And angels rising and descending met With interchange of gift.

Below was all mosaic choicely plann'd With cycles of the human tale

Of this wide world, the times of every land

So wrought, they will not fail.

The people here, a beast of burder

Toil'd onward, prick'd with goad and stings;

Here play'd, a tiger, rolling to and fro The heads and crowns of kings;

Here rose, an athlete, strong to break or bind

All force in bonds that might endure,

And here once more like some sick man declined,

And trusted any cure.

But over these she trod: and those great bells

Began to chime. She took her throne:

She sat betwixt the shining Oriels, To sing her songs alone.

And thro' the topmost Oriels' colored

Two godlike faces gazed below; Plato the wise, and large-brow'd Verulam,

The first of those who know.

And all those names, that in their motion were

Full-welling fountain-heads change,

Betwixt the slender shafts were blazon'd fair

In diverse raiment strange:

Thro' which the lights, rose, amber, emerald, blue,

Flush'd in her temples, and her eyes. And from her lips, as morn from Memnon, drew

Rivers of melodies.

No nightingale delighteth to prolong

Her low preamble all alone, More than my soul to hear her echo'd song

Throb thro' the ribbed stone:

linging and murmuring in her feastful mirth,

Joying to feel herself alive,

ord over Nature, Lord of the visible earth, Lord of the senses five;

Communing with herself "All these are mine.

And let the world have peace or wars,

"Tis one to me." She - when young night divine

Crown'd dying day with stars,

Making sweet close of his delicious toils ---

Lit light in wreaths and anadems, And pure quintessences of precious

In hollow'd moons of gems,

To mimic heaven; and clapt her hands and cried,

"I marvel if my still delight

In this great house so royal-rich, and wide. Be flatter'd to the height.

"O all things fair to sate my various O shapes and hues that please me

well! O silent faces of the Great and Wise,

My Gods, with whom I dwell!

"O God-like isolation which art mine. I can but count thee perfect gain, What time I watch the darkening

droves of swine

That range on yonder plain.

"In filthy sloughs they roll a prurient skin.

They graze and wallow, breed and sleep; And oft some brainless devil enters in,

And drives them to the deep."

Then of the moral instinct would she

And of the rising from the dead, As hers by right of full-accomplish'd Fate;

And at the last she said:

"I take possession of man's mind and

deed. I care not what the sects may brawl

LIBRES UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS I sit as God holding no form of creed, | But contemplating all."

Full oft the riddle of the painful earth Flash'd thro' her as she sat alone, Yet not the less held she her solemn

mirth, And intellectual throne.

And so she throve and prosper'd: so three years

She prosper'd: on the fourth she fell.

Like Herod, when the shout was in his ears,

Struck thro' with pangs of hell.

Lest she should fail and perish utterly, God, before whom ever lie bare The abysmal deeps of Personality, Plagued her with sore despair.

When she would think, where'er she turn'd her sight

The airy hand confusion wrought, Wrote, "Mene, mene," and divided quite

The kingdom of her thought.

Deep dread and loathing of her solitude

Fell on her, from which mood was born

Scorn of herself; again, from out that mood

Laughter at her self-scorn.

"What! is not this my place of strength," she said,

"My spacious mansion built for me, Whereof the strong foundation-stones were laid

Since my first memory ?"

But in dark corners of her palace stood Uncertain shapes; and unawares On white-eyed phantasms weeping

tears of blood, And horrible nightmares, And hollow shades enclosing hearts of flame,

And, with dim fretted foreheads all, On corpses three-months-old at noon she came,

That stood against the wall.

A spot of dull stagnation, without light Or power of movement, seem'd my

soul,

'Mid onward-sloping motions infinite Making for one sure goal.

A still salt pool, lock'd in with bars of sand,

Left on the shore; that hears all night

The plunging seas draw backward from the land Their moon-led waters white.

A star that with the choral starry dance

Join'd not, but stood, and standing The hollow orb of moving Circum-

stance

Roll'd round by one fix'd law.

Back on herself her serpent pride had curl'd.

"No voice," she shriek'd in that lone hall,

"No voice breaks thro' the stillness of this world:

One deep, deep silence all!"

She, mouldering with the dull earth's mouldering sod, Inwrapt tenfold in slothful shame,

Lay there exiled from eternal God, Lost to her place and name;

And death and life she hated equally And nothing saw, for her despair, But dreadful time, dreadful eternity, No comfort anywhere;

Remaining utterly confused wit

And ever worse with growing time

And ever unrelieved by dismal tears, And all alone in crime:

Shut up as in a crumbling tomb, girt round

With blackness as a solid wall, Far off she seem'd to hear the dully sound

Of human footsteps fall.

As in strange lands a traveller walking slow,

In doubt and great perplexity, A little before moon-rise hears the low Moan of an unknown sea;

And knows not if it be thunder, or a sound

Of rocks thrown down, or one deep Of great wild beasts; then thinketh,

"I have found A new land, but I die."

She howl'd aloud, "I am on fire within. There comes no murmur of reply. What is it that will take away my sin, And save me lest I die?"

So when four years were wholly finished,

She threw her royal robes away. "Make me a cottage in the vale," she

"Where I may mourn and pray.

"Yet pull not down my palace towers, that are

So lightly beautifully built: Perchance I may return with others there

When I have purged my guilt."

## CADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

ADY Clara Vere de Vere, Of me you shall not win renown: ou thought to break a country heart For pastime, ere you went to town, t me you smiled, but unbeguiled I saw the snare, and I retired: he daughter of a hundred Earls, You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere, I know you proud to bear your

Your pride is yet no mate for mine, Too proud to care from whence I

Nor would I break for your sweet sake A heart that dotes on truer charms. A simple maiden in her flower

Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere, Some meeker pupil you must find, For were you queen of all that is,

I could not stoop to such a mind. You sought to prove how I could love; And my disdain is my reply.

The lion on your old stone gates Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere, You put strange memories in my head.

Not thrice your branching limes have blown

Since I beheld young Laurence

Oh your sweet eyes, your low replies A great enchantress you may be; But there was that across his throat Which you had hardly cared to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere, When thus he met his mother's view.

She had the passions of her kind, She spake some certain truths of

Indeed I heard one bitter word That scarce is fit for you to hear; Her manners had not that repose

Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

There stands a spectre in your hall: The guilt of blood is at your door: You changed a wholesome heart to

You held your course without remorse, To make him trust his modest worth.

And, last, you fix'd a vacant stare, And slew him with your noble birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere, From yon blue heavens above us bent

The gardener Adam and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,

'Tis only noble to be good.

Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman
blood.

1 know you, Clara Vere de Vere, You pine among your halls and towers: The languid light of your proud eyes
Is wearied of the rolling hours.
In glowing health, with boundless
wealth,

But sickening of a vague disease, You know so ill to deal with time, You needs must play such pranks as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
If time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor about your lands?
Oh! teach the orphan-boy to read,
Or teach the orphan-girl to sew,
Pray Heaven for a human heart,
And let the foolish yeoman go.

## THE MAY QUEEN.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear; To-morrow'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year; Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest merriest day; For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

There's many a black black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine; There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline: But none so fair as little Alice in all the land they say, So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break:
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May,

As I came up the valley whom think ye should I see, But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree? He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday, But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white, And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light. They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say, For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never be:
They say his heart is breaking, mother — what is that to me?
There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me any summer day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May

Little Effic shall go with me to-morrow to the green, And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the Queen; For the shepherd lads on every side 'ill come from far away, And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has wov'n its wavy bowers, And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers; And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray, And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow-grass, And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass; There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day, And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and green and still, And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill, And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily glance and play, For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear. To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year: To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest merriest day, For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

#### NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

If you're waking call me early, call me early, mother dear, For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year. It is the last New-year that I shall ever see, Then you may lay me low i' the mould and think no more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set: he set and left behind The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind; And the New-year's coming up, mother, but I shall never see The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers: we had a merry day; Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen of May; And we danced about the may-pole and in the hazel copse, Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills: the frost is on the pane: I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again: I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high: I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook 'ill caw from the windy tall elm-tree, And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea, And the swallow 'ill come back again with summer o'er the wave, But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave of mine, In the early early morning the summer sun'ill shine, Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill, When you are warm-asleep, mother, and all the world is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light You'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night; When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade, And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid. I shall not forget you, mother, I shall hear you when you pass, With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me now; You'll kiss me, my own mother, and forgive me ere I go; Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild, You should not fret for me, mother, you have another child.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place; Tho' you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face; Tho' L cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what you say, And be often, often with you when you think I'm far away.

Good-night, good-night, when I have said good-night forevermore, And you see me carried out from the threshold of the door; Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing green: She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

She'll find my garden-tools upon the granary floor: Let her take 'em: they are hers: I shall never garden more: But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the rosebush that I set About the parlor-window and the box of mignonette.

Good-night, sweet mother: call me before the day is born. All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn; But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year, So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.

#### CONCLUSION.

I THOUGHT to pass away before, and yet alive I am; And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb. How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year! To die before the snowdrop came, and now the violet's here.

O sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies, And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot rise, And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go.

It seem'd so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun, And now it seems as hard to stay, and yet His will be done! But still I think it can't be long before I find release; And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace.

O blessings on his kindly voice and on his silver hair!
And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet me there!
O blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver head!
A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt beside my bed.

He taught me all the mercy, for he show'd me all the sin. Now, tho' my lamp was lighted late, there's One will let me in: Nor would I now be well, mother, again if that could be, For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-watch beat, There came a sweeter token when the night and morning meet But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in mine, And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.

All in the wild March-morning I heard the angels call; It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all; The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll, And in the wild March-morning I heard them call my soul.

For lying broad awake I thought of you and Effie dear; I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here; With all my strength I pray'd for both, and so I felt resign'd, And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listen'd in my bed, And then did something speak to me — I know not what was said; For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my mind, And up the valley came again the music on the wind.

But you were sleeping; and I said, "It's not for them it's mine." And if it come three times, I thought, I take it for a sign. And once again it came, and close beside the window-bars, Then seem'd to go right up to Heaven and die among the stars.

So now I think my time is near. I trust it is. I know The blessed music went that way my soul will have to go. And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day. But, Effie, you must comfort her when I am past away.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to fret; There's many a worthier than I, would make him happy yet. If I had lived — I cannot tell — I might have been his wife; But all these things have ceased to be, with my desire of life.

O look! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow; He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know. And there I move no longer now, and there his light may shine— Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine. O sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is done The voice, that now is speaking, may be beyond the sun -Forever and forever with those just souls and true -And what is life, that we should moan? why make we such ado?

Forever and forever, all in a blessed home -And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come -To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast -And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

## THE LOTOS-EATERS.

"COURAGE!" he said, and pointed toward the land,

"This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon."

In the afternoon chey came unto a land

In which it seemed always afternoon. All round the coast the languid air did

Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.

Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;

And like a downward smoke, the slender stream

Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,

Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;

And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,

Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.

They saw the gleaming river seaward

From the inner land: far off, three mountain-tops,

Three silent pinnacles of aged snow, Stood sunset-flush'd; and, dew'd with showery drops,

Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

sunset linger'd low The charmed

In the red West: thro' mountain clefts the dale

Was seen far inland, and the yellow down

Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale And meadow, set with slender galin-

A land where all things always seem'd the same!

And round about the keel with faces pale,

Dark faces pale against that rosy flame, The mild-eyed melancholy Lotoseaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,

Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave

To each, but whoso did receive of them.

And taste, to him the gushing of the Far far away did seem to mourn and

On alien shores; and if his fellow

spake, His voice was thin, as voices from th grave:

And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet a awake.

And music in his ears his beating hea did make.

They sat them down upon the yello sand.

Between the sun and moon upon t shore; And sweet it was to dream of Fathe

Of child and wife, and slave; b

evermore

Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,

Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.

Then some one said, "We will return no more;"

And all at once they sang, "Our island home

Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam."

#### CHORIC SONG.

т

THERE is sweet music here that softer falls

Than petals from blown roses on the grass,

Or night-dews on still waters between walls

Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming

pass; Music that gentlier on the spirit lies, Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;

Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.

Here are cool mosses deep,

And thro' the moss the ivies creep, And in the stream the long-leaved

flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy
hangs in sleep.

II.

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness, And utterly consumed with sharp dis-

tress,
While all things else have rest from

weariness?

All things have rest: why should we toil alone,

We only toil, who are the first of things,

ind make perpetual moan,

till from one sorrow to another thrown:

or ever fold our wings,

nd cease from wanderings,
or steep our brows in slumber's holy
balm;

Nor hearken what the inner spirit sings,

"There is no joy but calm!"

Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?

#### III.

Lo! in the middle of the wood,
The folded leaf is woo'd from out the

With winds upon the branch, and there

Grows green and broad, and takes no care,

Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow Falls, and floats adown the air.

Lo! sweeten'd with the summer light, The full-juiced apple, waxing overmellow,

Drops in a silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days.
The flower ripens in its place,

Ripens and fades, and falls, and nath no toil,

Fast-rooted in the fruitful soit.

#### IV.

Hateful is the dark-blue ?ky, Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea. Death is the end of life; ah, why Should life all labor be?

Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,

And in a little while our lips are dumb. Let us alone. What is it that will last? All things are taken from us, and become

Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.

Let us alone. What pleasure can we have

To war with evil? Is there any peace In ever climbing up the climbing wave?

All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave

In silence; ripen, fall and cease: Give us long restor death, dark death or dreamful ease.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,

With half-shut eyes ever to seem Falling asleep in a half-dream! To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,

Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;

To hear each other's whisper'd speech; Eating the Lotos day by day,

To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,

And tender curving lines of creamy spray;

To lend our hearts and spirit wholly To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;

To muse and brood and live again in

With those old faces of our infancy Heap'd over with a mound of grass, Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives.

And dear the last embraces of our wives

And their warm tears: but all hath suffer'd change:

For surely now our household hearths

are cold: Our sons inherit us: our looks are

strange: And we should come like ghosts to

trouble joy. Or else the island princes over-bold Have eat our substance, and the min-

strel sings, Before them of the ten years' war in

And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.

Is there confusion in the little isle? Let what is broken so remain. The Gods are hard to reconcile: 'Tis hard to settle order once again. There is confusion worse than death,

Trouble on trouble, pain on pain, Long labor unto aged breath, Sore task to hearts worn out by many

And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

#### VII.

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly, How sweet (while warm airs lull us,

blowing lowly) With half-dropt eyelid still,

Beneath a heaven dark and holy, To watch the long bright river drawing slowly

His waters from the purple hill — To hear the dewy echoes calling From cave to cave thro' the thick-

twined vine -To watch the emerald-color'd water falling

Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine!

Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,

Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the pine.

#### VIII.

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak: The Lotos blows by every-winding

creek:

All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone:

Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone Round and round the spicy downs the vellow Lotos-dust is blown.

We have had enough of action, and of motion we,

Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard when the surge was seething

Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains in the sea.

Let us swear an oath, and keep it witl an equal mind,

In the hollow Lotos-land to live an lie reclined

On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind.

For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd

Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curl'd Round their golden houses, girdled

with the gleaming world:

Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,

Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps and fiery sands.

Clanging fights, and flaming towns. and sinking ships, and praying hands.

But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful song

Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,

Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are strong;

Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil,

Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,

Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and oil:

Till they perish and they suffer some, 'tis whisper'd - down in hell

Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,

Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.

Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore

Than labor in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar;

Oh rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.

## A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN.

I READ, before my eyelids dropt their shade,

" The Legend of Good Women," long

Sung by the morning-star of song, who made

His music heard below;

Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath

Preluded those melodious bursts that

The spacious times of great Elizabeth With sounds that echo still.

And, for a while, the knowledge of his art

Held me above the subject, as strong gales

Hold swollen clouds from raining, tho' my heart,

Brimful of those wild tales,

Charged both mine eyes with tears. In every land

I saw, wherever light illumineth, Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand

The downward slope to death.

Those far-renowned brides of ancient

Peopled the hollow dark, like burning stars.

And I heard sounds of insult, shame, and wrong,

And trumpets blown for wars;

And clattering flints batter'd with clanging hoofs;

And I saw crowds in column'd sanctuaries;

And forms that pass'd at windows and on roofs

Of marble palaces;

Corpses across the threshold; heroes tall

Dislodging pinnacle and parapet Upon the tortoise creeping to the wall; Lances in ambush set;

And high shrine-doors burst thro' with heated blasts

That run before the fluttering tongues of fire:

White surf wind-scatter'd over sails and masts,

And ever climbing higher

Squadrons and squares of men in brazen plates,

Scaffolds, still sheets of water, divers woes,

Ranges of glimmering vaults with iron grates,

And hush'd seraglios.

So shape chased shape as swift as, when to land

Bluster the winds and tides the self-same way,

Crisp foam-flakes scud along the level sand,

Torn from the fringe of spray.

I started once, or seem'd to start in pain,

Resolved on noble things, and strove to speak,

As when a great thought strikes along the brain,

And flushes all the cheek.

And once my arm was lifted to hew down

A cavalier from off his saddle-bow, That bore a lady from a leaguer'd town:

And then, I know not how,

All those sharp fancies, by downlapsing thought

Stream'd onward, lost their edges, and did creep

Roll'd on each other, rounded, smooth'd, and brought Into the gulfs of sleep.

At last methought that I had wander'd far

In an old wood: fresh-wash'd in coolest dew

The maiden splendors of the morning star

Shook in the steadfast blue.

Enormous elm-tree-boles did stoop and lean

Upon the dusky brushwood underneath

Their broad curved branches, fledged with clearest green,

New from its silken sheath.

The dim red morn had died, her journey done, And with dead lips smiled at the

twilight plain,

Half-fall'n across the threshold of the sun.

Never to rise again.

There was no motion in the dumb dead air,

Not any song of bird or sound of rill;

Gross darkness of the inner sepulchre
Is not so deadly still

As that wide forest. Growths of jasmine turn'd

Their humid arms festooning tree to tree,

And at the root thro' lush green grasses burn'd
The red anemone.

I knew the flowers, I knew the leaves,
I knew

[The teorful climmer of the languid

The tearful glimmer of the languid dawn On those long, rank, dark wood-walks

drench'd in dew,

Leading from lawn to lawn.

The smell of violets, hidden in the green,
Pour'd back into my empty soul

and frame
The times when I remember to have

been
Joyful and free from blame.

And from within me a clear under

Thrill'd thro' mine ears in that unblissful clime,

"Pass freely thro': the wood is all thine own,

Until the end of time."

At length I saw a lady within call, Stiller than chisell'd marble, standing there;

A daughter of the gods, divinely tall, And most divinely fair.

Her loveliness with shame and with surprise

Froze my swift speech: she turning on my face

The star-like sorrows of immortal eyes,

Spoke slowly in her place.

"I had great beauty: ask thou not my name:

No one can be more wise than destiny.

and

died.

Many drew swords

Where'er I came I brought calamity."

"No marvel, sovereign lady: in fair field

Myself for such a face had boldly died,"

I answer'd free; and turning I appeal'd

To one that stood beside.

But she, with sick and scornful looks averse,

To her full height her stately stature draws;

My youth," she said "was blasted with a curse:

This woman was the cause.

"I was cut off from hope in that sad place,

Which men call'd Aulis in those iron years:

My father held his hand upon his face; I, blinded with my tears,

"Still strove to speak: my voice was thick with sighs

As in a dream. Dimly I could descry

The stern black-bearded kings with wolfish eyes,

Waiting to see me die,

"The high masts flicker'd as they lay afloat: The crowds, the temples, waver'd,

and the shore;

The bright death quiver'd at the victim's throat;

Touch'd; and I knew no more."

Whereto the other with a downward brow:

"I would the white cold heavyplunging foam,

Whirl'd by the wind, had roll'd me deep below,

Then when I left my home."

Her slow full words sank thro' the silence drear.

As thunder-drops fall on a sleeping

Sudden I heard a voice that cried, "Come here,

That I may look on thee."

I turning saw, throned on a flowery rise. One sitting on a crimson scarf un-

roll'd: A queen, with swarthy cheeks and

bold black eyes, Brow-bound with burning gold.

She, flashing forth a haughty smile, began:

"I govern'd men by change, and so I sway'd

All moods. 'Tis long since I have seen a man.

Once, like the moon, I made

"The ever-shifting currents of the blood

According to my humor ebb and

I have no men to govern in this wood: That makes my only woe.

"Nay - yet it chafes me that I could not bend

One will; nor tame and tutor with mine eye

Cæsar. cold-blooded dull That Prythee, friend, Where is Mark Antony?

"The man, my lover, with whom I rode sublime

On Fortune's neck: we sat as God by God:

The Nilus would have risen before his time

And flooded at our nod.

"We drank the Libyan Sun to sleep, and lit

Lamps which out-burn'd Canopus O my life

In Egypt! O the dalliance and the wit, The flattery and the strife, .

"And the wild kiss, when fresh from war's alarms,

My Hercules, my Roman Antony, My mailed Bacchus leapt into my arms,

Contented there to die!

"And there he died: and when I heard my name

Sigh'd forth with life I would not brook my fear

Of the other: with a worm I balk'd his fame.

What else was left? look here!"

(With that she tore her robe apart, and half

The polish'd argent of her breast to

Laid bare. Thereto she pointed with a laugh, Showing the aspick's bite.)

"I died a Queen. The Roman soldier

found Me lying dead, my crown about my

brows, A name forever!—lying robed and crown'd.

Worthy a Roman spouse."

Her warbling voice, a lyre of widest range

Struck by all passion, did fall down and glance

From tone to tone, and glided thro' all change

Of liveliest utterance.

When she made pause I knew not for delight:

Because with sudden motion from the ground

She rais'd her piercing orbs, and fill'd with light

The interval of sound.

Still with their fires Love tipt his keenest darts;

As once they drew into two burning

All beams of Love, melting the mighty hearts

Of captains and of kings.

Slowly my sense undazzled. Then I heard

A noise of some one coming thro' the lawn,

And singing clearer than the crested

That claps his wings at dawn.

"The torrent brooks of hallow'd Israel From craggy hollows pouring, late and soon,

Sound all night long, in falling thro' the dell,

Far-heard beneath the moon.

"The balmy moon of blessed Israel Floods all the deep-blue gloom with beams divine:

All night the splinter'd crags that wall the dell

With spires of silver shine."

As one that museth where broad sunshine laves

The lawn by some cathedral, thro' the door

Hearing the holy organ rolling waves Of sound on roof and floor

Within, and anthem sung, is charm'd and tied

To where he stands, - so stood I, when that flow

Of music left the lips of her that died To save her father's vow:

The daughter of the warrior Gileadite; A maiden pure; as when she went along

From Mizpeh's tower'd gate with welcome light.

With timbrel and with song.

My words leapt forth: "Heaven heads the count of crimes

With that wild oath." She render'd

answer high: "Not so, nor once alone; a thousand times

I would be born and die.

'Single I grew, like some green plant, whose root

Creeps to the garden water-pipes beneath 3

feeding the flower; but ere my flower to fruit

Changed, I was ripe for death.

My God, my land, my father — these did move

Me from my bliss of life, that Nature gave,

ower'd softly with a threefold cord of love

Down to a silent grave.

And I went mourning, 'No fair Hebrew boy

Shall smile away my maiden blame among

he Hebrew mothers' - emptied of all joy,

Leaving the dance and song,

Leaving the olive-gardens far below, Leaving the promise of my bridal bower,

e valleys of grape-loaded vines that glow

Beneath the battled tower.

"The light white cloud swam over us. Anon

We heard the lion roaring from his

We saw the large white stars rise one by one.

Or, from the darken'd glen,

"Saw God divide the night with flying flame,

And thunder on the everlasting hills. I heard Him, for He spake, and grief became

A solemn scorn of ills.

"When the next moon was roll'd into the sky,

Strength came to me that equall'd my desire.

How beautiful a thing it was to die For God and for my sire!

"It comforts me in this one thought to dwell.

That I subdued me to my father's will:

Because the kiss he gave me, ere I fell, Sweetens the spirit still.

"Moreover it is written that my race Hew'd Ammon, hip and thigh, from Aroer

On Arnon unto Minneth." Here her face

Glow'd as I look'd at her.

She lock'd her lips: she left me where I stood:

"Glory to God," she sang, and past

Thridding the sombre boskage of the Toward the morning-star.

Losing her carol I stood pensively, As one that from a casement leans his head.

When midnight bells cease ringing suddenly,

And the old year is dead.

"Alas! alas!" a low voice, full of | care,

Murmur'd beside me: "Turn and look on me:

I am that Rosamond, whom men call

If what I was I be.

"Would I had been some maiden coarse and poor!

O me, that I should ever see the light!

Those dragon eyes of anger'd Eleanor Do hunt me, day and night."

She ceased in tears, fallen from hope and trust:

To whom the Egyptian: "O, you tamely died!

You should have clung to Fulvia's waist, and thrust

The dagger thro' her side."

With that sharp sound the white dawn's creeping beams,

Stol'n to my brain, dissolved the mystery

Of folded sleep. The captain of my dreams

Ruled in the eastern sky.

Morn broaden'd on the borders of the dark,

Ere I saw her, who clasp'd in her last trance

Her murder'd father's head, or Joan of Arc,

A light of ancient France;

Or her who knew that Love can vanquish Death,

Who kneeling, with one arm about her king,

Drew forth the poison with her balmy breath,

Sweet as new buds in Spring.

No memory labors longer from the Gold-mines of thought to lift the hidden ore

That glimpses, moving up, than I from sleep

To gather and tell o'er

Each little sound and sight. With what dull pain

Compass'd, how eagerly I sought to strike

Into that wondrous track of dreams again!

But no two dreams are like.

As when a soul laments, which hath been blest, Desiring what is mingled with past

years,

In yearnings that can never be exprest By signs or groans or tears;

Because all words, tho' cull'd with choicest art,

Failing to give the bitter of the sweet.

Wither beneath the palate, and the heart

Faints, faded by its heat.

### THE BLACKBIRD.

O BLACKBIRD! sing me somethin well:

While all the neighbors shoot the round. I keep smooth plats of fruitfu

ground, Where thou may'st warble, eat an

dwell.

The espaliers and the standards all Are thine; the range of lawn ar park: The unnetted black-hearts ripe

dark. All thine, against the garden wall.

Yet, tho' I spared thee all the sprin Thy sole delight is, sitting still, With that gold dagger of thy bil To fret the summer jenneting.

A golden bill! the silver tongue, Cold February loved, is dry:

Plenty corrupts the melody
That made thee famous once, when
young:

And in the sultry garden-squares, Now thy flute notes are changed to coarse,

I hear thee not at all, or hoarse As when a hawker hawks his wares.

Take warning! he that will not sing While you sun prospers in the blue, Shall sing for want, ere leaves are new,

Caught in the frozen palms of Spring.

# THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

FULL knee-deep lies the winter snow, And the winter winds are wearily sighing:

Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow, And tread softly and speak low, For the old year lies a-dying.

Old year, you must not die; You came to us so readily, You lived with us so steadily, Old year, you shall not die.

Te lieth still: he doth not move:
Ie will not see the dawn of day.
Ie hath no other life above.
Ie gave me a friend, and a true truelove,

And the New-year will take 'em away.
Old year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

le froth'd his bumpers to the brim; jollier year we shall not see. ut tho' his eyes are waxing dim, nd tho' his foes speak ill of him, e was a friend to me.

Old year, you shall not die; We did so laugh and cry with you, I've half a mind to die with you, Old year, if you must die. He was full of joke and jest, But all his merry quips are o'er. To see him die, across the waste His son and heir doth ride post-haste; But he'll be dead before.

Every one for his own.

The night is starry and cold, my friend, And the New-year blithe and bold,

my friend,

Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow I heard just now the crowing cock. The shadows flicker to and fro:
The cricket chirps: the light burns low:

'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.

Shake hands, before you die. Old year, we'll dearly rue for you; What is it we can do for you? Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin. Alack! our friend is gone. Close up his eyes: tie up his chin: Step from the corpse, and let him in That standeth there alone.

And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor,
my friend,

And a new face at the door, my friend.

A new face at the door.

#### TO J. S.

THE wind, that beats the mountain, blows

More softly round the open wold, And gently comes the world to those That are cast in gentle mould.

And me this knowledge bolder made, Or else I had not dared to flow In these words toward you, and invade Even with a verse your holy woe.

'Tis strange that those we lean on most,

Those in whose laps our limbs are nursed,

Fall into shadow, soonest lost: Those we love first are taken first.

God gives us love. Something to love He lends us; but, when love is grown

To ripeness, that on which it throve Falls off, and love is left alone.

This is the curse of time. Alas! In grief I am not all unlearn'd; Once thro' mine own doors Death did

> One went, who never hath return'd.

He will not smile - not speak to me Once more. Two years his chair is seen

Empty before us. That was he Without whose life I had not been.

Your loss is rarer; for this star Rose with you thro' a little arc Of heaven, nor having wander'd far Shot on the sudden into dark.

I knew your brother: his mute dust I honor and his living worth: A man more pure and bold and just

Was never born into the earth. I have not look'd upon you nigh, Since that dear soul hath fall'n

asleep. Great Nature is more wise than I: I will not tell you not to weep.

And tho' mine own eyes fill with dew, Drawn from the spirit thro' the brain,

I will not even preach to you, "Weep, weeping dulls the inward pain."

Let Grief be her own mistress still. She loveth her own anguish deep More than much pleasure. Let her will

Be done - to weep or not to weep.

I will not say, "God's ordinance Of Death is blown in every wind";

For that is not a common chance That takes away a noble mind.

His memory long will live alone In all our hearts, as mournful light That broods above the fallen sun,

And dwells in heaven half the night.

Vain solace! Memory standing near Cast down her eyes, and in her throat

Her voice seem'd distant, and a tear Dropt on the letters as I wrote.

I wrote I know not what. In truth, How should I soothe you anyway, Who miss the brother of your youth? Yet something I did wish to say:

For he too was a friend to me: Both are my friends, and my true breast

Bleedeth for both; yet it may be That only silence suiteth best.

Words weaker than your grief would make 'Twere better I Grief more.

should cease

Although myself could almost take The place of him that sleeps in peace.

Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace: Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul, While the stars burn, the moons in-

crease,

And the great ages onward roll.

Sleep till the end, true soul and sweet. Nothing comes to thee new or strange.

Sleep full of rest from head to feet; Lie still, dry dust, secure of change.

#### ON A MOURNER.

NATURE, so far as in her lies, Imitates God, and turns her face To every land beneath the skies,

Counts nothing that she meets with base,

But lives and loves in every place;

11.

Fills out the homely quickset-screens, And makes the purple lilac ripe, Steps from her airy hill, and greens

The swamp, where hums the dropping snipe,

With moss and braided marish-pipe;

III.

And on thy heart a finger lays,
Saying, "Beat quicker, for the time
Is pleasant, and the woods and ways
Are pleasant, and the beech and
lime

Put forth and feel a gladder clime."

IV

And murmurs of a deeper voice,
Going before to some far shrine,
Teach that sick heart the stronger
choice,

Till all thy life one way incline With one wide Will that closes thine.

V

And when the zoning eve has died Where you dark valleys wind forlorn,

Come Hope and Memory, spouse and bride.

From out the borders of the morn, With that fair child betwixt them born.

VI.

Ind when no mortal motion jars
The blackness round the tombing sod,

'hro' silence and the trembling stars Comes Faith from tracts no feet have trod.

And Virtue, like a household god

VII

comising empire; such as those Once heard at dead of night to greet oy's wandering prince, so that he rose With sacrifice, while all the fleet Had rest by stony hills of Crete.

You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease, Within this region I subsist, Whose spirits falter in the mist, And languish for the purple seas.

It is the land that freemen till,
That sober-suited Freedom chose,
The land, where girt with friends
or foes

A man may speak the thing he will;

A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom slowly broadens
down

From precedent to precedent:

Where faction seldom gathers head, But by degrees to fulness wrought, The strength of some diffusive thought

Hath time and space to work and spread.

Should banded unions persecute
Opinion, and induce a time
When single thought is civil
crime,

And individual freedom mute;

Tho' Power should make from land to land
Thename of Britain trebly great—Tho' every channel of the State

Should fill and choke with golden sand—

Yet waft me from the harbor-mouth, Wild wind! I seek a warmer sky, And I will see before I die

The palms and temples of the South.

Or old sat Freedom on the heights, The thunders breaking at her feet: Above her shook the starry lights: She heard the torrents meet. There in her place she did rejoice, Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind, But fragments of her mighty voice

But fragments of her mighty voice Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down thro' town and field

To mingle with the human race,

And part by part to men reveal'd The fulness of her face —

Grave mother of majestic works, From her isle-altar gazing down: Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks, And, King-like, wears the crown;

Her open eyes desire the truth.
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears;

That her fair form may stand and shine,

Make bright our days and light our dreams,

Turning to scorn with lips divine The falsehood of extremes!

Love thou thy land, with love farbrought

From out the storied Past, and used

Within the Present, but transfused Thro' future time by power of thought.

True love turn'd round on fixed poles, Love, that endures not sordid ends, For English natures, freemen, friends,

Thy brothers and immortal souls.

But pamper not a hasty time,

Nor feed with crude imaginings

The herd, wild hearts and feeble
wings

That every sophister can lime.

Deliver not the tasks of might To weakness, neither hide the ray From those, not blind, who wait for day,

Tho' sitting girt with doubtful light.

Make knowledge circle with the winds;
But let her herald, Reverence, fly Before her to whatever sky

Bear seed of men and growth of minds.

Watch what main-currents draw the years:
Cut Prejudice against the grain:
But gentle words are always gain:
Regard the weakness of thy peers:

Nor toil for title, place, or touch Of pension, neither count on praise: It grows to guerdon after-days: Nor deal in watch-words overmuch:

Not clinging to some ancient saw;
Nor master'd by some modern term;
Not swift nor slow to change, but
firm:

And in its season bring the law;

That from Discussion's lip may fall
With Life, that, working strongly,
binds—

Set in all lights by many minds, To close the interest of all.

For Nature also, cold and warm, And moist and dry, devising long, Thro' many agents making strong, Matures the individual form.

Meet is it changes should control
Our being, lest we rust in ease.
We all are changed by still degrees
All but the basis of the soul.

So let the change which comes b

To ingroove itself with that whice flies,

And work, a joint of state, that plic Its office, moved with sympathy. A saying, hard to shape in act;
For all the past of Time reveals
A bridal dawn of thunder-peals,
Wherever Thought hath wedded Fact.

Ev'n now we hear with inward strife A motion toiling in the gloom— The Spirit of the years to come Yearning to mix himself with Life.

A slow-develop'd strength awaits Completion in a painful school; Phantoms of other forms of rule, New Majesties of mighty States—

The warders of the growing hour,
But vague in vapor, hard to mark;
And round them sea and air are
dark

With great contrivances of Power.

Of many changes, aptly join'd, Is bodied forth the second whole. Regard gradation, lest the soul Of Discord race the rising wind;

A wind to puff your idol-fires,
And heap their ashes on the head;
To shame the boast so often made,
That we are wiser than our sires.

Oh yet, if Nature's evil star
Drive men in manhood, as in youth,
To follow flying steps of Truth
Across the brazen bridge of war—

If New and Old, disastrous feud,
Must ever shock, like armed foes,
And this be true, till Time shall
close,

That Principles are rain'd in blood;

To hold his hope thro' shame and guilt,

But with his hand against the hilt, Vould pace the troubled land, like Peace;

fot less, tho' dogs of Faction bay, Would serve his kind in deed and word, Certain, if knowledge bring the sword,

That knowledge takes the sword away —

Would love the gleams of good that broke

From either side, nor veil his eyes: And if some dreadful need should rise

Would strike, and firmly, and one stroke:

To-morrow yet would reap to-day,
As we bear blossom of the dead;
Earn well the thrifty months, nor
wed

Raw Haste, half-sister to Delay.

#### ENGLAND AND AMERICA IN 1782.

O тнои, that sendest out the man
To rule by land and sea,
Strong mother of a Lion-line,
Be proud of those strong sons of thine
Who wrench'd their rights from
thee!

What wonder, if in noble heat
Those men thine arms withstood,
Retaught the lesson thou hadst taught,
And in thy spirit with thee fought —
Who sprang from English blood!

But Thou rejoice with liberal joy,
Lift up thy rocky face.
And shatter, when the storms are
black.

In many a streaming torrent back, The seas that shock thy base!

Whatever harmonies of law
The growing world assume,
Thy work is thine—The single note
From that deep chord which Hampden
smote

Will vibrate to the doom.

# THE GOOSE.

I KNEW an old wife lean and poor, Her rags scarce held together; There strode a stranger to the door, And it was windy weather.

He held a goose upon his arm,

He utter'd rhyme and reason,

"Here, take the goose, and keep you

warm,

It is a stormy season."

She caught the white goose by the leg,
A goose—'twas no great matter.
The goose let fall a golden egg
With cackle and with clatter.

She dropt the goose, and caught the pelf,
And ran to tell her neighbors;

And ran to tell her neighbors; And bless'd herself, and cursed herself, And rested from her labors.

And feeding high, and living soft, Grew plump and able-bodied; Until the grave churchwarden doff'd, The parson smirk'd and nodded.

So sitting, served by man and maid, She felt her heart grow prouder: But ah! the more the white goose laid It clack'd and cackled louder.

It clutter'd here, it chuckled there; It stirr'd the old wife's mettle: She shifted in her elbow-chair, And hurl'd the pan and kettle. "A quinsy choke thy cursed note!"
Then wax'd her anger stronger.
"Go, take the goose, and wring her throat,
I will not bear it longer."

Then yelp'd the cur, and yawl'd the cat;
Ran Gaffer, stumbled Gammer.
The goose flew this way and flew that,

And fill'd the house with clamor.

As head and heels upon the floor

They flounder'd all together,
There strode a stranger to the door,
And it was windy weather:

He took the goose upon his arm,
He utter'd words of scorning;
"So keep you cold, or keep you warm,
It is a stormy morning."

The wild wind rang from park and plain,
And round the attics rumbled,
Till all the tables danced again,
And half the chimneys tumbled.

The glass blew in, the fire blew out, The blast was hard and harder. Her cap blew off, her gown blew up, And a whirlwind clear'd the larder:

And while on all sides breaking loose Her household fled the danger, Quoth she, "The Devil take the goose, And God forget the stranger!"

# ENGLISH IDYLS AND OTHER POEMS.

00;00;00

## THE EPIC.

AT Francis Allen's on the Christmaseve,—

The game of forfeits done — the girls all kiss'd

Beneath the sacred bush and past away — The parson Holmes, the poet Everard

Hall,
The host, and I sat round the wassail-

bowl,

Then half-way ebb'd: and there we held a talk,
How all the old honor had from

Christmas gone,
Or gone, or dwindled down to some

odd games
In some odd nooks like this; till I,

tired out With cutting eights that day upon the

pond,
Where, three times slipping from the
outer edge,

I bump'd the ice into three several stars,

Fell in a doze; and half awake I heard

The parson taking wide and wider sweeps,

Now harping on the church-commissioners,

Now hawking at Geology and schism; Until I woke, and found him settled down

Jpon the general decay of faith light thro' the world, "at home was little left, And none abroad: there was no anchor, none,

To hold by," Francis, laughing, clapt his hand

On Everard's shoulder, with "I hold by him."

"And I," quoth Everard, "by the wassail-bowl."

"Why yes," I said, "we knew your gift that way

At college: but another which you had.

I mean of verse (for so we held it then),

What came of that?" "You know," said Frank, "he burnt

His epic, his King Arthur, some twelve books"—

And then to me demanding why?
"Oh, sir,

He thought that nothing new was said, or else Something so said 'twas nothing —

that a truth Looks freshest in the fashion of the

day:
God knows: he has a mint of reasons:

It pleased me well enough." "Nay, nay," said Hall,

"Why take the style of those heroic times?

For nature brings not back the Mastodon,

Nor we those times; and why should any man

Remodel models? these twelve books of mine

Were faint Homeric echoes, nothingworth,

Mere chaff and draff, much better burnt." "But I,"

Said Francis, "pick'd the eleventh from this hearth

And have it: keep a thing, its use will come.

I hoard it as a sugar-plum for Holmes."
He laugh'd, and I, tho' sleepy, like a
horse

That hears the corn-bin open, prick'd my ears;

For I remember'd Everard's college fame

When we were Freshmen: then at my request

He brought it; and the poet little urged,

But with some prelude of disparagement,

Read, mouthing out his hollow oes and aes,

Deep-chested music, and to this result.

## MORTE D'ARTHUR.

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd Among the mountains by the winter

sea; Until King Arthur's table, man by

man, Had fallen in Lyonness about their

Lord, King Arthur: then, because his wound

was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his

And bore him to a chapel nigh the

held, A broken chancel with a broken cross, That stood on a dark strait of barren

On one side lay the Ocean, and on one Lay a great water, and the moon was

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:

"The sequel of to day unsolders all

The goodliest fellowship of famous knights

Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep

They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we

Shall nevermore, at any future time, Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,

Walking about the gardens and the halls Of Camelot, as in the days that were.

I perish by this people which I made,—

Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again

To rule once more — but let what will be, be,

I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm That without help I cannot last till morn.

Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,

Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how

In those old days, one summer noon, an arm

Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,

Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful, Holding the sword — and how I row'd

across
And took it, and have worn it like a

king:
And, wheresoever I am sung or

And, wheresoever I am sung or told In aftertime, this also shall be known:

But now delay not: take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle

mere: Watch what thou seëst, and lightly

bring me word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedi-

vere:
"It is not meet, Sir King, to leave

thee thus, Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the

helm.
A little thing may harm a wounded

man. Yet I thy hest will all perform at full, Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept

And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,

Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,

Old knights, and over them the seawind sang

Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down

By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock,

Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand
Excalibur,

And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,

Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth

And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt:

For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,

Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinthwork

Of subtlest jewelry. He gazed so long That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,

This way and that dividing the swift mind,

In act to throw: but at the last it seem'd

Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd There in the many-knotted water-flags,

That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded

King.
Then spake King Arthur to Sir

Bedivere:
"Hast thou perform'd my mission

which I gave?
What is it thou hast seen? or what

hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:

I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,

and the wild water lapping on the crag."

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:
"Thou hast betray'd thy nature and

thy name, Not rendering true answer, as be-

seem'd Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight:

For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,

Or voice, or else a motion of the mere. This is a shameful thing for men to lie.

Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again

As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing

I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time

Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,

Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought;

But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,

How curiously and strangely chased, he smote

His palms together, and he cried aloud, "And if indeed I cast the brand away,

Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,

Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes

of many men. What good should follow this, if this

were done?

What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey,

Seeing obedience is the bond of rule. Were it well to obey them, if a king demand

An act unprofitable, against himself! The King is sick, and knows not what he does.

What record, or what relic of my lord Should be to aftertime, but empty breath

And rumors of a doubt? but were this kept,

mighty kings,

Some one might show it at a joust of arms,

Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excali-

Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.

Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps

Upon the hidden bases of the hills.' So might some old man speak in the aftertime

To all the people, winning reverence. But now much honor and much fame were lost."

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,

And hid Excalibur the second time, And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily:

"What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:

"I heard the water lapping on the

And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:

"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue, Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is

Authority forgets a dying king, Laid widow'd of the power in his

That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,

For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,

In whom should meet the offices of all, Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt:

Either from lust of gold, or like a girl Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes. Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice, And the third time may prosper, get thee hence:

But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,

Stored in some treasure-house of | I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and

And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd

the sword. And strongly wheel'd and threw it.

The great brand Made lightnings in the splendor of

the moon, And flashing round and round, and

whirl'd in an arch, Shot like a streamer of the northern

morn, Seen where the moving isles of win-

ter shock By night, with noises of the northern

So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur: But ere he dipt the surface, rose an

Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,

And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him

Three times, and drew him under in the mere.

And lightly went the other to the King. Then spoke King Arthur, drawing

thicker breath: "Now see I by thine eyes that this is

done. Speak out: what is it thou hast heard,

or seen?" And answer made the bold Sir

Bedivere: "Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest

the gems Should blind my purpose, for I neve.

Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I

Not the' I live three lives of mortal

men, So great a miracle as yonder hilt.

Then with both hands I flung him wheeling him;

But when I look'd again, behold ar arm.

Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful.

That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him

Three times, and drew him under in the mere."

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:

"My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone.

Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight.

And bear me to the margin; yet I fear

My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,

Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm.

And looking wistfully with wide blue eves

As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears, And would have spoken, but he found

not words. Then took with care, and kneeling on

one knee, O'er both his shoulders drew the lan-

guid hands, And rising bore him thro' the place

of tombs. But, as he walk'd, King Arthur

panted hard. Like one that feels a nightmare on

his bed When all the house is mute.

So sigh'd the King, Auttering and murmuring at his ear,

" Quick, quick! fear it is too late, and I shall die."

but the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,

lothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,

arger than human on the frozen hills. e heard the deep behind him, and a cry

efore. His own thought drove him, like a goad.

ry clash'd his harness in the icy caves

And barren chasms, and all to left and right The bare black cliff clang'd round

him, as he based

His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed

heels —

And on a sudden, lo! the level lake, And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,

Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern.

Beneath them; and descending they were ware

That all the decks were dense with stately forms

Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream - by these Three Queens with crowns of gold -

and from them rose

A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars, And, as it were one voice an agony

Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills

All night in a waste land, where no one comes,

Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge," And to the barge they came. There

those three Queens Put forth their hands, and took the

King, and wept. But she, that rose the tallest of them all

And fairest, laid his head upon her

lap, And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,

And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,

And dropping bitter tears against his brow

Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white

And colorless, and like the wither'd

Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;

And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops

Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls -

That made his forehead like a rising

High from the daïs-throne - were parch'd with dust;

Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,

Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips. So like a shatter'd column lay the

King: Not like that Arthur who, with lance

in rest, From spur to plume a star of tourna-

ment, Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and

charged Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere. "Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall

I go? Where shall I hide my forehead and

my eyes?

For now I see the true old times are dead. When every morning brought a noble

chance, And every chance brought out a noble

knight. Such times have been not since the

light that led The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.

But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved Which was an image of the mighty

world; And I, the last, go forth companion-

less, And the days darken round me, and

the years, Among new men, strange faces, other

minds." And slowly answered Arthur from

the barge:

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,

And God fulfils Himself in many ways, Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?

I have lived my life, and that which I have done May He within Himself make pure!

but thou. If thou shouldst never see my face

again, Pray for my soul. More things are

wrought by prayer Than this world dreams of. Where-

fore, let thy voice Rise like a fountain for me night and

dav. For what are men better than sheep

or goats That nourish a blind life within the

brain. If, knowing God, they lift not hands

of prayer Both for themselves and those who

call them friend? For so the whole round earth is every

way Bound by gold chains about the feet

of God. But now farewell. I am going a long

With these thou seëst—if indeed I

(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)

To the island-valley of Avilion;

Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow, Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it

Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with

orchard-lawns And bowery hollows crown'd with

summer sea, Where I will heal me of my grievou

wound."

So said he, and the barge with oa and sail

Moved from the brink, like some ful breasted swan

That, fluting a wild carol ere he death.

Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood

With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere

Revolving many memories, till the hull

Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn.

And on the mere the wailing died away.

HERE ended Hall, and our last light, that long

Had wink'd and threaten'd darkness, flared and fell:

At which the Parson, sent to sleep with sound,

waked with silence, grunted And

"Good!" but we Sat rapt: it was the tone with which

he read -Perhaps some modern touches here and there

Redeem'd it from the charge of nothingness -

Or else we loved the man, and prized his work;

I know not: but we sitting, as I said, The cock crew loud; as at that time of year

The lusty bird takes every hour for dawn:

Then Francis, muttering, like a man ill-used,

'There now - that's nothing!" drew a little back,

and drove his heel into the smoulder'd log,

That sent a blast of sparkles up the

and so to bed; where yet in sleep I seem'd o sail with Arthur under looming

shores. oint after point; till on to dawn,

when dreams

egin to feel the truth and stir of o me, methought, who waited with a

crowd.

here came a bark that, blowing forward, bore

King Arthur, like a modern gentleman Of stateliest port; and all the people

cried. "Arthur is come again: he cannot die."

Then those that stood upon the hills behind

Repeated - "Come again, and thrice as fair:"

And, further inland, voices echoed -"Come

With all good things, and war shall be no more."

At this a hundred bells began to peal, That with the sound I woke, and heard indeed

The clear church-bells ring in the Christmas-morn.

### THE GARDENER'S DAUGHTER;

OR, THE PICTURES.

This morning is the morning of the day,

When I and Eustace from the city went

To see the Gardener's Daughter; I and he,

Brothers in Art; a friendship so complete

Portion'd in halves between us, that we grew

The fable of the city where we dwelt. My Eustace might have sat for Hercules;

So muscular he spread, so broad of breast.

He, by some law that holds in love,

and draws The greater to the lesser, long desired

A certain miracle of symmetry,

A miniature of loveliness, all grace Summ'd up and closed in little;-Juliet, she

So light of foot, so light of spiritoh, she

To me myself, for some three careless moons,

The summer pilot of an empty heart

Unto the shores of nothing! Know you not

Such touches are but embassies of love,

To tamper with the feelings, ere he found

Empire for life? but Eustace painted

And said to me, she sitting with us then,

"When will you paint like this?" and I replied,

(My words were half in earnest, half in jest,)

"'Tis not your work, but Love's.
Love, unperceived,
A more ideal Artist he than all,

Came, drew your pencil from you,

made those eyes

Darker than darkest pansies, and that

hair More black than as hbuds in the front

of March."

And Juliet answer'd laughing, "Go

and see The Gardener's daughter: trust me,

after that, You scarce can fail to match his mas-

terpiece."

And up we rose, and on the spur we went.

Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite

Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love.

News from the humming city comes to it

In sound of funeral or of marriage bells;

And, sitting muffled in dark leaves, you hear

The windy clanging of the minster clock;

Although between it and the garden lies

A league of grass, wash'd by a slow broad stream,

That, stirr'd with languid pulses of the

Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on, Barge-laden, to three arches of a bridge

Crown'd with the minster-towers.

The fields between Are dewy-fresh, browsed by deep-udder'd kine,

And all about the large lime feathers low,

The lime a summer home of murmurous wings.

In that still place she, hoarded in herself,

Grew, seldom seen; not less among us lived

Her fame from lip to lip. Who had not heard

Of Rose, the Gardener's daughter <sup>2</sup> Where was he,

So blunt in memory, so old at heart, At such a distance from his youth in grief.

That, having seen, forgot? The common mouth,

So gross to express delight, in praise of her

Grew oratory. Such a lord is Love, And Beauty such a mistress of the world.

And if I said that Fancy, led by Love.

Would play with flying forms and images,

Yet this is also true, that, long before I look'd upon her, when I heard her name

My heart was like a prophet to my heart,

And told me I should leve. A crowd of hopes,

That sought to sow themselves like winged seeds,

Born out of everything I heard and saw,

Flutter'd about my senses and my soul; And vague desires, like fitful blasts of balm

To one that travels quickly, made the

air Of Life delicious, and all kinds of

thought,
That verged upon them, sweeter than
the dream

Dream'd by a happy man, when the dark East,

Unseen, is brightening to his bridal

And sure this orbit of the memory folds

For ever in itself the day we went

To see her. All the land in flowery squares,

Beneath a broad and equal-blowing wind.

Smelt of the coming summer, as one large cloud

Drew downward: but all else of heaven was pure

Up to the Sun, and May from verge

to verge, And May with me from head to heel. And now,

As tho' 'twere yesterday, as tho' it

The hour just flown, that morn with all its sound,

(For those old Mays had thrice the life of these,)

Rings in mine ears. The steer forgot to graze,

And, where the hedge-row cuts the pathway, stood,

Leaning his horns into the neighbor field,

And lowing to his fellows. From the woods

Came voices of the well-contented doves.

The lark could scarce get out his notes for joy,

But shook his song together as he near'd

His happy home, the ground. To left and right,

The cuckoo told his name to all the hills:

The mellow ouzel fluted in the elm; The redcap whistled; and the night-

ingale Sang loud, as tho' he were the bird of

day. And Eustace turn'd, and smiling

said to me,

Hear how the bushes echo! by my life,

These birds have joyful thoughts. Think you they sing

Like poets, from the vanity of song? Or have they any sense of why they

And would they praise the heavens for what they have?"

And I made answer, "Were there nothing else For which to praise the heavens but

only love, That only love were cause enough for

praise." Lightly he laugh'd, as one that read

my thought, And on we went; but ere an hour had

pass'd. We reach'd a meadow slanting to the

North: Down which a well-worn pathway

courted us To one green wicket in a privet hedge;

This, yielding, gave into a grassy walk

Thro' crowded lilac-ambush trimly pruned:

And one warm gust, full-fed with perfume, blew Beyond us, as we enter'd in the cool.

The garden stretches southward. In the midst A cedar spread his dark-green layers

of shade. The garden-glasses shone, and mo-

mently

The twinkling laurel scatter'd silver lights.

"Eustace," I said, "this wonder keeps the house."

He nodded, but a moment afterwards He cried, "Look! look!" Before he ceased I turn'd,

And, ere a star can wink, beheld her

For up the porch there grew an Eastern rose,

That, flowering high, the last night's gale had caught,

And blown across the walk. One arm aloft -

Gown'd in pure white, that fitted to the shape -

Holding the bush, to fix it back, she stood.

A single stream of all her soft brown hair

Pour'a on one side: the shadow of the flowers

Stole all the golden gloss, and, wav-

Lovingly lower, trembled on her waist -

Ah, happy shade - and still went wavering down,

But, ere it touch'd a foot, that might have danced The greensward into greener circles,

And mix'd with shadows of the com-

mon ground;

But the full day dwelt on her brows, and sunn'd

Her violet eyes, and all her Hebe bloom, And doubled his own warmth against

her lips. And on the bounteous wave of such a

breast

As never pencil drew. Half light, half shade,

She stood, a sight to make an old man young. So rapt, we near'd the house; but

she, a Rose

In roses, mingled with her fragrant toil,

Nor heard us come, nor from her tendance turn'd

Into the world without; till close at hand. And almost ere I knew mine own in-

tent, This murmur broke the stillness of

that air

Which brooded round about her: "Ah, one rose,

One rose, but one, by those fair fingers cull'd,

Were worth a hundred kisses press'd on lips

Less exquisite than thine."

She look'd: but all Suffused with blushes - neither selfpossess'd

Nor startled, but betwixt this mood and that,

Divided in a graceful quiet - paused, And dropt the branch she held, and turning, wound

Her looser hair in braid, and stirr'd her lips

For some sweet answer, tho' no answer came.

Nor yet refused the rose, but granted it, And moved away, and left me, statuelike.

In act to render thanks.

I, that whole day, Saw her no more, altho' I linger'd there

Till every daisy slept, and Love's white star

Beam'd thro' the thicken'd cedar in the dusk.

So home we went, and all the livelong way

With solemn gibe did Eustace banter

"Now," said he, "will you climb the top of Art.

You cannot fail but work in hues to dim The Titianic Flora. Will you match

My Juliet? you, not you, - the Master, Love,

A more ideal Artist he than all." So home I went, but could not sleep

for joy, Reading her perfect features in the

gloom, Kissing the rose she gave me o'er and

o'er. And shaping faithful record of the

glance That graced the giving - such a noise

of life Swarm'd in the golden present, such

a voice Call'd to me from the years to come,

and such A length of bright horizon rimm'd the

And all that night I heard the watch-

man peal The sliding season: all that night I heard

The heavy clocks knolling the drowsy hours.

The drowsy hours, dispensers of all good,

O'er the mute city stole with folded wings,

Distilling odors on me as they went

To greet their fairer sisters of the East. Love at first sight, first-born, and heir to all,

Made this night thus. Henceforward squall nor storm

Could keep me from that Eden where she dwelt.

Light pretexts drew me; sometimes a Dutch love

For tulips; then for roses, moss or musk,

To grace my city rooms; or fruits and cream

Served in the weeping elm; and more and more

A word could bring the color to my cheek;

A thought would fill my eyes with happy dew;

Love trebled life within me, and with each

The year increased.

The daughters of the year, One after one, thro' that still garden pass'd;

Each garlanded with her peculiar flower

Danced into light, and died into the shade;

And each in passing touch'd with some new grace

Or seem'd to touch her, so that day
by day,
Like one that never can be sub-like

Like one that never can be wholly known,

Her beauty grew; till Autumn brought an hour

For Eustace, when I heard his deep "I will,"

Breathed, like the covenant of a God, to hold

From thence thro' all the worlds: but
I rose up

Full of his bliss, and following her dark eyes

Felt earth as air beneath me, till I reach'd

The wicket-gate, and found her standing there. There sat we down upon a garden

mound,
Two mutually enfolded; Love, the

Between us, in the circle of his arms Enwound us both; and over many a range

Of waning lime the gray cathedral towers,

Across a hazy glimmer of the west, Reveal'd their shining windows: from them clash'd

The bells; we listen'd; with the time we play'd,

we play'd, We spoke of other things; we coursed

about The subject most at heart, more near

and near,

Like doves about a dovecote, wheeling round

The central wish, until we settled there.
Then, in that time and place, I spoke
to her,

Requiring, tho' I knew it was mine own,

Yet for the pleasure that I took to hear,

Requiring at her hand the greatest gift, A woman's heart, the heart of her I loved;

And in that time and place she answer'd me,

And in the compass of three little words,

More musical than ever came in one, The silver fragments of a broken voice,

Made me most happy, faltering, "I am thine."

Shall I cease here? Is this enough to say

That my desire, like all strongest hopes,

By its own energy fulfill'd itself,

Merged in completion? Would you learn at full

How passion rose thro' circumstantial grades

Beyond all grades develop'd? and in deed

I had not staid so long to tell you all, But while I mused came Memory with sad eyes,

Holding the folded annals of my

youth;

And while I mused, Love with knit brows went by,

And with a flying finger swept my lips, And spake, "Be wise: not easily forgiven

Are those, who setting wide the doors that bar

The secret bridal chambers of the heart,

Let in the day." Here, then, my words have end.

Yet might I tell of meetings, of farewells-

Of that which came between, more sweet than each, In whispers, like the whispers of the

That tremble round a nightingale -

in sighs Which perfect Joy, perplex'd for ut-

terance.

Stole from her sister Sorrow. I not tell

Of difference, reconcilement, pledges given,

And vows, where there was never need of vows, And kisses, where the heart on one

wild leap

Hung tranced from all pulsation, as above

The heavens between their fairy fleeces Sow'd all their mystic gulfs with fleet-

ing stars;

Or while the balmy glooming, crescent-

Spread the light haze along the rivershores,

And in the hollows; or as once we met Unheedful, tho' beneath a whispering

Night slid down one long stream of

sighing wind,

And in her bosom bore the baby, Sleep. But this whole hour your eyes have been intent

On that veil'd picture - veil'd, for what it holds

May not be dwelt on by the common This prelude has prepared thee. Raise

thy soul;

Make thine heart ready with thine eves: the time

Is come to raise the veil.

Behold her there. As I beheld her ere she knew my heart, My first, last love; the idol of my youth,

The darling of my manhood, and, alas! Now the most blessed memory of mine age.

# in the my DORA.

WITH farmer Allan at the farm abode William and Dora. William was his son,

And she his niece. He often look'd. at them,

And often thought, "I'll make them man and wife."

Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all, And yearn'd towards William; but the youth, because

He had been always with her in the house,

Thought not of Dora.

Then there came a day When Allan call'd his son, and said, "My son:

I married late, but I would wish to see My grandchild on my knees before I

And I have set my heart upon a match. Now therefore look to Dora; she is well

To look to; thrifty too beyond her age. She is my brother's daughter: he and I Had once hard words, and parted, and he died

In foreign lands; but for his sake I bred

His daughter Dora: take her for your wife;

For I have wish'd this marriage, night and day,

MARKET BERTHAM

For many years." But William answer'd short;

"I cannot marry Dora; by my life, I will not marry Dora." Then the old

Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said:

"You will not, boy! you dare to answer thus!

But in my time a father's word was

And so it shall be now for me. Look to it:

Consider, William: take a month to think,

And let me have an answer to my wish; Or, by the Lord that made me, you

shall pack,

And never more darken my doors again."

But William answer'd madly; bit his And broke away. The more he look'd

at her

The less he liked her; and his ways were harsh;

But Dora bore them meekly. Then before

The month was out he left his father's house.

And hired himself to work within the fields:

And half in love, half spite, he woo'd and wed

A laborer's daughter, Mary Morrison. Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call'd

His niece and said: "My girl, I love you well;

But if you speak with him that was my son. Or change a word with her he calls his

wife. My home is none of yours. My will

is law." And Dora promised, being meek. She

thought. 'It cannot be: my uncle's mind will

change!" And days went on, and there was

born a boy

To William; then distresses came on him; And day by day he pass'd his father's

Heart-broken, and his father help'd

him not.

But Dora stored what little she could save,

And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know

Who sent it; till at last a fever seized On William, and in harvest time he died.

Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat And look'd with tears upon her boy, and thought

Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said:

"I have obey'd my uncle until now, And I have sinn'd, for it was all thro' me

This evil came on William at the first. But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone.

And for your sake, the woman that he chose,

And for this orphan, I am come to vou:

You know there has not been for these five years

So full a harvest: let me take the

And I will set him in my uncle's eye Among the wheat; that when his heart is glad

Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,

And bless him for the sake of him that's gone."

And Dora took the child, and went her way

Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound

That was unsown, where many poppies grew.

Far off the farmer came into the field And spied her not; for none of all his men

Dare tell him Dora waited with the child:

And Dora would have risen and gone to him.

But her heart fail'd her; and the reapers reap'd,

And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

But when the morrow came, she rose and took

The child once more, and sat upon the mound;

And made a little wreath of all the flowers

That grew about, and tied it round his

To make him pleasing in her uncle's

Then when the farmer pass'd into the

He spied her, and he left his men at work,

And came and said: "Where were you yesterday?

Whose child is that? What are you doing here?"

So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground, And answer'd softly, "This is William's child!"

"And did I not," said Allan, "did I not

Forbid you, Dora?" Dora said again: "Do with me as you will, but take the child,

And bless him for the sake of him that's gone!"

And Allan said, "I see it is a trick Got up betwixt you and the woman

there. I must be taught my duty, and by you! You knew my word was law, and yet you dared

To slight it. Well — for I will take the boy;

But go you hence, and never see me more."

So saying, he took the boy that cried aloud

And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell

At Dora's feet. She bow'd upon her hands.

And the boy's cry came to her from the field.

More and more distant. She bow'd down her head,

Remembering the day when first she came, And all the things that had been. She

bow'd down And wept in secret; and the reapers

reap'd,

And the sun fell, and al. the land was dark. Then Dora went to Mary's house,

and stood Upon the threshold. Mary saw the

Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise To God, that help'd her in her widow-

hood. And Dora said, "My uncle took the

boy; But, Mary, let me live and work with

He says that he will never see mo

more." Then answer'd Mary, "This shall never

That thou shouldst take my trouble

on thyself: And, now I think, he shall not have

the boy, For he will teach him hardness, and

to slight His mother; therefore thou and I will

And I will have my boy, and bring him home;

And I will beg of him to take thee back:

But if he will not take thee back again,

Then thou and I will live within one house.

And work for William's child, until

he grows Of age to help us."

So the women kiss'd Each other, and set out, and reach'd the farm.

The door was off the latch: they peep'd, and saw

The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees.

Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,

And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks.

Like one that loved him: and the lad stretch'd out

And babbled for the golden seal, that hung

From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire.

Then they came in: but when the boy beheld

His mother, he cried out to come to her: And Allan set him down, and Mary said .

"O Father! - if you let me call you so -

I never came a-begging for myself, Or William, or this child; but now I come

For Dora: take her back; she loves you well.

O Sir, when William died, he died at peace

With all men; for I ask'd him, and he

He could not ever rue his marrying

I had been a patient wife: but, Sir, he said

That he was wrong to cross his father thus:

'God bless him!' he said, 'and may he never know

The troubles I have gone thro'!' Then he turn'd

His face and pass'd - unhappy that I

But now, Sir, let me have my boy, for Will make him hard, and he will learn

to slight His father's memory; and take Dora

back. And let all this be as it was before."

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face By Mary. There was silence in the room:

And all at once the old man burst in sobs: --

"I have been to blame - to blame. I have killed my son.

I have kill'd him - but I loved him - my dear son.

May God forgive me! - I have been to blame.

Kiss me, my children."

Then they clung about The old man's neck, and kiss'd him many times. And all the man was broken with re-

morse;

And all his love came back a hundred fold:

And for three hours he sobb'd o'er William's child

Thinking of William.

So those four abode Within one house together; and as years

Went forward, Mary took another mate:

But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

## AUDLEY COURT.

"THE Bull, the Fleece are cramm'd, and not a room

For love or money. Let us picnic there

At Audley Court."

I spoke, while Audley feast Humm'd like a hive all round the narrow quay,

To Francis, with a basket on his arm, To Francis just alighted from the boat. And breathing of the sea. "With all

my heart," Said Francis. Then we shoulder'd thro' the swarm.

And rounded by the stillness of the beach

To where the bay runs up its latest

We left the dying ebb that faintly lipp'd

The flat red granite; so by many a sweep

Of meadow smooth from aftermath

we reach'd The griffin-guarded gates, and pass'd

thro' all

The pillar'd dusk of sounding sycamores.

And cross'd the garden to the gardener's lodge,

With all its casements bedded, and its

walls

And chimneys muffled in the leafy

There, on a slope of orchard, Francis laid

A damask napkin wrought with horse and hound,

Brought out a dusky loaf that smelt of home.

And, half-cut-down, a pasty costlymade.

Where quail and pigeon, lark and leveret lay,

Like fossils of the rock, with golden volks

Imbedded and injellied; last, with these,

A flask of cider from his father's vats.

Prime, which I knew; and so we sat and eat

And talk'd old matters over; who was dead.

Who married, who was like to be, and

The races went, and who would rent the hall:

Then touch'd upon the game, how scarce it was

This season; glancing thence, discuss'd the farm,

The four-field system, and the price of grain; And struck upon the corn-laws, where

we split, And came again together on the king With heated faces; till he laugh'd

aloud: And, while the blackbird on the pippin hung

To hear him, clapt his hand in mine

and sang ---"Oh! who would fight and march

and countermarch, Be shot for sixpence in a battle-field, And shovell'd up into some bloody

Where no one knows? but let me live my life.

"Oh! who would cast and balance at a desk.

Perch'd like a crow upon a threelegg'd stool,

Till all his juice is dried, and all his joints Are full of chalk? but let me live my

"Who'd serve the state? for if I

carved my name Upon the cliffs that guard my native

land. I might as well have traced it in the

sands; The sea wastes all: but let me live my

"Oh! who would love? I woo'd a

woman once, But she was sharper than an eastern wind,

And all my heart turn'd from her, as a thorn

Turns from the sea; but let me live

my life." He sang his song, and I replied with mine:

I found it in a volume, all of songs, Knock'd down to me, when old Sir Robert's pride,

His books - the more the pity, so I said -

Came to the hammer here in March and this -

I set the words, and added names I

"Sleep, Ellen Aubrey, sleep, and dream of me: Sleep, Ellen, folded in thy sister's arm,

And sleeping, haply dream her arm is mine.

"Sleep, Ellen, folded in Emilia's

Emilia, fairer than all else but thou, For thou art fairer than all else that is. "Sleep, breathing health and peace upon her breast:

Sleep, breathing love and trust against her lip:

I go to-night: I come to-morrow morn. "I go, but I return: I would I were The pilot of the darkness and the

dream.

Sleep, Ellen Aubrey, love, and dream of me."

So sang we each to either, Francis Hale.

The farmer's son, who lived across the

My friend; and I, that having wherewithal,

And in the fallow leisure of my life A rolling stone of here and every-

where,

Did what I would; but ere the night we rose

And saunter'd home beneath a moon, that, just

In crescent, dimly rain'd about the leaf

Twilights of airy silver, till we reach'd The limit of the hills; and as we sank From rock to rock upon the glooming quay.

The town was hush'd beneath us: lower down

The bay was oily calm; the harbor buoy.

Sole star of phosphorescence in the calm,

Wish one green sparkle ever and anon Dipt by itself, and we were glad at heart.

### WALKING TO THE MAIL.

John. I'm glad I walk'd. How fresh the meadows look

Above the river, and, but a month ago, The whole hill-side was redder than a fox.

Is you plantation where this byway joins

The turnpike?

James. Yes.

John. And when does this come by?

James. The mail? At one o'clock.

John. What is it now?

James. A quarter to.

John. Whose house is that I see?
No, not the County Member's with
the vane:

Up higher with the yew-tree by it, and half A score of gables.

James. That? Sir Edward Head's: But he's abroad: the place is to be sold.

John. Oh, his. He was not broken.

James.

No, sir, he,
Vex'd with a morbid devil in his

ex'd with a morbid devil in hi

That veil'd the world with jaundice, hid his face

From all men, and commercing with himself,

He lost the sense that handles daily life —

That keeps us all in order more or

That keeps us all in order more or less—

And sick of home went overseas for change.

John. And whither?

James. Nay, who knows? he's here and there.

But let him go; his devil goes with him,

As well as with his tenant, Jocky Dawes.

John. What's that?

James. You saw the man — on Monday, was it? —

There by the humpback'd willow; half stands up And bristles; half has fall'n and

made a bridge;
And there he caught the younker

tickling trout —
Caught in flagrante — what's the Latin

word?—

Delicto: but his house, for so they

say,
Was haunted with a jolly ghost, that

shook
The curtains, whined in lobbies, tapt
at doors.

And rummaged like a rat: no servant stay'd:

The farmer vext packs up his beds

and chairs, And all his household stuff; and with

his boy
Betwixt his knees, his wife upon the

tilt,
Sets out, and meets a friend who hails
him, "What!

You're flitting!" "Yes, we're flitting," says the ghost

(For they had pack'd the thing among the beds,)

"Oh well," says he, "you flitting with us too—

Jack, turn the horses' heads and home again."

John. He left his wife behind; for so I heard.

James. He left her, yes. I met my lady once:

A woman like a butt, and harsh as crabs.

John. Oh yet but I remember, ten years back —

"Tis now at least ten years — and then she was —

You could not light upon a sweeter thing:

A body slight and round, and like a pear

In growing, modest eyes, a hand, a foot

Lessening in perfect cadence, and a skin

As clean and white as privet when it flowers.

James. Ay, ay, the blossom fades, and they that loved

At first like dove and dove were cat and dog.

She was the daughter of a cottager, Out of her sphere. What betwixt shame and pride,

New things and old, himself and her, she sour'd

To what she is: a nature never kind!

Like men, like manners: like breeds like, they say:

Kind nature is the best: those manners next

That fit us like a nature second-hand; Which are indeed the manners of the great.

John. But I had heard it was this bill that past,

And fear of change at home, that drove him hence.

James. That was the last drop in the cup of gall.

I once was near him, when his bailiff brought

A Chartist pike. You should have seen him wince

As from a venomous thing: he thought himself A mark for all, and shudder'd, lest a

cry

Should break his sleep by night, and his nice eyes

Should see the raw mechanic's bloody thumbs

Sweat on his blazon'd chairs, but, sir, you know

That these two parties still divide the world—

Of those that want, and those that have: and still

The same old sore breaks out from age to age

With much the same result. Now I myself,

A Tory to the quick, was as a boy Destructive, when I had not what 1

would.

I was at school—a college in the South:

There lived a flayflint near; we stole his fruit.

His hens, his eggs; but there was law for us;

We paid in person. He had a sow, sir. She,
With meditative grunts of much con-

tent,
Lay great with pig, wallowing in sun

and mud. By night we dragg'd her to the col-

lege tower
From her warm bed, and up the cork-

screw stair
With hand and rope we haled the

groaning sow,
And on the leads we kept her till she

And on the leads we kept her till she pigg'd.

Large range of prospect had the mother sow,

And but for daily loss of one she loved As one by one we took them — but for this —

As never sow was higher in this world —

is pure?

We took them all, till she was left

alone

Upon her tower, the Niobe of swine, And so return'd unfarrow'd to her

John. They found you out?

James. Not they. John. Well - after all -

What know we of the secret of a man?

His nerves were wrong. What ails us, who are sound,

That we should mimic this raw fool

the world.

Which charts us all in its coarse blacks or whites,

As ruthless as a baby with a worm, As cruel as a schoolboy ere he grows To Pity—more from ignorance than will.

But put your best foot forward, or I fear

That we shall miss the mail: and here it comes

With five at top: as quaint a four-inhand

As you shall see - three pyebalds and a roan.

# EDWIN MORRIS:

OR, THE LAKE.

O ME, my pleasant rambles by the lake, My sweet, wild, fresh three quarters of a year,

My one Oasis in the dust and drouth Of city life! I was a sketcher then: See here, my doing: curves of mountain, bridge.

Boat, island, ruins of a castle, built When men knew how to build, upon a

With turrets lichen-gilded like a rock: And here, new-comers in an ancient hold,

New-comers from the Mersey, million-

Here lived the Hills - a Tudor-chimnied bulk

Might have been happy: but what lot | Of mellow brickwork on an isle of bowers.

O me, my pleasant rambles by the

With Edwin Morris and with Edward Bull

The curate; he was fatter than his cure.

But Edwin Morris, he that knew the names,

Long learned names of agaric, moss and fern,

Who forged a thousand theories of the rocks.

Who taught me how to skate, to row, to swim.

Who read me rhymes elaborately good, His own - I call'd him Crichton, for he seem'd

All-perfect, finish'd to the finger nail.

And once I ask'd him of his early

And his first passion; and he answer'd me:

And well his words became him: was he not

A full-cell'd honeycomb of eloquence Stored from all flowers? Poet-like he spoke.

"My love for Nature is as old as I: But thirty moons, one honeymoon to that. And three rich sennights more, my love

for her. My love for Nature and my love for

Of different ages, like twin-sisters grew.

Twin-sisters differently beautiful. To some full music rose and sank the

And some full music seem'd to move and change

With all the varied changes of the dark,

And either twilight and the day between:

For daily hope fulfill'd, to rise again

Revolving toward fulfilment, made it sweet

To walk, to sit, to sleep, to wake, to breathe."

Or this or something like to this he spoke.

Then said the fat-faced curate Edward Bull,

"I take it, God made the woman for the man,

And for the good and increase of the world.

A pretty face is well, and this is well, To have a dame indoors, that trims us up.

And keeps us tight; but these unreal

Seem but the theme of writers, and indeed

Worn threadbare. Man is made of solid stuff.

I say, God made the woman for the man,

And for the good and increase of the world."

"Parson," said I, "you pitch the pipe too low:

But I have sudden touches, and can run

My faith beyond my practice into his: Tho' if, in dancing after Letty Hill, I do not hear the bells upon my cap,

I scarce have other music: yet say on.
What should one give to light on such
a dream?"

I ask'd him half-sardonically.

"Give? Give all thou art," he answer'd, and a light

Of laughter dimpled in his swarthy cheek;

"I would have hid her needle in my heart,

To save her little finger from a scratch No deeper than the skin: my ears could hear

Her lightest breath; her least remark was worth

The experience of the wise. I went and came;

Her voice fled always thro' the summer land;

I spoke her name alone. Thrice-happy days!

The flower of each, those moments when we met,

The crown of all, we met to part no more."

Were not his words delicious, I a beast

To take them as I did? but something jarr'd;
Whether he speke too largely; that

Whether he spoke too largely; that there seem'd

A touch of something false, some selfconceit,

Or over-smoothness: howsoe'er it was, He scarcely hit my humor, and I said:

"Friend Edwin, do not think yourself alone

Of all men happy. Shall not Love to me,

As in the Latin song I learnt at school, Sneeze out a full God-bless-you right and left?

But you can talk: yours is a kindly vein:

I have, I think, — Heaven knows — as much within;

Have, or should have, but for a thought or two,

That like a purple beech among the greens

Looks out of place: 'tis from no want in her:

It is my shyness, or my self-distrust, Or something of a wayward modern mind

Dissecting passion. Time will set me right."

So spoke I knowing not the things that were.

Then said the fat-faced curate, Edward Bull:

"God made the woman for the use of man,

And for the good and increase of the world."

And I and Edwin laughed; and now we paused

About the windings of the marge to

The soft wind blowing over meadowy holms

And alders, garden-isles; and now we left

The clerk behind us, I and he, and ran By ripply shallows of the lisping lake, Delighted with the freshness and the sound.

But, when the bracken rusted on their crags,

My suit had wither'd, nipt to death by him

That was a God, and is a lawyer's clerk, The rentroll Cupid of our rainy isles. "Tis true, we met; one hour I had, no more:

She sent a note, the seal an Elle vous suit,

The close, "Your Letty, only yours"; and this

Thrice underscored. The friendly mist of morn

Clung to the lake. I boated over, ran My craft aground, and heard with beating heart

The Sweet-Gale rustle round the shelv-

ing keel;
And out I stept, and up I crept: she

moved,

Like Proserpine in Enna, gathering

flowers:
Then low and sweet I whistled thrice;

and she, She turn'd, we closed, we kiss'd, swore

faith, I breathed In some new planet: a silent cousin stole

Jpon us and departed: "Leave," she cried,

O leave me!" "Never, dearest, never: here

brave the worst:" and while we stood like fools

Imbracing, all at once a score of pugs and poodles yell'd within, and out they came

rustees and Aunts and Uncles.

"What, with him!

Go" (shrill'd the cotton-spinning chorus); "him!"

I choked. Again they shriek'd the burthen — "Him!" Again with hands of wild rejection

"Go!—
Cirl cot you in!" She went and in

Girl, get you in!" She went—and in one month

They wedded her to sixty thousand pounds,
To lands in Kent and messuages in

York,
And slight Sir Robert with his watery

And slight Sir Robert with his watery smile

And educated whisker. But for me, They set an ancient creditor to work:

It seems I broke a close with force and arms:

There came a mystic token from the

To greet the sheriff, needless courtesy! I read, and fled by night, and flying turn'd:

Her taper glimmer'd in the lake below:

I turn'd once more, close-button'd to the storm;

So left the place, left Edwin, nor have seen

Him since, nor heard of her, nor cared to hear.

Nor cared to hear? perhaps: yet long ago

I have pardon'd little Letty; not indeed,

It may be, for her own dear sake but this,

She seems a part of those fresh days to me;

For in the dust and drouth of London life

She moves among my visions of the lake,

While the prime swallow dips his wing, or then

While the gold-lily blows, and overhead

The light cloud smoulders on the summer crag.

### ST. SIMEON STYLITES.

Altho' I be the basest of mankind, From scalp to sole one slough and crust of sin,

Unfit for earth, unfit for heaven,

scarce meet

For troops of devils, mad with blasphemy, I will not cease to grasp the hope I

hold

Of saintdom, and to clamor, mourn and sob,

Battering the gates of heaven with storms of prayer,

Have mercy, Lord, and take away my

Let this avail, just, dreadful, mighty

This not be all in vain, that thrice ten years,

Thrice multiplied by superhuman pangs,

In hungers and in thirsts, fevers and cold,

In coughs, aches, stitches, ulcerous throes and cramps,

A sign betwixt the meadow and the cloud,

Patient on this tall pillar I have borne Rain, wind, frost, heat, hail, damp. and sleet, and snow;

And I had hoped that ere this period closed

Thou wouldst have caught me up into thy rest,

Denying not these weather-beaten limbs

The meed of saints, the white robe and the palm. O take the meaning, Lord: I do not

breathe, Not whisper, any murmur of com-

plaint.

Pain heap'd ten-hundred-fold to this, were still

Less burthen, by ten-hundred-fold, to bear.

Than were those lead-like tons of sin, that crush'd

My spirit flat before thee.

O Lord, Lord,

Thou knowest I bore this better at the first,

For I was strong and hale of body then:

And the' my teeth, which now are dropt away, Would chatter with the cold, and all

my beard Was tagg'd with icy fringes in the

moon. I drown'd the whoopings of the owl

with sound Of pious hymns and psalms, and

sometimes saw An angel stand and watch me, as I

Now am I feeble grown; my end

draws nigh; I hope my end draws nigh: half deaf

I am, So that I scarce can hear the people

About the column's base, and almost

blind, And scarce can recognize the fields I

know; And both my thighs are rotted with the dew;

Yet cease I not to clamor and to cry,

While my stiff spine can hold my weary head,

Till all my limbs drop piecemeal from the stone, Have mercy, mercy: take away my

O Jesus, if thou wilt not save my

Who may be saved? who is it may be

saved? Who may be made a saint, if I fail

here? Show me the man hath suffer'd more

than I. For did not all thy martyrs die one

death? For either they were stoned, or cruci

fied, Or burn'd in fire, or boil'd in oil, or

In twain beneath the ribs; but I die here

To-day, and whole years long, a life of death

Bear witness, if I could have found a

heedfully I sifted all my (And thought) More slowly-painful to subdue this

home Of sin, my flesh, which I despise and

I had not stinted practice, O my God. For not alone this pillar-punishment.

Not this alone I bore: but while I

In the white convent down the valley there.

For many weeks about my loins I wore The robe that haled the buckets from the well.

Twisted as tight as I could knot the noose;

And spake not of it to a single soul, Until the ulcer, eating thro' my skin, Betray'd my secret penance, so that

My brethren marvell'd greatly. More than this

I bore, whereof, O God, thou knowest all.

Three winters, that my soul might grow to thee.

I lived up there on yonder mountain

My right leg chain'd into the crag, I lay

Pent in a roofless close of ragged stones;

Inswathed sometimes in wandering mist, and twice Black'd with thy branding thunder,

and sometimes Sucking the damps for drink, and

eating not, Except the spare chance-gift of those

that came To touch my body and be heal'd, and

and they say then that I work'd miracles,

Whereof my fame is loud amongst mankind.

Cured lameness, palsies, cancers. Thou, O God.

Knowest alone whether this was or no. Have mercy, mercy! cover all my sin.

Then, that I might be more alone with thee, Three years I lived upon a pillar,

high Six cubits, and three years on one of

twelve: And twice three years I crouch'd on

one that rose Twenty by measure; last of all, I

grew Twice ten long weary weary years to

this, That numbers forty cubits from the

I think that I have borne as much

as this -Or else I dream - and for so long a

If I may measure time by yon slow light,

And this high dial, which my sorrow crowns -

So much - even so.

And yet I know not well. For that the evil ones come here, and say,

"Fall down, O Simeon: that hast suffer'd long For ages and for ages!" then they

prate Of penances I cannot have gone thro', Perplexing me with lies; and oft I

fall. Maybe for months, in such blind lethargies

That Heaven, and Earth, and Time are choked.

But vet

Bethink thee, Lord, while thou and all the saints

Enjoy themselves in heaven, and men on earth

House in the shade of comfortable roofs,

Sit with their wives by fires, eat wholesome food,

And wear warm clothes, and even beasts have stalls.

I, 'tween the spring and downfall of the light,

Bow down one thousand and two hundred times,

To Christ, the Virgin Mother, and the saints:

Or in the night, after a little sleep, I wake: the chill stars sparkle; I am wet

With drenching dews, or stiff with crackling frost.

I wear an undress'd goatskin on my back;

A grazing iron collar grinds my neck;

And in my weak, lean arms I lift the cross,

And strive and wrestle with thee till I die:

O mercy, mercy! wash awry my sin.
O Lord, thou knowest what a man
I am:

A sinful man, conceived and born in

"Tis their own doing; this is none of mine;

Lay it not to me. Am I to blame for this,

That here come those that worship me? Ha! ha!

They think that I am somewhat. What am I?

The silly people take me for a saint, And bring me offerings of fruit and flowers:

And I, in truth (thou wilt bear witness here)

Have all in all endured as much, and more

Than many just and holy men, whose names

Are register'd and calendar'd for saints.

Good people, you do ill to kneel to me.

me.
What is it I can have done to merit this?

I am a sinner viler than you all.

It may be I have wrought some miracles.

Am' cured some halt and maim'd; but what of that?

It may be, no one, even among the saints,

May match his pains with mine; but what of that?

Yet do not rise; for you may look on me,

And in your looking you may kneel to God.

Speak! is there any of you halt or

maim'd?
I think you know I have some power

with Heaven From my long penance: let him speak

his wish.
Yes, I can heal him. Power goes

forth from me.

They say that they are heal'd. Ah.

hark! they shout
"St. Simeon Stylites." Why, if so,
God reaps a harvest in me. O my soul,
God reaps a harvest in thee. If this be,
Can I work miracles and not be saved?
This is not told of any. They were

saints.
It cannot be but that I shall be saved;
Yea, crown'd a saint. They shout,
"Behold a saint!"

And lower voices saint me from above. Courage, St. Simeon! This dull chrysalis

Cracks into shining wings, and hope ere death

Spreads more and more and more, that
God hath now

Sponged and made blank of crimeful record all

My mortal archives.

O my sons, my sons, I, Simeon of the pillar, by surname Stylites, among men; I, Simeon,

The watcher on the column till the end;
I, Simeon, whose brain the sunshine bakes;

I, whose bald brows in silent hours become

Unnaturally hoar with rime, do now From my high nest of penance here proclaim

That Pontius and Iscariot by my side Show'd like fair seraphs. On the coals

I lay, A vessel full of sin: all hell beneath Made me boil over. Devils pluck'd my sleeve.

Abaddon and Asmodeus caught at me.

I smote them with the cross; they swarm'd again. In bed like monstrous apes they

crush'd my chest:

They flapp'd my light out as I read: I

Their faces grow between me and my book;
With colt-like whinny and with hog-

gish whine They burst my prayer. Yet this way

was left,
And by this way I 'scaped them.

Mortify Your flesh, like me, with scourges

and with thorns; Smite, shrink not, spare not. If it

may be, fast
Whole Lents, and pray. I hardly,
with slow steps,

With slow, faint steps, and much exceeding pain,

Have scrambled past those pits of fire, that still

Sing in mine ears. But yield not me the praise:

God only through his bounty hath thought fit,

Among the powers and princes of this

world,

To make me an example to mankind, Which few can reach to. Yet I do not say

But that a time may come — yea, even now,

Now, now, his footsteps smite the threshold stairs

Of life — I say, that time is at the doors When you may worship me without reproach;

For I will leave my relics in your land, And you may carve a shrine about my dust,

And burn a fragrant lamp before my bones,

When I am gather'd to the glorious saints.

While I spake then, a sting of shrewdest pain

Ran shrivelling thro' me, and a cloudlike change, In passing, with a grosser film made thick

These heavy, horny eyes. The end!

the end!
Surely the end! What's here? a

shape, a shade, A flash of light. Is that the angel

there
That holds a crown? Come, blessed brother, come.

I know thy glittering face. I waited long;

My brows are ready. What! deny it now?

Nay, draw, draw nigh. So I

clutch it. Christ!
"Tis gone: 'tis here again; the crown!
the crown!

So now 'tis fitted on and grows to me, And from it melt the dews of Paradise, Sweet! sweet! spikenard, and balm, and frankincense.

Ah! let me not be fool'd, sweet saints:

That I am whole, and clean, and meet for Heaven.

Speak, if there be a priest, a man of God,

Among you there, and let him presently

Approach, and lean a ladder on the shaft,

And climbing up into my airy home,

Deliver me the blessed sacrament; For by the warning of the Holy Ghost, I prophesy that I shall die to-night, A quarter before twelve.

But thou, O Lord, Aid all this foolish people; let them take

Example, pattern: lead them to thy light.

#### THE TALKING OAK.

ONCE more the gate behind me falls;
Once more before my face
I see the moulder'd Abbey-walls,
That stand within the chace.

Beyond the lodge the city lies, Beneath its drift of smoke; And ah! with what delighted eyes I turn to yonder oak.

For when my passion first began, Ere that, which in me burn'd, The love, that makes me thrice a man, Could hope itself return'd;

To yonder oak within the field I spoke without restraint, And with a larger faith appeal'd Than Papist unto Saint.

For oft I talk'd with him apart,
And told him of my choice,
Until he plagiarized a heart,
And answer'd with a voice.

Tho' what he whisper'd under Heaven
None else could understand;
I found him garrulously given,
A babbler in the land.

But since I heard him make reply
Is many a weary hour;
"Twere well to question him, and try
If yet he keeps the power.

Hail, hidden to the knees in fern, Broad Oak of Sumner-chace, Whose topmost branches can discern The roofs of Sumner-place!

Say thou, whereon I carved her name, If ever maid or spouse, As fair as my Olivia, came To rest beneath thy boughs.—

"O Walter, I have shelter'd here Whatever maiden grace The good old Summers, year by year Made ripe in Sumner-chace:

"Old Summers, when the monk was fat, And, issuing shorn and sleek, Would twist his girdle tight, and pat The girls upon the cheek,

\*Tre yet, in scorn of Peter's-pence, And number'd bead, and shrift, Bluff Harry broke into the spence And turn'd the cowls adrift:

"And I have seen some score of those Fresh faces, that would thrive When his man-minded offset rose To chase the deer at five;

"And all that from the town would stroll, Till that wild wind made work In which the gloomy brewer's soul

Went by me, like a stork:
"The slight she-slips of loyal blood,

And others, passing praise, Strait-laced, but all-too-full in bud For puritanic stays:

"And I have shadow'd many a group Of beauties, that were born In teacup-times of hood and hoop, Or while the patch was worn;

"And, leg and arm with love-knots gay, About me leap'd and laugh'd The modish Cupid of the day, And shrill'd his tinsel shaft.

"I swear (and else may insects prick Each leaf into a gall) This girl, for whom your heart is sick, Is three times worth them all;

"For those and theirs, by Nature's law, Have faded long ago;

But in these latter springs I saw Your own Olivia blow,

"From when she gamboll'd on the greens
A baby-germ, to when

The maiden blossoms of her teens Could number five from ten.

"I swear, by leaf, and wind, and rain,
(And hear me with thine ears,)
That, tho' I circle in the grain
Five hundred rings of years—

"Yet, since I first could east a shade. Did never creature pass So slightly, musically made, So light upon the grass:

"For as to fairies, that will flit To make the greensward fresh, I hold them exquisitely knit, But far too spare of flesh."

Oh, hide thy knotted knees in fern, And overlook the chace:

And from thy topmost branch discern The roofs of Sumner-place.

But thou, whereon I carved her name, That oft has heard my vows, Declare when last Olivia came To sport beneath thy boughs.

5 O yesterday, you know, the fair Was holden at the town; Her father left his good arm-chair, And rode his hunter down.

"And with him Albert came on his. I look'd at him with joy . As cowslip unto oxlip is, So seems she to the boy,

"An hour had past - and, sitting straight Within the low-wheel'd chaise,

Her mother trundled to the gate Behind the dappled grays. "But as for her, she stay'd at home,

And on the roof she went, And down the way you use to come, She look'd with discontent.

" She left the novel half-uncut Upon the rosewood shelf: She left the new piano shut: She could not please herself.

'Then ran she, gamesome as the colt, And livelier than a lark She sent her voice thro' all the holt Before her, and the park.

"A light wind chased her on the wing, And in the chase grew wild, As close as might be would he cling About the darling child;

" But light as any wind that blows So fleetly did she stir, The flower, she touch'd on, dipt and

And turn'd to look at her.

"And here she came, and round me play'd, And sang to me the whole

Of those three stanzas that you made About my 'giant bole;'

"And in a fit of frolic mirth She strove to span my waist: Alas, I was so broad of girth, I could not be embraced.

"I wish'd myself the fair young beech That here beside me stands,

That round me, clasping each in each, She might have lock'd her hands.

"Yet seem'd the pressure thrice as sweet

As woodbine's fragile hold, Or when I feel about my feet The berried briony fold."

O muffle round thy knees with fern. And shadow Sumner-chace! Long may thy topmost branch discern The roofs of Sumner-place!

But tell me, did she read the name I carved with many vows When last with throbbing heart I came

To rest beneath thy boughs?

"O yes, she wander'd round and round These knotted knees of mine, And found, and kiss'd the name she found,

And sweetly murmur'd thine.

"A teardrop trembled from its source. And down my surface crept.

My sense of touch is something coarse, But I believe she wept.

"Then flush'd her cheek with rosy light, She glanced across the plain;

But not a creature was in sight: She kiss'd me once again.

"Her kisses were so close and kind, That, trust me on my word, Hard wood I am, and wrinkled rind, But yet my sap was stirr'd:

"And even into my inmost ring A pleasure I discern'd, Like those blind motions of the Spring, That show the year is turn'd.

"Thrice-happy he that may caress The ringlet's waving balm — The cushions of whose touch may The maiden's tender palm.

"I, rooted here among the groves, But languidly adjust My vapid vegetable loves With anthers and with dust:

"For ah! my friend, the days were

Whereof the poets talk, V nen that, which breathes within the Could slip its bark and walk.

"But could I, as in times foregone, From spray, and branch, and stem, Have suck'd and gather'd into one The life that spreads in them,

"She had not found me so remiss; But lightly issuing thro', I would have paid her kiss for kiss, With usury thereto."

O flourish high, with leafy towers, And overlook the lea, Pursue thy loves among the bowers But leave thou mine to me.

O flourish, hidden deep in fern, Old oak, I love thee well; A thousand thanks for what I learn And what remains to tell.

"'Tis little more: the day was warm; At last, tired out with play, She sank her head upon her arm And at my feet she lay.

"Her eyelids dropp'd their silken eaves. I breathed upon her eyes

Thro' all the summer of my leaves A welcome mix'd with sighs.

"I took the swarming sound of life -The music from the town — The murmurs of the drum and fife And lull'd them in my own.

"Sometimes I let a sunbeam slip, To light her shaded eye; A second flutter'd round her lip Like a golden butterfly;

"A third would glimmer on her neck To make the necklace shine; Another slid, a sunny fleck, From head to ankle fine,

"Then close and dark my arms I spread, And shadow'd all her rest — Dropt dews upon her golden head,

"But in a pet she started up, And pluck'd it out, and drew My little oakling from the cup, And flung him in the dew.

An acorn in her breast.

"And yet it was a graceful gift-I felt a pang within As when I see the woodman lift His axe to slay my kin.

"I shook him down because he was The finest on the tree. He lies beside thee on the grass. O kiss him once for me.

"O kiss him twice and thrice for me That have no lips to kiss, For never yet was oak on lea

Shall grow so fair as this."

Step deeper yet in herb and fern, Look further thro' the chace, Spread upward till thy boughs discern The front of Sumner-place.

This fruit of thine by Love is blest,
That but a moment lay
Where fairer fruit of Love may rest
Some happy future day.

I kiss it twice, I kiss it thrice,
The warmth it thence shall win
To riper life may magnetize
The baby-oak within.

But thou, while kingdoms overset, Or lapse from hand to hand, Thy leaf shall never fail, nor yet Thine acorn in the land.

May never saw dismember thee, Nor wielded axe disjoint, That art the fairest-spoken tree From here to Lizard-point.

O rock upon thy towery-top All throats that gurgle sweet! All starry culmination drop Balm-dews to bathe thy feet!

All grass of silky feather grow—
And while he sinks or swells
The full south-breeze around thee
blow

The sound of minster bells.

The fat earth feed thy branchy root,
That under deeply strikes!
The northern morning o'er thee shoot,
High up, in silver spikes!

Nor ever lightning char thy grain, But, rolling as in sleep, Low thunders bring the mellow rain, That makes thee broad and deep!

And hear me swear a solemn oath,
That only by thy side
Will I to Olive plight my troth,
And gain her for my bride.

And when my marriage morn may fall, She, Dryad-like, shall wear

Alternate leaf and acorn-ball In wreath about her hair.

And I will work in prose and rhyme, And praise thee more in both Than bard has honor'd beech or lime, Or that Thessalian growth,

In which the swarthy ringdove sat, And mystic sentence spoke; And more than England honors that, Thy famous brother-oak,

Wherein the younger Charles abode Till all the paths were dim, And far below the Roundhead rode, And humm'd a surly hymn.

#### LOVE AND DUTY.

Or love that never found his earthly close,

What sequel? Streaming eyes and breaking hearts?

Or all the same as if he had not been?

Not so. Shall Error in the round
of time

Still father Truth? O shall the braggart shout

For some blind glimpse of freedom work itself

Thro' madness, hated by the wise, to law

System and empire? Sin itself be found

The cloudy porch oft opening on the Sun?
And only he, this wonder, dead, be-

come
More highway dust ? on real hand

Mere highway dust? or year by year alone Sit brooding in the ruins of a life,

Nightmare of youth, the spectre of himself?

If this were thus, if this, indeed, were all,

Better the narrow brain, the stony heart,

The staring eye glazed o'er with sap-

less days,

The long mechanic pacings to and fro, The set gray life, and apathetic end. But am I not the nobler thro' thy love?

O three times less unworthy! likewise

Art more thro' Love, and greater than thy years

The Sun will run his orbit, and the

Her circle. Wait, and Love himself will bring

The drooping flower of knowledge

changed to fruit
Of wisdom. Wait: my faith is large

in Time,
And that which shapes it to some perfect end.

Will some one say, Then why not ill

for good?
Why took ye not your pastime? To that man

My work shall answer, since I knew the right

And did it; for a man is not as God, But then most Godlike being most a man.

—So let me think 'tis well for thee and me—

Ill-fated that I am, what lot is mine
Whose foresight preaches peace, my
heart so slow

To feel it! For how hard it seem'd to

When eyes, love-languid thro' half tears would dwell

One earnest, earnest mcment upon mine,

Then not to dare to see! when thy low voice,

Faltering, would break its syllables, to keep

My own full-tuned, — hold passion in a leash,

And not leap forth and fall about thy neck,

And on thy bosom (deep desired relief!)

Rain out the heavy mist of tears, that weigh'd

Upon my brain, my senses and my soul!
For Love himself took part against

himself
To warn us off, and Duty loved of

Love —
O this world's curse, — beloved but
hated — came

Like Death betwixt thy dear embrace and mine,

And crying, "Who is this? behold thy bride,"

She push'd me from thee.

If the sense is hard
To alien ears, I did not speak to these—
No, not to thee, but to thyself in me:
Hard is my doom and thine: thou
knowest it all.

Could Love part thus? was it not well to speak,

To have spoken once? It could not but be well.

The slow sweet hours that bring us all things good,

The slow sad hours that bring us all things ill,

And all good things from evil, brought the night

In which we sat together and alone, And to the want, that hollow'd all the heart, Gave utterance by the yearning of an

eye, That burn'd upon its object thro' such

tears
As flow but once a life.

The trance gave way
To those caresses, when a hundred
times

In that last kiss, which never was the last, Farewell, like endless welcome, lived

and died.

Then follow'd counsel, comfort, and the words

That make a man feel strong in speaking truth;

ing truth; Till now the dark was worn, and over-

head
The lights of sunset and of sunrise
mix'd

In that brief night; the summer night, that paused

Among her stars to hear us; stars that hung

Love-charm'd to listen: all the wheels of Time

Spun round in station, but the end

had come.
O then like those, who clench their

nerves to rush

Upon their dissolution, we two rose, There—closing like an individual life—

In one blind cry of passion and of

pain,

Like bitter accusation ev'n to death, Caught up the whole of love and utter'd it,

And bade adieu for ever.

Live — yet live — Shall sharpest pathos blight us, knowing all

Life needs for life is possible to will—

Live happy; tend thy flowers; be tended by

My blessing! Should my Shadow cross thy thoughts

Too sadly for their peace, remand it

For calmer hours to Memory's darkest hold,

If not to be forgotten — not at once —

Not all forgotten. Should it cross thy dreams,

O might it come like one that looks content,

With quiet eyes unfaithful to the truth,

And point thee forward to a distant light,

Or seem to lift a burthen from thy heart And leave thee freër, till thou wake

refresh'd

Then when the first low matin-chirp hath grown

Full quire, and morning driv'n her plow of pearl

Far furrowing into light the mounded rack,

Beyond the fair green field and eastern sea.

#### THE GOLDEN YEAR.

Well, you shall have that song which Leonard wrote:

It was last summer on a tour in Wales:

Old James was with me: we that day
had been
Up Snowden: and I wish'd for Lean-

Up Snowdon; and I wish'd for Leonard there,

And found him in Llanberis: then we crost

Between the lakes, and clamber'd half
way up
The second and that are and the transfer of the second and the transfer of the second and the transfer of the second and the s

The counter side; and that same song of his

He told me; for I banter'd him, and swore

They said he lived shut up within himself,

A tongue-tied Poet in the feverous days,

That, setting the how much before the how,

Cry, like the daughters of the horseleech, "Give,

Cram us with all," but count not me the herd!

To which "They call me what they will," he said: "But I was born too late: the fair new

forms,
That float about the threshold of an

age, Like truths of Science waiting to be

caught—
Catch me who can, and make the

catcher crown'd—
Are taken by the forelock. Let it be.

But if you care indeed to listen,

These measured words, my work of yestermorn.

"We sleep and wake and sleep but

"We sleep and wake and sleep, but all things move;

The Sun flies forward to his brother Sun;

The dark Earth follows wheel'd in her ellipse;

And human things returning on themselves

Move onward, leading up the golden year.

"Ah, tho' the times, when some new thought can bud,

Are but as poets' seasons when they

Yet seas, that daily gain upon the

shore, Have ebb and flow conditioning their

march. And slow and sure comes up the

golden year. "When wealth no more shall rest in mounded heaps

But smit with freër light shall slowly

In many streams to fatten lower lands, And light shall spread, and man be liker man

Thro' all the season of the golden

"Shall eagles not be eagles? wrens be wrens?

If all the world were falcons, what of that?

The wonder of the eagle were the less, But he not less the eagle. Happy days Roll onward, leading up the golden

"Fly, happy happy sails, and bear

the Press;

Fly happy with the mission of the Cross:

Knit land to land, and blowing haven-

With silks, and fruits, and spices, clear of toll.

Enrich the markets of the golden year. "But we grow old. Ah! when shall all men's good

Be each man's rule, and universal Peace

Lie like a shaft of light across the land, And like a lane of beams athwart the

Thro' all the circle of the golden year?"

Thus far he flow'd, and ended; whereupon

"Ah, folly!" in mimic cadence answer'd James -

"Ah, folly! for it lies so far away, Not in our time, nor in our children's time.

'Tis like the second world to us that live:

'Twere all as one to fix our hopes on Heaven

As on this vision of the golden year." With that he struck his staff against the rocks

And broke it, - James, - you know him, - old, but full

Of force and choler, and firm upon his And like an oaken stock in winter

woods.

O'erflourish'd with the hoary clematis: Then added, all in heat:

"What stuff is this! Old writers push'd the happy season

back,-

The more fools they, - we forward: dreamers both:

You most, that in an age, when every hour

Must sweat her sixty minutes to the death,

Live on, God love us, as if the seedsman, rapt

Upon the teeming harvest, should not plunge

His hand into the bag: but well I know

That unto him who works, and feels he works,

This same grand year is ever at the doors."

He spoke; and, high above, I heard them blast

The steep slate-quarry, and the great echo flap

And buffet round the hills, from bluff to bluff.

#### ULYSSES.

It little profits that an idle king, By this still hearth, among these barren crags,

Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and

Unequal laws unto a savage race, That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and

know not me.

I cannot rest from travel: I will drink Life to the lees: all times I have en-

iov'd

Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those

That loved me, and alone; on shore,

and when

Thro's cudding drifts the rainy Hyades Vext the dim sea: I am become a name: For always roaming with a hungry heart

Much have I seen and known; cities

And manners, climates, councils, governments.

Myself not least, but honor'd of them all:

And drunk delight of battle with my peers,

Far on the ringing plains of windy

Troy.

I am a part of all that I have met; Yet all experience is an arch where-

Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades

For ever and for ever when I move. How dull it is to pause, to make an end, To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!

As tho' to breathe were life. Life

piled on life

Were all too little, and of one to me Little remains: but every hour is saved From that eternal silence, something more,

A bringer of new things; and vile it were

For some three suns to store and hoard myself. And this gray spirit yearning in desire

To follow knowledge like a sinking star,

Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus.

To whom I leave the sceptre and the

Vell-loved of me, discerning to fulfil this labor, by slow prudence to make mild

A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees Subdue them to the useful and the good.

Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere

Of common duties, decent not to fail In offices of tenderness, and pay

Meet adoration to my household gods, When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:

There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners.

Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me -

That ever with a frolic welcome took The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed

Free hearts, free foreheads - you and

I are old:

Old age hath yet his honor and his toil; Death closes all: but something ere the end.

Some work of noble note, may yet be done,

Not unbecoming men that strove with

The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:

The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep Moans round with many voices.

Come, my friends,

'Tis not too late to seek a newer world. Push off, and sitting well in order smite

The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds

To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths

Of all the western stars, until I die. It may be that the gulfs will wash us

down: It may be we shall touch the Happy

Isles.

And see the great Achilles, whom we

Tho' much is taken, much abides; and

We are not now that strength which in old days

Moved earth and heaven; that which

we are, we are;

One equal temper of heroic hearts. Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will

To strive, to seek, to find, and not to

vield.

#### TITHONUS.

THE woods decay, the woods decay and fall.

The vapors weep their burthen to the ground,

Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath.

And after many a summer dies the swan.

Me only cruel immortality

Consumes: I wither slowly in thine

Here at the quiet limit of the world, A white-hair'd shadow roaming like a

The ever-silent spaces of the East, Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of morn.

Alas! for this gray shadow, once a

So glorious in his beauty and thy choice,

Who madest him thy chosen, that he seem'd

To his great heart none other than a

I ask'd thee, "Give me immortality." Then didst thou grant mine asking with a smile,

Like wealthy men who care not how they give.

thy strong Hours indignant But work'd their wills.

And beat me down and marr'd and wasted me,

And tho' they could not end me, left me maim'd

To dwell in presence of immortal youth,

Immortal age beside immortal youth, And all I was, in ashes. Can thy love,

Thy beauty, make amends, tho' even

Close over us, the silver star, thy guide,

Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with tears

To hear me? Let me go: take back thy gift:

Why should a man desire in any way To vary from the kindly race of men, Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance Where all should pause, as is most meet for all?

A soft air fans the cloud apart: there comes

A glimpse of that dark world where I was born.

Once more the old mysterious glimmer steals

From thy pure brows, and from thy shoulders pure, And bosom beating with a heart re-

new'd. Thy cheek begins to redden thro' the

gloom, Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close

to mine, Ere yet they blind the stars, and the

wild team Which love thee, yearning for thy

voke, arise, And shake the darkness from their

loosen'd manes, And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.

Lo! ever thus thou growest beauti-

In silence, then before thine answer

Departest, and thy tears are on my cheek.

Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tears, And make me tremble lest a saying

In days far-off, on that dark earth, be

"The Gods themselves cannot recal their gifts "

Ay me! ay me! with what another heart

In days far-off, and with what other eyes

I used to watch—if I be he that watch'd—

The lucid outline forming round thee;

The dim curls kindle into sunny rings; Changed with thy mystic change, and felt my blood

Glow with the glow that slowly crimson'd all

Thy presence and thy portals, while I lay,

Mouth, forehead, eyelids, growing dewy-warm

With kisses balmier than half-opening buds

Of April, and could hear the lips that

Whispering I knew not what of wild and sweet,

Like that strange song I heard Apollo sing,

While Ilion like a mist rose into towers.

Yet hold me not for ever in thine East:

How can my nature longer mix with thine?

Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold

Are all thy lights, and cold my

wrinkled feet
Upon thy glimmering thresholds,

Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam

Floats up from those dim fields about the homes

Of happy men that have the power to die, And grassy barrows of the happier

dead.

Release me, and restore me to the

Release me, and restore me to the ground;

Thou seëst all things, thou wilt see my

grave:

Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by moin;
I earth in earth forget these empty

courts,
And thee returning on thy silver
wheels.

### LOCKSLEY HALL.

COMPADES, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early morn: Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the bugle-horn.

'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews call, Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locksley Hall;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy tracts, And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest, Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow shade, Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.

Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a youth sublime With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of Time;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed; When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed; When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see; Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be.—

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast; In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;

In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove; In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so young. And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung.

And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth to me, Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee."

On her pallid check and forehead came a color and a light, As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern night.

And she turn'd—her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of sighs—All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes—

Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me wrong"; Saying, "Dost thou love me, cousin?" weeping, "I have loved thee long.

Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it in his glowing hands; Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might; Smote the chord of Self that, rembling, pass'd in music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses ring, And her whisper throng'd my pulses with the fulness of the Spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships, And our spirits rush'd together at the touching of the lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my Amy, mine no more! O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren, barren shore!

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs have sung, Puppet to a rather's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy? — having known me — to decline On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine!

Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level day by day, What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is: thou art mated with a clown, And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force, Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy: think not they are glazed with wine. Go to him: it is thy duty: kiss him: take his hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is overwrought: Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with thy lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to understand — Better thou wert dead before me, tho' I slew thee with my hand!

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's disgrace, Roll'd in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth!

Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth!

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest Nature's rule! Cursed be the gold that gilds the straiten'd forehead of the fool!

Well—'tis well that I should bluster!—Hadst thou less unworthy proved—
Would to God—for I had loved thee more than ever wife was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears but bitter fruit? I will pluck it from my bosom, tho' my heart be at the root.

Never, tho' my mortal summers to such length of years should come As the many-winter'd crow that leads the clanging rookery home.

Where is comfort? in division of the records of the mind? Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I knew her, kind?

I remember one that perish'd: sweetly did she speak and move: Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore? No — she never loved me truly: love is love for evermore.

Comfort? comfort scorn'd of devils! this is truth the poet sings, That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart be put to proof, In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou art staring at the wall, Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his drunken sleep, To thy widow'd marriage-pillows, to the tears that thou wilt weep. Thou shalt hear the "Never, never," whisper'd by the phantom years, And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears;

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on thy pain. Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow: get thee to thy rest again.

Nay, but Nature brings thee solace; for a tender voice will cry. 'Tis a purer life than thine; a lip to drain thy trouble dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down: my latest rival brings thee rest. Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast.

O, the child too clothes the father with a dearness not his due. Half is thine and half is his: it will be worthy of the two.

O, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part, With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart.

"They were dangerous guides the feelings—she herself was not exempt—
Truly, she herself had suffer'd"—Perish in thy self-contempt!

Overlive it—lower yet—be happy! wherefore should I care? I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these? Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to golden keys.

Every gate is throng'd with suitors, all the markets overflow. I have but an angry fancy: what is that which I should do?

I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman's ground, When the ranks are roll'd in vapor, and the winds are laid with sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honor feels, And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels.

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that earlier page. Hide me from thy deep emotion, O thou wondrous Mother-Age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife, When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life;

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield, Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,

And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn, Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn;

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then, Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men: Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new: That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do:

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see, Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails, Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm, With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe, And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

So I triumph'd ere my passion sweeping thro' me left me dry, Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with the jaundiced eye;

Eye. to which all order festers, all things here are out of joint: Science moves, but slowly slowly, creeping on from point to point:

Slowly cornes a hungry people, as a lion creeping nigher, Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-dying fire.

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs, And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful joys, Tho' the deep heart of existence beat for ever like a boy's?

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the shore, And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden breast, Full of sad, experience, moving toward the stillness of his rest.

Hark, my merry comrades call me, sounding on the bugle-horn, They to whom my foolish passion were a target for their scorn:

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a moulder'd string? I am shamed thro' all my nature to have loved so slight a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness! woman's pleasure, woman's pain—Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a shallower brain:

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, match'd with mine, Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine—

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing. Ah, for some retreat Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began to beat;

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father evil-starr'd;—I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's ward.

Or to burst all links of habit—there to wander far away,
On from island unto island at the gateways of the day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies, Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag, Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the trailer from the crag;

Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree—Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind, In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind.

There the passions cramp'd no longer shall have scope and breathing space:

I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.

Iron jointed, supple-sinew'd, they shall dive, and they shall run, Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun;

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks. Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books—

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I know my words are wild, But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains, Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains!

Mated with a squalid savage — what to me were sun or clime? I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time —

I that rather held it better men should perish one by one, Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon in Ajalon!

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range, Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.

Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day: Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay. Mother-Age (for mine I knew not) help me as when life begun: Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the Sun.

O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set. Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all my fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall! Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the roof tree fall.

Comes a vapor from the margin, blackening over heath and holt, Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or fire or snow; For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go.

## GODIVA.

I waited for the train at Coventry; I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,

To watch the three tall spires; and there

I shaped

The city's ancient legend into this: -Not only we, the latest seed of Time, Vew men, that in the flying of a wheel ry down the past, not only we, that prate

of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,

and loathed to see them over-tax'd; but she

did more, and underwent, and overcame.

he woman of a thousand summers back.

odiva, wife to that grim Earl, who

Coventry: for when he laid a tax pon his town, and all the mothers brought

neir children, clamoring, "If we pay, we starve!"

e sought her lord, and found him, where he strode

out the hall, among his dogs, alone, s beard a foot before him, and his hair

yard behind. She told him of their tears,

And pray'd him, "If they pay this tax, they starve."

Whereat he stared, replying, halfamazed,

"You would not let your little finger ache

For such as these?" - "But I would die," said she.

He laugh'd, and swore by Peter and by Paul:

Then fillip'd at the diamond in her

"Oh ay, ay, ay, you talk!"—"Alas!" she said,

"But prove me what it is I would not do."

And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand, He answer'd, "Ride you naked thro'

the town, And I repeal it"; and nodding, as in scorn,

He parted, with great strides among his dogs.

So left alone, the passions of her mind,

As winds from all the compass shift and blow.

Made war upon each other for an hour. Till pity won. She sent a herald forth, And bade him cry, with sound of

trumpet, all The hard condition; but that she would loose

The people: therefore, as they loved her well;

From then till noon no foot should pace the street,

No eye look down, she passing; but that all

Should keep within, door shut, and window barr'd.

Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there

Unclasp'd the wedded eagles of her belt,

The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath

She linger'd, looking like a summer moon

Half-dipt in cloud: anon she shook her head, And shower'd the rippled ringlets to

And shower'd the her knee:

Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair

Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid

From pillar unto pillar, until she reach'd The gateway; there she found her

palfrey trapt
In purple blazon'd with armorial

Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity:

The deep air listen'd round her as she rode,

And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.

The little wide-mouth'd heads upon the spout

Had cunning eyes to see: the barking

Made her cheek flame: her palfrey's footfall shot

Like horrors thro' her pulses: the blind walls

Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead

Fantastic gables, crowding, stared:
but she

Not less thro' all bore up, till, last, she

The white-flower'd elder-thicket from the field

Gleam thro' the Gothic archway in the wall.

Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity:

And one low churl, compact of thank less earth,

The fatal byword of all years to come Boring a little auger-hole in fear,

Peep'd — but his eyes, before they had their will,

Were shrivell'd into darkness in hi head, And dropt before him. So the Powers

who wait
On noble deeds, cancell'd a sense mis

used; And she, that knew not, pass'd: an

all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound
the shameless noon

Was clash'd and hammer'd from hundred towers,

One after one: but even then she gain'd

Her bower; whence reissuing, robe

and crown'd,

To meet her lord, she took the ta

away
And built herself an everlasting nam

# THE DAY-DREAM.

PROLOGUE.

O LADY FLORA, let me speak:
A pleasant hour has passed away
While, dreaming on your dama
cheek.

The dewy sister-eyelids lay. As by the lattice you reclined,

I went thro' many wayward mood To see you dreaming — and, behind A summer crisp with shining woo

And I too dream'd, until at last

Across my fancy, brooding warm The reflex of a legend past,

And loosely settled into form.

And would you have the though had,
And see the vision that I saw,

And see the vision that I saw, Then take the broidery-frame, and a A crimson to the quaint Macaw, And I will tell it. Turn your face,

Nor look with that too-earnest
eye—

The rhymes are dazzled from their place,

And order'd words asunder fly.

# THE SLEEPING PALACE.

The varying year with blade and sheaf Clothes and reclothes the happy plains,

Here rests the sap within the leaf, Here stays the blood along the veins. Paint shadows, vapors lightly curl'd,

Faint murmurs from the meadows come,

To spirits folded in the womb

II.

oft lustre bathes the range of urns
On every slanting terrace-lawn.
The fountain to his place returns
Deep in the garden lake withdrawn.
The droops the banner on the tower,
On the hall-hearths the festal fires,
the peacock in his laurel bower,
The parrot in his gilded wires.

### III.

oof-haunting martins warm their eggs:

In these, in those the life is stay'd. ie mantles from the golden pegs Droop sleepily: no sound is made, of even of a gnat that sings.

More like a picture seemeth all an those old portraits of old kings, That watch the sleepers from the wall.

IV.

re sits the Butler with a flask Between his knees, half-drain'd; and there

there
e wrinkled steward at his task,
Che maid-of-honor blooming fair;
page has caught her hand in his:
Ier lips are sever'd as to speak:

His own are pouted to a kiss:

The blush is fix'd upon her cheek.

ν.

Till all the hundred summers pass,
The beams, that thro' the Oriel shine,
Make prisms in every carven glass,
And beaker brimm'd with noble
wine.

Each baron at the banquet sleeps, Grave faces gather'd in a ring.

His state the king reposing keeps.

He must have been a jovial king.

### VI.

All round a hedge upshoots, and shows
At distance like a little wood;

Thorns, ivies, woodbine, mistletoes,
And grapes with bunches red as
blood:

All creeping plants, a wall of green Close-matted, burr and brake and brier.

And glimpsing over these, just seen, High up, the topmost palace spire.

### VII

When will the hundred summers die, And thought and time be born again,

And newer knowledge, drawing nigh, Bring truth that sways the soul of men?

Here all things in their place remain, As all were order'd, ages since.

Come, Care and Pleasure, Hope and Pain,

And bring the fated fairy Prince.

# THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

ĩ.

YEAR after year unto her feet, She lying on her couch alone,

Across the purple coverlet,

The maiden's jet-black hair has
grown.

On either side her tranced form

Forth streaming from a braid of

Forth streaming from a braid of pearl:

The slumbrous light is rich and warm,

And moves not on the rounded curl

II.

The silk star-broider'd coverlid Unto her limbs itself doth mould Languidly ever; and, amid Her full black ringlets downward

roll'd,

Glows forth each softly-shadow'd arm With bracelets of the diamond bright:

Her constant beauty doth inform Stillness with love, and day with light.

### III.

She sleeps: her breathings are not heard

In palace chambers far apart. The fragrant tresses are not stirr'd That lie upon her charmed heart.

She sleeps: on either hand upswells The gold-fringed pillow lightly

She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells A perfect form in perfect rest.

# THE ARRIVAL.

ALL precious things, discover'd late, To those that seek them issue forth; For love in sequel works with fate, And draws the veil from hidden worth.

He travels far from other skies -His mantle glitters on the rocks-A fairy Prince, with joyful eyes, And lighter-footed than the fox.

11.

The bodies and the bones of those That strove in other days to pass, Are wither'd in the thorny close,

Or scatter'd blanching on the grass. He gazes on the silent dead:

"They perish'd in their daring deeds."

This proverb flashes thro' his head, "The many fail: the one succeeds." III.

He comes, scarce knowing what he seeks:

He breaks the hedge: he enters there:

The color flies into his cheeks:

He trusts to light on something fair; For all his life the charm did talk

About his path, and hover near With words of promise in his walk, And whisper'd voices at his ear.

More close and close his footsteps wind:

The Magic Music in his heart Beats quick and quicker, till he find The quiet chamber far apart.

The spirit flutters like a lark,

He stoops - to kiss her - on his knee.

"Love, if thy tresses be so dark, How dark those hidden eyes must be!"

# THE REVIVAL.

A TOUCH, a kiss! the charm was snapt There rose a noise of striking clocks And feet that ran, and doors that clapt And barking dogs, and crowing

cocks;

A fuller light illumined all,

A breeze thro' all the garden swept A sudden hubbub shook the hall, And sixty feet the fountain leapt.

The hedge broke in, the banner blew The butler drank, the stewar scrawl'd,

The fire shot up, the martin flew, The parrot scream'd, the peacoc

squall'd,

The maid and page renew'd their strife The palace bang'd, and buzz'd an clackt,

And all the long-pent stream of life Dash'd downward in a cataract.

III.

And last with these the king awoke, And in his chair himself uprear'd, And yawn'd, and rubb'd his face, and spoke,

"By holy rood, a royal beard! How say you? we have slept, my lords. My beard has grown into my lap."

The barons swore, with many words, 'Twas but an after-dinner's nap.

IV

Pardy," return'd the king, "but still My joints are somewhat stiff or so. My lord, and shall we pass the bill I mention'd half an hour ago?" The chancellor, sedate and vain,

In courteous words return'd reply:
But dallied with his golden chain,
And, smiling, put the question by.

# THE DEPARTURE.

1

And round her waist she felt it fold, and far across the hills they went. In that new world which is the old: cross the hills, and far away. Beyond this utmost purple rim, and deep into the dying day. The happy princess follow'd him.

TT

It describes another hundred years, O love, for such another kiss;" O wake for ever, love," she hears, "O love, 'twas such as this and this." and o'er them many a sliding star, And many a merry wind was borne, and, stream'd thro' many a golden bar, The twilight melted into morn.

III.

eyes long laid in happy sleep!"
"O happy sleep, that lightly fled!"
happy kiss, that woke thy sleep!"
"O love, thy kiss would wake the dead!"

d o'er them many a flowing range

Of vapor buoy'd the crescent-bark, And, rapt thro' many a rosy change The twilight died into the dark.

IV.

"A hundred summers! can it be?
And whither goest thou, tell me
where?"

"O seek my father's court with me, For there are greater wonders

there."

And o'er the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, across the day,
Thro'all the world she follow'd him.

### MORAL.

.

So, Lady Flora, take my.lay,
And if you find no moral there,
Go, look in any glass and say,
What moral is in being fair.

Oh, to what uses chall we put
The wildweed flower that simply
blows?

And is there any moral shut
Within the bosom of the rose?

II.

But any man that walks the mead,
In bud or blade, or bloom, may find,
According as his humors lead,
A meaning suited to his mind.
And liberal applications lie
In Art like Nature, dearest friend;
So 'twere to cramp its use, if I
Should hook it to some useful end.

# L'ENVOI.

I.

You shake your head. A random string

Your finer female sense offends.
Well — were it not a pleasant thing
To fall asleep with all one's friends;

To pass with all our social ties
To silence from the paths of men;
And every hundred years to rise

And learn the world, and sleep again;

To sleep thro' terms of mighty wars, And wake on science grown to more, On secrets of the brain, the stars,

As wild as aught of fairy lore; And all that else the years will show, The Poet-forms of stronger hours, The vast Republics that may grow,

The Federations and the Powers; Titanic forces taking birth

In divers seasons, divers climes; For we are Ancients of the earth, And in the morning of the times.

So sleeping, so aroused from sleep Thro' sunny decades new and strange, Or gay quinquenniads would we reap The flower and quintessence of change.

III.

Ah, yet would I - and would I might! So much your eyes my fancy take -Be still the first to leap to light That I might kiss those eyes awake! For, am I right, or am I wrong,

To choose your own you did not

care;

You'd have my moral from the song, And I will take my pleasure there: And, am I right or am I wrong,

My fancy, ranging thro' and thro', To search a meaning for the song, Perforce will still revert to you;

Nor finds a closer truth than this All-graceful head, so richly curl'd, And evermore a costly kiss

The prelude to some brighter world.

For since the time when Adam first Embraced his Eve in happy hour, And every bird of Eden burst In carol, every bud to flower, What eyes, like thine, have waken'd hopes,

What lips, like thine, so sweetly

join'd?

Where on the double rosebud droops The fulness of the pensive mind;

Which all too dearly self-involved, Yet sleeps a dreamless sleep to me A sleep by kisses undissolved,

That lets thee neither hear nor see But break it. In the name of wife, And in the rights that name may give.

Are clasp'd the moral of thy life, And that for which I care to live.

# EPILOGUE.

So, Lady Flora, take my lay, And, if you find a meaning there, O whisper to your glass, and say, "What wonder, if he thinks n fair?"

What wonder I was all unwise, To shape the song for your delightike long-tail'd birds of Paradise That float thro' Heaven, and cann light?

Or old-world trains, upheld at court By Cupid-boys of blooming hue-But take it - earnest wed with spor And either sacred unto you.

# AMPHION.

My father left a park to me, But it is wild and barren, A garden too with scarce a tree, And waster than a warren: Yet say the neighbors when they ca It is not bad but good land, And in it is the germ of all That grows within the woodland.

O had I lived when song was great In days of old Amphion, And ta'en my fiddle to the gate, Nor cared for seed or scion! And had I lived when song was gre

And legs of trees were limber, And ta'en my fiddle to the gate, And fiddled in the timber!

Tis said he had a tuneful tongue, Such happy intonation, Wherever he sat down and sung He left a small plantation;

Wherever in a lonely grove
He set up his forlorn pipes,
The gouty oak began to move,
And flounder into hornpipes.

The mountain stirr'd its bushy crown,
And, as tradition teaches,
Young ashes pirouetted down
Coquetting with young beeches;
And briony-vine and ivy-wreath
Ran forward to his rhyming,
And from the valleys underneath

The linden broke her ranks and rent

Came little copses climbing.

The woodbine wreaths that bind her,
And down the middle, buzz! she went
With all her bees behind her:
The poplars, in long order due,
With cypress promenaded,
The shock-head willows two and two

By rivers gallopaded.

Came wet-shod alder from the wave, Came yews, a dismal coterie; Each pluck'd his one foot from the

grave,

Poussetting with a sloe-tree:
Old elms came breaking from the vine,
The vine stream'd out to follow,
And, sweating rosin, plump'd the pine
From many a cloudy hollow.

Ind wasn't it a sight to see,
When, ere his song was ended,
ike some great landslip, tree by tree,
The country-side descended;
Ind shepherds from the mountain-

eaves
Look'd down, half-pleased, halffrighten'd,

s dash'd about the drunken leaves. The random sunshine lighten'd!

h, nature first was fresh to men,
And wanton without measure;
) youthful and so flexile then,
You moved her at your pleasure.
wang out, my fiddle! shake the
twigs!

And make her dance attendance; Blow, flute, and stir the stiff-set sprigs, And scirrhous roots and tendons

"Tis vain! in such a brassy age
I could not move a thistle;
The very sparrows in the hedge
Scarce answer to my whistle;
Or at the most, when three-parts-sick
With strumming and with scraping,
A jackass heehaws from the rick,
The passive oxen gaping.

But what is that I hear? a sound
Like sleepy counsel pleading;
O Lord!—'tis in my neighbor's ground,
The modern Muses reading.
They read Botanic Treatises,
And Works on Gardening thro'
there,

And Methods of transplanting trees
To look as if they grew there.

The wither'd Misses! how they prose O'er books of travell'd seamen, And show you slips of all that grows From England to Van Diemen. They read in arbors clipt and cut, And alleys, faded places,

By squares of tropic summer shut And warm'd in crystal cases.

But these, tho' fed with careful dirt,
Are neither green nor sappy;
Half-conscious of the garden-squirt,
The spindlings look unhappy.
Better to me the meanest weed
That blows upon its mountain,
The vilest herb that runs to seed
Beside its native fountain.

And I must work thro' months of toil
And years of cultivation,
Upon my proper patch of soil
To grow my own plantation.
I'll take the showers as they fall,
I will not vex my bosom:
Enough if at the end of all
A little garden blossom.

### ST. AGNES' EVE.

DEEP on the convent-roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon:
My breath to heaven like vapor goes:
May my soul follow soon!

The shadows of the convent-towers Slant down the snowy sward, Still creeping with the creeping hours

That lead me to my Lord:
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear

As are the frosty skies, Or this first snowdrop of the year That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soil'd and dark,

To yonder shining ground; As this pale taper's earthly spark, To yonder argent round; So shows my soul before the Lamb,

My spirit before Thee; So in mine earthly house I am,

To that I hope to be.

Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far, Thro' all yon starlight keen,

Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star, In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors;
The flashes come and go;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,

And strows her lights below, And deepens on and up! the gates Roll back, and far within

For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,

To make me pure of sin.

The sabbaths of Eternity,
One sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea—
The Bridegroom with his bride!

# SIR GALAHAD.

My good blade carves the casques of men.

My tough lance thrusteth sure, My strength is as the strength of ten, Because my heart is pure.

The shattering trumpet shrilleth high, The hard brands shiver on the steel, The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,

The horse and rider reel:

They reel, they roll in clanging lists, And when the tide of combat stands, Perfume and flowers fall in showers, That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend On whom their favors fall! For them I battle till the end.

To save from shame and thrall: But all my heart is drawn above, My knees are bow'd in crypt and

shrine:
I never felt the kiss of love,

Nor maiden's hand in mine.

More bounteous aspects on me beam,

Me mightier transports move and

thrill:

So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes, A light before me swims,

Between dark stems the forest glows, I hear a noise of hymns:

Then by some secret shrine I ride;
I hear a voice but none are there;

The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.

Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,

The shrill bell rings, the censer swings, And solemn chants resound between

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres I find a magic bark; I leap on board: no helmsman steers

I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!

Three angels bear the holy Grail: With folded feet, in stoles of white, On sleeping wings they sail.

Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne Thro' dreaming towns I go. The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,

The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, springs from brand
and mail;

But o'er the dark a glory spreads, And gilds the driving hail.

I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in additional to the shelter of th

But blessed forms in whistling storms Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given Such hope, I know not fear; I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven That often meet me here.

I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,

Pure lilies of eternal peace,

Whose odors haunt my dreams; And, stricken by an angel's hand, This mortal armor that I wear,

This weight and size, this heart and eyes,

Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And thro' the mountain-walls
A rolling organ-harmony

Swells up, and shakes and falls.

Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:

"O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is near."

So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;

By bridge and ford, by park and pale,

All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide, Until I find the holy Grail.

# EDWARD GRAY.

SWEET Emma Moreland of yonder town

Met me walking on yonder way,
And have you lost your heart?"
she said;

"And are you married yet, Edward Gray?" Sweet Emma Moreland spoke to me:
Bitterly weeping I turn'd away:
"Sweet Emma Moreland spoke to me:

"Sweet Emma Moreland, love no more

Can touch the heart of Edward Gray.

"Ellen Adair she loved me well,
Against her father's and mother's
will:

To-day I sat for an hour and wept, By Ellen's grave, on the windy hill

"Shy she was, and I thought her cold; Thought her proud, and fled over the sea;

Fill'd I was with folly and spite, When Ellen Adair was dying for

me.

"Cruel, cruel the words I said!
Cruelly came they back to-day:
'You're too slight and fickle,' I said,
'To trouble the heart of Edward
Gray.'

"There I put my face in the grass— Whisper'd, 'Listen to my despair: I repent me of all I did: Speak a little, Ellen Adair!'

"Then I took a pencil, and wrote
On the mossy stone, as I lay,
'Here lies the body of Ellen Adair;
And here the heart of Edward
Gray!'

"Love may come, and love may go,
And fly, like a bird, from tree to
tree;

But I will love no more, no more, Till Ellen Adair come back to me

"Bitterly wept I over the stone:
Bitterly weeping I turn'd away:
There lies the body of Ellen Adair!
And there the heart of Edward
Gray!"

# WILL WATERPROOF'S LYRICAL MONOLOGUE.

MADE AT THE COCK.

O PLUMP head-waiter at The Cock,
To which I most resort,

How goes the time? 'Tis five o'clock.
Go fetch a pint of port:
But let it not be such as that

You set before chance-comers, But such whose father-grape grew fat On Lusitanian summers.

No vain libation to the Muse, But may she still be kind, And whisper lovely words, and use Her influence on the mind, To make me write my random rhymes, Ere they be half-forgotten; Nor add and alter, many times, Till all be ripe and rotten.

I pledge her, and she comes and dips Her laurel in the wine, And lays it thrice upon my lips, These favor'd lips of mine; Until the charm have power to make New lifeblood warm the bosom, And barren commonplaces break In full and kindly blossom.

I pledge her silent at the board;
Her gradual fingers steal
And touch upon the master-chord
Of all I felt and feel.
Old wishes, ghosts of broken plans,
And phantom hopes assemble;
And that child's heart within the man's
Begins to move and tremble.

Thro' many an hour of summer suns, By many pleasant ways, Against its fountain upward runs The current of my days: I kiss the lips I once have kiss'd; The gas-light wavers dimmer; And softly, thro' a vinous mist, My college friendships glimmer.

I grow in worth, and wit, and sense, Unboding critic-pen, Or that eternal want of pence, Which vexes public men,
Who hold their hands to all, and cry
For that which all deny them —
Who sweep the crossings, wet or dry,
And all the world go by them.

Ah yet, tho' all the world forsake,
Tho' fortune clip my wings,
I will not cramp my heart, nor take
Half-views of men and things.
Let Whig and Tory stir their blood;
There must be stormy weather;
But for some true result of good
All parties work together.

Let there be thistles, there are grapes;
If old things, there are new;
Ten thousand broken lights and
shapes,

Yet glimpses of the true.
Let raffs be rife in prose and rhyme,
We lack not rhymes and reasons,
As on this whirligig of Time
We circle with the seasons.

This earth is rich in man and maid;
With fair horizons bound:
This whole wide earth of light and shade

Comes out a perfect round. High over roaring Temple-bar, And set in Heaven's third story, I look at all things as they are, But thro' a kind of glory.

Head-waiter, honor'd by the guest Half-mused, or reeling ripe, The pint, you brought me, was the best That ever came from pipe. But tho' the port surpasses praise, My nerves have dealt with stiffer. Is there some magic in the place?

For since I came to live and learn,
No pint of white or red
Had ever half the power to turn
This wheel within my head,
Which bears a season'd brain about,
Unsubject to confusion,

Or do my peptics differ?

The soak'd and saturate, out and out.
Thro' every convolution.

For I am of a numerous house,
With many kinsmen gay,
Where long and largely we carouse
As who shall say me nay:
Each month, a birth-day coming on,
We drink defying trouble,
Or sometimes two would meet in one,

And then we drank it double:

Whether the vintage, yet unkept,
Had relish fiery-new,
Or elbow-deep in sawdust, slept,
As old as Waterloo;
Or stow'd, when classic Canning died,
In musty bins and chambers,
Had cast upon its crusty side
The gloom of ten Decembers.

The Muse, the jolly Muse, it is!
She answer'd to my call,
She changes with that mood or this,
Is all-in-all to all:
She lit the spark within my throat,
To make my blood run quicker,
Used all her fiery will, and smote
Her life into the liquor.

And hence this halo lives about
The waiter's hands, that reach
To each his perfect pint of stout,
His proper chop to each.
He looks not like the common breed
That with the napkin dally;
I think he came like Ganymede,
From some delightful valley.

The Cock was of a larger egg
Than modern poultry drop,
Stept forward on a firmer leg,
And cramm'd a plumper crop;
Upon an ampler dunghill trod,
Crow'd lustier late and early,
Sipt wine from silver, praising God,
And raked in golden barley.

A private life was all his joy,
'Iill in a court he saw
A something-pottle-bodied boy
That knuckled at the taw:
He stoop'd and clutch'd him, fair and
good,

Flew over roof and casement: His brothers of the weather stood Stock-still for sheer amazement.

But he, by farmstead, thorpe and spire,
And follow'd with acclaims,
A sign to many a staring shire
Came crowing over Thames.
Right down by smoky Paul's they bore,
Till, where the street grows straiter,
One fix'd for ever at the door,
And one became head-waiter.

But whither would my fancy go?

How out of place she makes
The violet of a legend blow

Among the chops and steaks!

Tis but a steward of the can,

One shade more plump than common:

As any born of woman.

I ranged too high: what draws me

As just and mere a serving-man

down
Into the common day?
Is it the weight of that half-crown,
Which I shall have to pay?
For, something duller than at first,
Nor wholly comfortable,
I sit, my empty glass reversed,
And thrumming on the table:

Half fearful that, with self at strife, I take myself to task;
Lest of the fulness of my life I leave an empty flask:
For I had hope, by something rare To prove myself a poet:
But, while I plan and plan, my hair Is gray before I know it.

So fares it since the years began,
Till they be gather'd up;
The truth, that flies the flowing can,
Will haunt the vacant cup:
And others' follies teach us not,
Nor much their wisdom teaches;
And most, of sterling worth, is what
Our own experience preaches.

Ah, let the rusty theme alone! We know not what we know.

But for my pleasant hour, 'tis gone; 'Tis gone, and let it go. 'Tis gone: a thousand such have slipt

Away from my embraces, And fall'n into the dusty crypt Of darken'd forms and faces.

Go, therefore, thou! thy betters went Long since, and came no more; With peals of genial clamor sent From many a tavern-door, With twisted quirks and happy hits, From misty men of letters; The tavern-hours of mighty wits -

Thine elders and thy betters.

Hours, when the Poet's words and looks Had yet their native glow: Nor yet the fear of little books

Had made him talk for show; But, all his vast heart sherris-warm'd, He flash'd his random speeches, Ere days, that deal in ana, swarm'd

His literary leeches.

So mix for ever with the past, Like all good things on earth! For should I prize thee, couldst thou

At half thy real worth?

I hold it good, good things should

With time I will not quarrel: It is but yonder empty glass That makes me maudlin-moral.

Head-waiter of the chop-house here, To which I most resort, I too must part: I hold thee dear For this good pint of port. For this, thou shalt from all things suck

Marrow of mirth and laughter; And wheresoe'er thou move, good luck Shall fling her old shoe after.

But thou wilt never move from hence, The sphere thy fate allots: Thy latter days increased with pence

Go down among the pots: Thou battenest by the greasy gleam In haunts of hungry sinners, Old boxes, larded with the steam Of thirty thousand dinners.

We fret, we fume, would shift our skins. Would quarrel with our lot; Thy care is, under polish'd tins.

To serve the hot-and-hot; To come and go, and come again, Returning like the pewit,

And watch'd by silent gentlemen, That trifle with the cruet.

Live long, ere from thy topmost head The thick-set hazel dies;

Long, ere the hateful crow shall tread The corners of thine eyes:

Live long, nor feel in head or chest Our changeful equinoxes,

Till mellow Death, like some late guest. Shall call thee from the boxes.

But when he calls, and thou shalt cease

To pace the gritted floor, And, laying down an unctuous lease

Of life, shalt earn no more; No carved cross-bones, the types of Death.

Shall show thee past to Heaven: But carved cross-pipes, and, underneath,

A pint-pot neatly graven.

# LADY CLARE.

IT was the time when lilies blow And clouds are highest up in air Lord Ronald brought a lily-white dos To give his cousin, Lady Clare

I trow they did not part in scorn: Lovers long-betroth'd were they: They too will wed the morrow morn: God's blessing on the day!

"He does not love me for my birth, Nor for my lands so broad and fair; He loves me for my own true worth, And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse, Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"

"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare, "To-morrow he weds with me."

"O God be thank'd!" said Alice the nurse,

"That all comes round so just and fair:

Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands, And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?"

Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"

"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,

"I speak the truth. you are my child.

"The old Earl's daughter died at my breast;

I speak the truth, as I live by bread! I buried her like my own sweet child, And put my child in her stead."

Falsely, falsely have ye done, O mother," she said, "if this be true, To keep the best man under the sun So many years from his due."

'Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,

"But keep the secret for your life, and all you have will be Lord Ronald's,

When you are man and wife."

If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
'ull off, pull off, the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,

"But keep the secret all ye can." She said, "Not so: but I will know If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse,

"The man will cleave unto his right."

"And he shall have it," the lady replied,

"Tho' I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!

Alas, my child, I sinn'd for thee."
"O mother, mother, mother," she said,

"So strange it seems to me.

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear My mother dear, if this be so,

And lay your hand upon my head, And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown, She was no longer Lady Clare: She went by dale, and she went by down,

With a single rose in her air.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought

Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand
And follow'd her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower:

"O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!

Why come you drest like a village maid,

That are the flower of the earth?

"If I come drest like a village maid.
I am but as my fortunes are:

I am a beggar born," she said, "And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,

"For I am yours in word and in deed.

Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald, "Your riddle is hard to read."

O and proudly stood she up! Her heart within her did not fail: She look'd into Lord Ronald's eyes, And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laugh'd a laugh of merry scorn: He turn'd and kiss'd her where she stood:

'If you are not the heiress born, And I," said he, "the next in blood -

"If you are not the heiress born, And I," said he, "the lawful heir, We two will wed to-morrow morn, And you shall still be Lady Clare."

# THE CAPTAIN.

A LEGEND OF THE NAVY.

HE that only rules by terror Doeth grievous wrong. Deep as Hell I count his error. Let him hear my song.

Brave the Captain was: the seamen Made a gallant crew,

Gallant sons of English freemen, Sailors bold and true.

But they hated his oppression, Stern he was and rash;

So for every light transgression Doom'd them to the lash.

Day by day more harsh and cruel Seem'd the Captain's mood.

Secret wrath like smother'd fuel Burnt in each man's blood.

Yet he hoped to purchase glory, Hoped to make the name Of his vessel great in story,

Wheresoe'er he came.

So they past by capes and islands, Many a harbor-mouth,

Sailing under palmy highlands Far within the South.

on a day when they were going

O'er the lone expanse, In the north, her canvas flowing,

Rose a ship of France.

Then the Captain's color heighten'd, Joyful came his speech: But a cloudy gladness lighten'd

In the eyes of each. "Chase," he said: the ship flew for

ward, And the wind did blow;

Stately, lightly, went she Norward, Till she near'd the foe.

Then they look'd at him they hated, Had what they desired:

Mute with folded arms they waited -Not a gun was fired.

But they heard the foeman's thunder Roaring out their doom;

All the air was torn in sunder, Crashing went the boom,

Spars were splinter'd, decks were shatter'd.

Bullets fell like rain;

Over mast and deck were scatter'd Blood and brains of men.

Spars were splinter'd; decks were broken:

Every mother's son -

Down they dropt-no word was spoken -

Each beside his gun.

On the decks as they were lying, Were their faces grim.

In their blood, as they lay dying, Did they smile on him.

Those, in whom he had reliance For his noble name,

With one smile of still defiance

Sold him unto shame. Shame and wrath his heart

founded, Pale he turn'd and red,

Till himself was deadly wounded Falling on the dead.

Dismal error! fearful slaughter!

Years have wander'd by, Side by side beneath the water

Crew and Captain lie; There the sunlit ocean tosses O'er them mouldering,

And the lonely seabird crosses

With one waft of the wing.

THE LORD OF BURLEIGH.

In her ear he whispers gayly,

"If my heart by signs can tell, Maiden, I have watch'd thee daily.

And I think thou lov'st me well." She replies, in accents fainter,

"There is none I love like thee."

He is but a landscape-painter,

And a village maiden she. He to lips, that fondly falter,

Presses his without reproof: Leads her to the village altar,

And they leave her father's roof.
"I can make no marriage present:

Little can I give my wife.

Love will make our cottage pleasant, And I love thee more than life."

They by parks and lodges going See the lordly castles stand:

Summer woods, about them blowing, Made a murmur in the land.

From deep thought himself he rouses, Says to her that loves him well,

"Let us see these handsome houses

Where the wealthy nobles dwell." So she goes by him attended.

Hears him lovingly converse.

Sees whatever fair and splendid

Lay betwixt his home and hers; Parks with oak and chestnut shady,

Parks and order'd gardens great, Ancient homes of lord and lady,

Buil: for pleasure and for state.
All he shows her makes him dearer:

Evermore she seems to gaze

In that cottage growing nearer,

Where they twain will spend their

days.

) but she will love him truly!

He shall have a cheerful home;

When beneath his roof they come.

Till a gateway she discerns

With armorial bearings stately, And beneath the gate she turns;

sees a mansion more majestic

Than all those she saw before: fany a gallant gay domestic

Bows before him at the door.

Ind they speak in gentle murmur,

When they answer to his call,

While he treads with footsteps firmer Leading on from hall to hall.

And, while now she wonders blindly, Nor the meaning can divine,

Proudly turns he round and kindly,

"All of this is mine and thine."
Here he lives in state and bounty,

Lord of Burleigh, fair and free,

Not a lord in all the county Is so great a lord as he.

All at once the color flushes

Her sweet face from brow to chin: As it were with shame she blushes,

And her spirit changed within. Then her countenance all over

Pale again as death did prove:

But he clasp'd her like a lover, And he cheer'd her soul with love.

So she strove against her weakness, Tho' at times her spirit sank:

Shaped her heart with woman's meek ness

To all duties of her rank:

And a gentle consort made he,

And her gentle mind was such That she grew a noble lady,

And the people loved her much.

But a trouble weigh'd upon her, And perplex'd her, night and morn,

With the burthen of an honor

Unto which she was not born. Faint she grew, and ever fainter,

And she murmur'd, "Oh, that he

Were once more that landscape painter,

Which did win my heart from me!" So she droop'd and droop'd before him,

Fading slowly from his side:
Three fair children first she bore him
Then before her time she died

Then before her time she died. Weeping, weeping late and early,

Walking up and pacing down, Deeply mourn'd the Lord of Burleigh

Burleigh-house by Stamford-town.

And he came to look upon her,

And he look'd at her and said,

"Bring the dress and put it on her,
That she wore when she was wed."

Then her people, softly treading, Bore to earth her body, drest

In the dress that she was wed in, That her spirit might have rest.

# THE VOYAGE.

WE left behind the painted buoy That tosses at the harbor-mouth; And madly danced our hearts with joy, As fast we fleeted to the South: How fresh was every sight and sound On open main or winding shore! We knew the merry world was round, And we might sail for evermore.

Warm broke the breeze against the brow.

Dry sang the tackle, sang the sail: The Lady's-head upon the prow Caught the shrill salt, and sheer'd the gale.

The broad seas swell'd to meet the

keel.

And swept behind; so quick the run, We felt the good ship shake and reel, We seem'd to sail into the Sun!

### TIT.

How oft we saw the Sun retire, And burn the threshold of the night, Fall from his Ocean-lane of fire, And sleep beneath his pillar'd light! How oft the purple-skirted robe Of twilight slowly downward drawn, As thro' the slumber of the globe Again we dash'd into the dawn!

New stars all night above the brim Of waters lighten'd into view: They climb'd as quickly, for the rim Changed every moment as we flew. Far ran the naked moon across The houseless ocean's heaving field, Or flying shone, the silver boss Of her own halo's dusky shield;

The peaky islet shifted shapes, High towns on hills were dimly seen, We past long lines of Northern capes And dewy Northern meadows green. We came to warmer waves, and deep

VI.

The nutmeg rocks and isles of clove.

Across the boundless east we drove,

Where those long swells of breaker

sweep

By peaks that flamed, or, all in shade, Gloom'd the low coast and quivering brine With ashy rains, that spreading made

Fantastic plume or sable pine: By sands and steaming flats, and floods Of mighty mouth, we scudded fast,

And hills and scarlet-mingled woods Glow'd for a moment as we past.

O hundred shores of happy climes, How swiftly stream'd ye by the bark!

At times the whole sea burn'd, at times With wakes of fire we tore the dark: At times a carven craft would shoot

From havens hid in fairy bowers. With naked limbs and flowers and fruit.

But we nor paused for fruit nor flowers.

For one fair Vision ever fled Down the waste waters day and night,

And still we follow'd where she led, In hope to gain upon her flight. Her face was evermore unseen,

And fixt upon the far sea-line; But each man murmur'd, "O my Queen.

I follow till I make thee mine."

### IX.

And now we lost her, now she gleam'd Like Fancy made of golden air, Now nearer to the prow she seem'd Like Virtue firm, like Knowledge fair,

Now high on waves that idly burst Like Heavenly Hope she crown'd the sea,

And now, the bloodless point reversed. She bore the blade of Liberty.

·

And only one among us — him
We pleased not — he was seldom
pleased:

He saw not far: his eyes were dim:
But ours he swore were all diseased.
"A ship of fools," he shriek'd in spite,
"A ship of fools," he sneer'd and
wept.

And overboard one stormy night He cast his body, and on we swept.

### XI

And never sail of ours was furl'd, Nor anchor dropt at eve or morn; We lov'd the glories of the world, But laws of nature were our scorn. For blasts would rise and rave and

cease, But whence were those that drove

the sail
Across the whirlwind's heart of peace,
And to and thro' the counter gale?

### XII

Again to colder climes we came,
For still we follow'd where she led:
Now mate is blind and captain lame,
And half the crew are sick or dead,
But, blind or lame or sick or sound,
We follow that which flies before:
We know the merry world is round,
And we may sail for evermore.

# SIR LAUNCELOT AND QUEEN GUINEVERE.

A FRAGMENT.

Like souls that balance joy and pain, With tears and smiles from heaven again

The maiden Spring upon the plain Came in a sun-lit fall of rain.

In crystal vapor everywhere Blue isles of heaven laugh'd between, And far, in forest-deeps unseen,

The topmost elm-tree gather'd green From draughts of balmy air.

Sometimes the linnet piped his song: Sometimes the throstle whistled strong:

Sometimes the sparhawk, wheel'd along,

Hush'd all the groves from fear of wrong:

By grassy capes with fuller sound In curves the yellowing river ran, And drooping chestnut-buds began To spread into the perfect fan, Above the teeming ground.

Then, in the boyhood of the year, Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere Rode thro' the coverts of the deer, With blissful treble ringing clear.

She seem'd a part of joyous Spring:

A gown of grass-green silk she wore, Buckled with golden clasps before; A light-green tuft of plumes she bore

ght-green tuft of plumes she be Closed in a golden ring.

Now on some twisted ivy-net, Now by some tinkling rivulet, In mosses mixt with violet Her cream-white mule his pastern set:

And fleeter now she skimm'd the plains

Than she whose elfin prance springs By night to eery warblings, When all the glimmering moorland

With jingling bridle-reins.

As she fled fast thro' sun and shade, The happy winds upon her play'd, Blowing the ringlet from the braid: She look'd so lovely, as she sway'd

The rein with dainty finger-tips, A man had given all other bliss, And all his wordly worth for this, To waste his whole heart in one kiss

Upon her perfect lips.

# A FAREWELL.

FLOW down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
Thy tribute wave deliver:
No more by thee my steps shall be.
For ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea, A rivulet then a river:

No where by thee my steps shall be, For ever and for ever.

But here will sigh thine alder tree, And here thine aspen shiver; And here by thee will hum the bee,

For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee. A thousand moons will quiver; But not by thee my steps shall be.

For ever and for ever.

# THE BEGGAR MAID.

HER arms across her breast she laid; She was more fair than words can

Bare-footed came the beggar maid Before the king Cophetua.

In robe and crown the king stept down, To meet and greet her on her way; "It is no wonder," said the lords, "She is more beautiful than day."

As shines the moon in clouded skies, She in her poor attire was seen:

One praised her ankles, one her eyes, One her dark hair and lovesome mien.

So sweet a face, such angel grace, In all that land had never been: Coplietua sware a royal oath:

"This beggar maid shall be my queen!"

# THE EAGLE.

FRAGMENT.

HE clasps the crag with crooked hands:

Close to the sun in lonely lands, Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls; He watches from his mountain walls, And like a thunderbolt he falls.

Move eastward, happy earth, and leave Yon orange sunset waning slow: From fringes of the faded eve. O, happy planet, eastward go;

Till over thy dark shoulder glow Thy silver sister-world, and rise To glass herself in dewy eyes

That watch me from the glen below.

Ah, bear me with thee, smoothly borne, Dip forward under starry light, And move me to my marriage-morn, And round again to happy night.

Come not, when I am dead,

To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,

To trample round my fallen head, And vex the unhappy dust thou

wouldst not save.

There let the wind sweep and the plover cry; But thou, go by.

Child, if it were thine error or thy

I care no longer, being all unblest: Wed whom thou wilt, but I am sick of Time.

And I desire to rest.

Pass on, weak heart, and leave me where I lie: Go by, go by.

# THE LETTERS.

STILL on the tower stood the vane, A black yew gloom'd the stagnant air,

I peer'd athwart the chancel pane And saw the altar cold and bare.

A clog of lead was round my feet, A band of pain across my brow;

"Cold altar, Heaven and earth shall

Before you hear my marriage vow."

I turn'd and humm'd a bitter song That mock'd the wholesome human heart.

And then we met in wrath and wrong, We met, but only meant to part.

Full cold my greeting was and dry;
She faintly smiled, she hardly
moved;

I saw with half-unconscious eye
She wore the colors I approved.

III.

She took the little ivory chest,

With half a sigh she turn'd the key, Then raised her head with lips comprest,

And gave my letters back to me. And gave the trinkets and the rings, My gifts, when gifts of mine could

please;

As looks a father on the things Of his dead son, I look'd on these.

IV.

She told me all her friends had said; I raged against the public liar; She talk'd as if her love were dead,

But in my words were seeds of fire.
"No more of love; your sex is known:

I never will be twice deceived. Henceforth I trust the man alone.

The woman cannot be believed.

v.

"Thro' slander, meanest spawn of Hell—

And women's slander is the worst, And you, whom once I lov'd so well, Thro' you, my life will be accurst."

I spoke with heart, and heat and force,
I shook her breast with vague
alarms—

Like torrents from a mountain source We rush'd into each other's arms.

VI

We parted: sweetly gleam'd the stars, And sweet the vapor-braided blue, Low breezes fann'd the belfry bars,

As homeward by the church I drew. The very graves appear'd to smile,

So fresh they rose in shadow'd swells;

"Dark porch," I said, "and silent aisle.

There comes a sound of marriage bells.

### THE VISION OF SIN.

T.

I HAD a vision when the night was late: A youth came riding toward a palacegate.

He rode a horse with wings, that would have flown,

But that his heavy rider kept him down.

And from the palace came a child of sin.

And took him by the curls, and led him in,

Where sat a company with heated

Expecting when a fountain should arise:

A sleepy light upon their brows and lips —

As when the sun, a crescent of eclipse, Dreams over lake and lawn, and isles and capes —

Suffused them, sitting, lying, languid shapes,

By heaps of gourds, and skins of wine, and piles of grapes.

Π.

Then methought I heard a mellow sound,

Gathering up from all the lower ground;

Narrowing in to where they sat assembled

Low voluptuous music winding trembled,

Wov'n in circles: they that heard it sigh'd,

Panted hand-in-hand with faces pale, Swung themselves, and in low tones replied;

Till the fountain spouted, showering wide

Sleet of diamond-drift and pearly hail; Then the music touch'd the gates and died.

Rose again from where it seem'd to fail,

Storm'd in orbs of song, a growing gale;

Till thronging in and in, to where they waited,

As 'twere a hundred-throated nightingale,

The strong tempestuous treble throbb'd and palpitated;

Ran into its giddiest whirl of sound, Caught the sparkles, and in circles, Purple gauzes, golden hazes, liquid mazes,

Flung the torrent rainbow round: Then they started from their places, Moved with violence, changed in huc, Caught each other with wild grimaces, Half-invisible to the view, Wheeling with precipitate paces To the melody, till they flew, Hair, and eyes, and limbs, and faces, Twisted hard in flerce embraces, Like to Furies, like to Graces, Dash'd together in blinding dew: Till, kill'd with some luxurious agony, The nerve-dissolving melody Flutter'd headlong from the sky.

### III.

And then I look'd up toward a mountain-tract,

That girt the region with high cliff and lawn:

I saw that every morning, far withdrawn

Beyond the darkness and the cataract, God made Himself an awful rose of

Unheeded: and detaching, fold by fold, From those still heights, and, slowly drawing near,

A vapor heavy, hueless, formless, cold, Came floating on for many a month and year,

Unheeded: and I thought I would have spoken,

And warn'd that madman ere it grew too late:

But, as in dreams, I could not. Mine was broken,

When that cold vapor touch'd the palace gate,

And link'd again. I saw within my head

A gray and gap-tooth'd man as lean as death,

Who slowly rode across a wither'd heath,

And lighted at a ruin'd inn, and said:

### IV.

"Wrinkled ostler, grim and thin! Here is custom come your way; Take my brute, and lead him in, Stuff his ribs with mouldy hay.

"Bitter barmaid, waning fast! fee that sheets are on my bed; What! the flower of life is past: It is long before you wed.

"Slip-shod waiter, lank and sour,
At the Dragon on the heath!
Let us have a quiet hour.

Let us hob-and-nob with Death.

"I am old, but let me drink;
Bring me spices, bring me wine;
I remember, when I think,
That my youth was half divine.

"Wine is good for shrivell'd lips, When a blanket wraps the day, When the rotten woodland drips, And the leaf is stamp'd in clay.

"Sit thee down, and have no shame, Cheek by jowl, and knee by knee: What care I for any name? What for order or degree?

"Let me screw thee up a peg: Let me loose thy tongue with wine: Callest thou that thing a leg? Which is thinnest? thine or mine?

"Thou shalt not be saved by works:
Thou hast been a sinner too:
Ruin'd trunks on wither'd forks,
Empty scarecrows, I and you!

"Fill the cup, and fill the can:
Have a rouse before the morn:
Every moment dies a man,
Every moment one is born.

- "We are men of ruin'd blood; Therefore comes it we are wise. Fish are we that love the mud, Rising to no fancy-flies.
- "Name and fame! to fly sublime Thro' the courts, the camps, the schools,
- Is to be the ball of Time, Bandied by the hands of fools.
- "Friendship!—to be two in one— Let the canting liar pack! Well I know, when I am gone, How she mouths behind my back.
- "Virtue! to be good and just —
  Every heart, when sifted well,
  Is a clot of warmer dust,
  Mix'd with cunning sparks of hell.
- "O! we two as well can look
  Whited thought and cleanly life
  As the priest, above his book
  Leering at his neighbor's wife.
- "Fill the cup, and fill the can:
  Have a rouse before the morn:
  Every moment dies a man,
  Every moment one is born.
- "Drink, and let the parties rave:
  They are fill'd with idle spleen;
  Rising, falling, like a wave,
  For they know not what they mean
- "He that roars for liberty
  Faster binds a tyrant's power;
  And the tyrant's cruel glee
  Forces on the freer hour.
- "Fill the can, and fill the cup: All the windy ways of men Are but dust that rises up, And is lightly laid again.
- "Greet her with applausive breath, Freedom, gayly doth she tread; In her right a civic wreath, In her left a human head.
- "No, I love not what is new; She is of an ancient house

- And I think we know the hue Of that cap upon her brows.
- "Let her go! her thirst she slakes Where the bloody conduit runs, Then her sweetest meal she makes On the first-born of her sons.
- "Drink to lofty hopes that cool— Visions of a perfect State: Drink we, last, the public fool, Frantic love and frantic hate.
- "Chant me now some wicked stave,
  Till thy drooping courage rise,
  And the glow-worm of the grave
  Glimmer in thy rheumy eyes.
- "Fear not thou to loose thy tongue; Set thy hoary fancies free; What is loathsome to the young Savors well to thee and me.
- "Change, reverting to the years,
  When thy nerves could understand
  What there is in loving tears,
  And the warmth of hand in hand.
- "Tell me tales of thy first love —
  April hopes, the fools of chance;
  Till the graves begin to move,
  And the dead begin to dance.
- "Fill the can, and fill the cup:
  All the windy ways of men
  Are but dust that rises up,
  And is lightly laid again.
- "Trooping from their mouldy dens The chap-fallen circle spreads: Welcome, fellow-citizens, Hollow hearts and empty heads!
- "You are bones, and what of that?
  Every face, however full,
  Padded round with flesh and fat,
  Is but modell'd on a skull.
- "Death is king, and Vivat Rex!
  Tread a measure on the stones,
  Madam if I know your sex,
  From the fashion of your bones.

"No, I cannot praise the fire In your eye—nor yet your lip: All the more do I admire Joints of cunning workmanship.

"Lo! God's likeness—the groundplan—

Neither modell'd, glazed, no:

Duss me, thou rough sketch of man, Far too naked to be shamed!

Drink to Fortune, drink to Chance, While we keep a little breath! Drink to heavy Ignorance! Hob-and-nob with brother Death!

"Thou art mazed, the night is long,
And the longer night is near:
What! I am not all as wrong
As a bitter jest is dear.

"Youthful hopes, by scores, to all, When the locks are crisp and curl'd; Unto me my maudlin gall And my mockeries of the world.

"Fill the cup and fill the can:
Mingle madness, mingle scorn!
Dregs of life, and lees of man:
Yet we will not die forlorn."

### v.

The voice grew faint: there came a further change:

Once more uprose the mystic mountainrange:

Below were men and horses pierced with worms,

And slowly quickening into lower forms:

By shards and scurf of salt, and scum of dross.

Old plash of rains, and refuse patch'd with moss.

Then some one spake: "Behold! it was a crime

Of sense avenged by sense that wore with time."

Another said: "The crime of sense became

The crime of malice, and is equal blame."

And one: "He had not wholly quench'd his power;

A little grain of conscience made him

A little grain of conscience made him sour."

At last I heard a voice upon the slope Cry to the summit, "Is there any hope?"

To which an answer peal'd from that high land,

But in a tongue no man could understand;

And on the glimmering limit far withdrawn

God made Himself an awful rose of dawn.

### TO \_\_\_\_\_,

AFTER READING A LIFE AND LETTERS.

"Cursed be he that moves my bones."
Shakespeare's Epitaph.

You might have won the Poet's name, If such be worth the winning now, And gain'd a laurel for your brow Of sounder leaf than I can claim;

But you have made the wiser choice, A life that moves to gracious ends Thro' troops of unrecording friends, A deedful life, a silent voice:

And you have miss'd the irreverent doom

Of those that wear the Poet's crown: Hereafter, neither knave nor clown Shall hold their orgies at your tomb.

For now the Poet cannot die, Nor leave his music as of old, But round him ere he scarce be cold Begins the scandal and the cry:

"Proclaim the faults he would not

show: Break lock and seal: betray the

Keep nothing sacred: tis but just The many-headed beast should know." Ah shameless! for he did but sing
A song that pleased us from its
worth:

No public life was his on earth, No blazon'd statesman he, nor king.

He gave the people of his best:
His worst he kept, his best he gave.
My Shakespeare's curse on clown
and knave

Who will not let his ashes rest!

Who make it seem more sweet to be
The little life of bank and brier,
The bird that pipes his lone desire
And dies unheard within his tree,

Than he that warbles long and loud
And drops at Glory's temple-gates,
For whom the carrion vulture waits
To tear his heart before the crowd!

# TO E. L., ON HIS TRAVELS IN GREECE.

ILLYRIAN woodlands, echoing falls
Of water, sheets of summer glass,
The long divine Peneïan pass,
The vast Akrokeraunian walls,

Tomohrit, Athos, all things fair,
With such a pencil, such a pen,
You shadow forth to distant men,
I read and felt that I was there:

And trust me while I turn'd the page,
And track'd you still on classic
ground,
I grew in gladness till I found

My spirits in the golden age.

For me the torrent ever pour'd
And glisten'd—here and there alone
The broad-limb'd Gods at random
thrown

By fountain-urns; - and Naiads oar'd

A glimmering shoulder under gloom Of cavern pillars; on the swell The silver lily heaved and fell; And many a slope was rich in bloom

From him that on the mountain lea By dancing rivulets fed his flocks To him who sat upon the rocks, And fluted to the morning sea.

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could
utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at
play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd
hand,
And the sound of a voice that is

still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is
dead
Will never come back to me.

# THE POET'S SONG.

THE rain had fallen, the Poet arose,
He pass'd by the town and out of
the street,

A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,

And waves of shadow went over the wheat,

And he sat him down in a lonely place,

And chanted a melody loud and sweet,

That made the wild-swan pause in her cloud,

And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee.

The snake slipt under a spray,

The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,

And stared, with his foot on the prey,

And the nightingale thought, "I have sung many songs,

But never a one so gay,

For he sings of what the world will be When the years have died away."

## .THE BROOK.

HERE, by this brook, we parted; I to

And he for Italy — too late — too late:

One whom the strong sons of the world despise;

For lucky rhymes to him were scrip

and share,

And mellow metres more than cent for cent;

Nor could he understand how money breeds.

Thought it a dead thing; yet himself could make

The thing that is not as the thing that is.

O had he lived! In our schoolbooks we say,

Of those that held their heads above the crowd.

They flourish'd then or then; but life in him

Could scarce be said to flourish, only touch'd

Cn such a time as goes before the leaf, When all the wood stands in a mist of green,

And nothing perfect: yet the brook he loved.

For which, in branding summers of Bengal,

Or ev'n the sweet half-English Neilgherry air

I panted, seems, as I re-listen to it, Prattling the primrose fancies of the

To me that loved him; for "O brook," he says,

"O babbling brook," says Edmund in his rhyme,

"Whence come you?" and the brook why not? replies.

I come from haunts of coot and hern I make a sudden sally, And sparkle out among the fern, To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down, Or slip between the ridges, By twenty thorps, a little town, And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

"Poor lad, he died at Florence, quite worn out,

Travelling to Naples. There is Darnley bridge,

It has more ivy; there the river; and there

Stands Philip's farm where brook and river meet.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret By many a field and fallow, And many a fairy foreland set With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

"But Philip chatter'd more than brook or bird; old Philip: all about the fields you

Old Philip; all about the fields you caught

His weary daylong chirping, like the

High-elbow'd grigs that leap in summer grass.

I wind about, and in and out, With here a blossom sailing, And here and there a lusty trout, And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake Upon me, as I travel With many a silvery waterbreak

Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow To join the brimming river, For men may come and men may go, But I go on for ever

"O darling Katie Willows, his one child! A maiden of our century, yet most

A daughter of our meadows, yet not coarse:

Straight, but as lissome as a hazel wand:

Her eyes a bashful azure, and her hair In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell

Divides threefold to show the fruit within.

"Sweet Katie, once I did her a good

Her and her far-off cousin and betrothed.

James Willows, of one name and heart with her.

For here I came, twenty years back the week

Before I parted with poor Edmund,

By that old bridge which, half in ruins then. Still makes a hoary eyebrow for the

gleam Beyond it, where the waters marry -

crost, Whistling a random bar of Bonny

Doon, and push'd at Philip's garden-gate.

The gate. Ialf-parted from a weak and scolding hinge,

tuck; and he clamor'd from a casement, 'Run'

o Katie somewhere in the walks below.

'Run, Katie!' Katie never ran: she moved

To meet me, winding under woodbine bowers,

A little flutter'd, with her eyelids down.

Fresh apple-blossom, blushing for a boon.

"What was it? less of sentiment than sense

Had Katie; not illiterate; nor of those Who dabbling in the fount of fictive tears.

And nursed by mealy-mouth'd philanthropies,

Divorce the Feeling from her mate the Deed.

"She told me. She and James had quarrell'd. Why? What cause of quarrel? None, she

said, no cause;

James had no cause: but when I prest the cause,

I learnt that James had flickering iealousies Which anger'd her. Who anger'd

James ? I said. But Katie snatch'd her eyes at once

from mine, And sketching with her slender pointed

Some figure like a wizard pentagram ()n garden gravel, let my query pass Unclaim'd, in flushing silence, till 1 ask'd

If James were coming. 'Coming every day,'

She answer'd, 'ever longing to explain, But evermore her father came across With some long-winded tale, and broke him short;

And James departed vext with him and her.

How could I help her? 'Would Iwas it wrong ? '

(Claspt hands and that petitionary

Of sweet seventeen subdued me ere she spoke)

'O would I take her father for one hour,

For one half-hour, and let him talk to me!'

And even while she spoke, I saw where James

Made toward us, like a wader in the surf,

Beyond the brook, waist-deep in meadow-sweet.

"O Katie, what I suffer'd for your sake!

For in I went, and call'd old Philip out To show the farm: full willingly he rose:

He led me thro' the short sweetsmelling lanes

Of his wheat-suburb, babbling as he went.

He praised his land, his horses, his machines;

He praised his ploughs, his cows, his hogs, his dogs;

He praised his hens, his geese, his guinea-hens;

His pigeons, who in session on their roofs

Approved him, bowing at their own deserts:

Then from the plaintive mother's teat
he took

Her blind and shuddering puppies, naming each,

And naming those, his friends, for whom they were:

Then crost the common into Darnley chase

To show Sir Arthur's deer. In copse and fern

Twinkled the innumerable ear and tail.
Then, seated on a serpent-rooted beech,
He pointed out a pasturing colt, and
said:

'That was the four-year-old I sold the Squire.'

And there he told a long long-winded tale

Of how the Squire had seen the colt at grass,

And how it was the thing his daughter wish'd,

And how he sent the bailiff to the farm

To learn the price, and what the price he ask d, And how the bailiff swore that he was

mad, But he stood firm; and so the matter

He gave them line: and five days after

that He met the bailiff at the Golden Fleece, Who then and there had offer'd some

thing more, But he stood firm; and so the matter

hung; He knew the man; the colt would fetch

its price;
He gave them line: and how by chance
at last

(It might be May or April, he forgot, The last of April or the first of May) He found the bailiff riding by the

farm,
And, talking from the point, he drew
him in,

And there he mellow'd all his heart with ale,

Until they closed a bargain, hand in hand.

"Then, while I breathed in sight of haven, he,

Poor fellow, could he help it? recommenced,

And ran thro' all the coltish chronicle Wild Will, Black Bess, Tantivy Tallyho,

Reform, White Rose, Bellerophon, the Jilt,

Arbaces, and Phenomenon, and the rest,

Till, not to die a listener, I arose,

And with me Philip, talking still; and so We turn'd our foreheads from the fal

ing sun, And following our own shadows thric

as long
As when they follow'd us from Philip'

As when they follow'd us from Philip door,

Arrived, and found the sun of sweet

e-risen in Katie's eyes, and all things well.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots, I slide by hazel covers; I move the sweet forget-me-nots

That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance, Among my skimming swallows; I make the netted sunbeam dance Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars In brambly wildernesses; I linger by my shingly bars; I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow To join the brimming river, For men may come and men may go, But I go on for ever.

es, men may come and go; and these are gone,

ll gone. My dearest brother, Edmund, sleeps,

ot by the well-known stream and · rustic spire,

at unfamiliar Arno, and the dome f Brunelleschi; sleeps in peace: and he.

or Philip, of all his lavish waste of words

emains the lean P. W. on his tomb: scraped the lichen from it: Katie

the long wash of Australasian seas r off, and holds her head to other

id breathes in converse seasons. All are gone."

So Lawrence Aylmer, seated on a stile

the long hedge, and rolling in his

d waifs of rhyme, and bowing o'er the brook

consured head in middle age forlorn, used, and was mute. On a sudden a low breath

tender air made tremble in the hedge

The fragile bindweed-bells and briony rings;

And he look'd up. There stood a maiden near,

Waiting to pass. In much amaze he stared

On eyes a bashful azure, and on hair In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell

Divides threefold to show the fruit within:

Then, wondering, ask'd her "Are you from the farm?"

"Yes," answer'd she. "Pray stay a little: pardon me;

What do they call you?" "Katie." "That were strange.

What surname?" "Willows." "No!" "That is my name."

"Indeed!" and here he look'd so selfperplext,

That Katie laugh'd, and laughing blush'd, till he

Laugh'd also, but as one before he wakes,

Who feels a glimmering strangeness in his dream.

Then looking at her; "Too happy, fresh and fair,

Too fresh and fair in our sad world's best bloom,

To be the ghost of one who bore your name

About these meadows, twenty years ago."

"Have you not heard?" said Katie, " we came back. We bought the farm we tenanted be

fore. Am I so like her? so they said on board.

Sir, if you knew her in her English days,

My mother, as it seems you did, the

davs That most she loves to talk of, come

with me. My brother James is in the harvest-

But she — you will be welcome — O.

come in!"

# AYLMER'S FIELD.

1793.

Dust are our frames; and, gilded dust, our pride

Looks only for a moment whole and sound;

Like that long-buried body of the king, Found lying with his urns and ornaments,

Which at a touch of light, an air of heaven.

Slipt into ashes, and was found no more.

Here is a story which in rougher shape

Came from a grizzled cripple, whom I saw

Sunning himself in a waste field alone —

Old, and a mine of memories — who had served,

Long since, a bygone Rector of the

place,

And been himself a part of what he

And been himself a part of what he told.

SIR AYLMER AYLMER, that almighty man,

The county God — in whose capacious hall,

Hung with a hundred shields, the family tree
Sprang from the midriff of a prostrate

king — Whose blazing wyvern weathercock'd

the spire,
Stood from his walls and wing'd his

entry-gates

And swang besides on many a windy

And swang besides on many a windy sign —
Whose eyes from under a pyramidal

head Saw from his windows nothing save

his own—
What lovelier of his own had he than

her,
His only child, his Edith, whom he

His only child, his Edith, whom he loved

As heiress and not heir regretfully? But "he that marries her marries her name" This flat somewhat soothed himself and wife,

His wife a faded beauty of the Baths,

Insipid as the Queen upon a card;

Her all of thought and bearing hardly more Than his own shadow in a sickly sun.

A land of hops and poppy-mingled

A land of hops and poppy-mingled corn, Little about it stirring save a brook!

A sleepy land, where under the same wheel

The same old rut would deepen year

The same old rut would deepen year by year;

Where almost all the village had one name;

Where Aylmer followed Aylmer at the Hall

And Averill Averill at the Rectory
Thrice over; so that Rectory and
Hall,

Bound in an immemorial intimacy, Were open to each other; tho' to

Were open to each other; tho to dinam

That Love could bind them closer well

had made
The hoar hair of the Baronet bristle

up With horror, worse than had he heard

his priest Preach an inverted scripture, sons of

Daughters of God; so sleepy was the land.

And might not Averill, had he will'd

Somewhere beneath his own low range of roofs,

Have also set his many-shielded tree?
There was an Aylmer-Averill marriage once.

When the red rose was redder than itself,

And York's white rose as red as Lancaster's.

With wounded peace which each had prick'd to death.

"Not proven" Averill said, or laugh ingly "Some other race of Averills"-prov'n or no,

What cared he? what, if other or the same?

He lean'd not on his fathers but him-

But Leolin, his brother, living oft

With Averill, and a year or two before Call'd to the bar, but ever call'd away By one low voice to one dear neighborhood,

Would often, in his walks with Edith, claim

A distant kinship to the gracious blood That shook the heart of Edith hearing him.

Sanguine he was: a but less vivid hue Than of that islet in the chestnutbloom

Plamed in his cheek; and eager eyes, that still

Cook joyful note of all things joyful, beam'd.

Beneath a manelike mass of rolling gold.

heir best and brightest, when they dwelt on hers,

ldith, whose pensive beauty, perfect else.

lut subject to the season or the mood, hone like a mystic star between the

nd greater glory varying to and fro, Ve know not wherefore; bounteously made,

nd yet so finely, that a troublous touch

hinn'd, or would seem to thin her in a day,

joyous to dilate, as toward the light. nd these had been together from the first.

eolin's first nurse was, five years after, hers:

much the boy foreran: but when his date

bubled her own, for want of playmates, he

ince Averill was a decade and a half s elder, and their parents underground)

Had tost his ball and flown his kite. and roll'd

His hoop to pleasure Edith, with her dipt

Against the rush of the air in the prone swing,

Made blossom-ball or daisy-chain, arranged

Her garden, sow'd her name and kept it green

In living letters, told her fairy-tales, Show'd her the fairy footings on the grass,

The little dells of cowslip, fairy palms, petty marestail forest, fairy pines,

Or from the tiny pitted target blew What look'd a flight of fairy arrows aim'd

All at one mark, all hitting: makebelieves

For Edith and himself: or else he forged,

But that was later, boyish histories Of battle, bold adventure, dungeon, wreck.

Flights, terrors, sudden rescues, and true love

Crown'd after trial; sketches rude and faint.

But where a passion yet unborn perhaps

Lay hidden as the music of the moon Sleeps in the plain eggs of the nightingale.

And thus together, save for collegetimes

Or Temple-eaten terms, a couple, fair As ever painter painted, poet sang, Or Heaven in lavish bounty moulded,

grew. And more and more, the maiden

woman-grown. He wasted hours with Averill; there,

when first

The tented winter-field was broken up Into that phalanx of the summer spears

That soon should wear the garland; there again

When burr and bine were gather'd: lastly there

At Christmas; ever welcome at the Hall,

On whose dull sameness his full tide of youth

Broke with a phosphorescence charming even

My lady; and the Baronet yet had laid

No bar between them: dull and self-involved,

Tall and erect, but bending from his height

With half-allowing smiles for all the world,

And mighty courteous in the main — his pride

Lay deeper than to wear it as his ring-

He, like an Aylmer in his Aylmerism, Would care no more for Leolin's walking with her

Than for his old Newfoundland's, when they ran

To loose him at the stables, for he rose

Two footed at the limit of his chain, Roaring to make a third: and how should Love,

Whom the cross-lightnings of four chance-met eyes

Flash into fiery life from nothing, follow

Such dear familiarities of dawn? Seldom, but when he does, Master of all.

So these young hearts not knowing that they loved,

Not she at least, nor conscious of a bar

Between them, nor by plight or broken ring

Bound, but an immemorial intimacy, Wander'd at will, and oft accompanied By Averill: his, a brother's love, that hung

With wings of brooding shelter o'er her peace,

Might have been other, save for Leolin's --

Who knows? but so they wander'd, hour by hour

Gather'd the blossom that rebloom'd, and drank

The magic cup that filled itself anew.

A whisper half reveal'd her to herself. For out beyond her lodges, where the

brook Vocal, with here and there a silence,

By sallowy rims, arose the laborers' homes.

A frequent haunt of Edith, on low knolls

That dimpling died into each other, huts

At random scatter'd, each a nest in bloom.

Her art, her hand; her counsel all had wrought

About them: here was one that, summer-blanch'd,

Was parcel-bearded with the traveller's joy

In Autumn, parcel ivy-clad; and here The warm-blue breathings of a hidden hearth

Broke from a bower of vine and honeysuckle:

One look'd all rosetree, and another wore

A close-set robe of jasmine sown

with stars:
This had a rosy sea of gillyflowers

This had a rosy sea of gulynowers
About it; this, a milky-way on earth,
Like visions in the Northern dreamer's
heavens.

A lily-avenue climbing to the doors; One, almost to the martin-haunted eaves

A summer burial deep in hollyhocks; Each, its own charm; and Edith's everywhere;

And Edith ever visitant with him,

He but less loved than Edith, of her poor:

For she—so lowly-lovely and so loving,

Queenly responsive when the loyal hand

Rose from the clay it work'd in as she past,

Not sowing hedgerow texts and passing by,

Nor dealing goodly counsel from a height

That makes the lowest hate it, but a voice

Of comfort and an open hand of help,
A splendid presence flattering the
poor roofs

Revered as theirs, but kindlier than themselves

To ailing wife or wailing infancy

Or old bedridden palsy, — was adored; He, loved for her and for himself. A grasp

Having the warmth and muscle of the heart,

A childly way with children, and a laugh

Ringing like proven golden coinage true,

Were no false passport to that easy

realm, Where once with Leolin at her side

the girl,
Nursing a child, and turning to the
warmth

The tender pink five-beaded babysoles,

Heard the good mother softly whisper "Bless,

God bless 'em: marriages are made in Heaven."

A flash of semi-jealousy clear'd it to her.

My lady's Indian kinsman unannounced

With half a score of swarthy faces came.

Iis own, tho' keen and bold and soldierly,

ear'd by the close ecliptic, was not fair;

airer his talk, a tongue that ruled the hour,

ho' seeming boastful: so when first he dash'd

ito the chronicle of a deedful day, ir Aylmer half forgot his lazy smile f patron "Good! my lady's kinsman! good!" My lady with her fingers interlock'd, And rotatory thumbs on silken knees, Call'd all her vital spirits into each ear To listen: unawares they flitted off, Busying themselves about the flow-

erage
That stood from out a stiff brocade

That stood from out a stiff brocade in which,

The meteor of a splendid season, she, Once with this kinsman, ahso long ago, Stept thro' the stately minuet of those days:

But Edith's eager fancy hurried with him

Snatch'd thro' the perilous passes of his life:

Till Leolin ever watchful of her eye, Hated him with a momentary hate.

Wife-hunting, as the rumor ran, was he:

I know not, for he spoke not, only shower'd

His oriental gifts on everyone

And most on Edith: like a storm he came,

And shook the house, and like a storm he went.

Among the gifts he left her (possibly He flow'd and ebb'd uncertain, to return

When others had been tested) there was one,

A dagger, in rich sheath with jewels on it

Sprinkled about in gold that branch'd itself

Fine as ice-ferns on January panes
Made by a breath. I know not
whence at first.

Nor of what race, the work; but as he

The story, storming a hill-fort of thieves

He got it; for their captain after fight, His comrades having fought their last below.

Was climbing up the valley; at whom he shot:

Down from the beetling crag to which he clung

Tumbled the tawny rascal at his feet

This dagger with him, which when now admired

By Edith whom his pleasure was to please.

At once the costly Sahib yielded to her.

And Leolin, coming after he was gone,

Tost over all her presents petulantly: And when she show'd the wealthy scabbard, saying

"Look what a lovely piece of workmanship!"

Slight was his anwser "Well-I care not for it":

Then playing with the blade he prick'd his hand,

"A gracious gift to give a lady, this!" "But would it be more gracious" ask'd the girl

"Were I to give this gift of his to one That is no lady?" "Gracious? No" said he.

"Me? - but I cared not for it. O pardon me,

I seem to be ungraciousness itself." "Take it" she added sweetly, "tho'

his gift; For I am more ungracious ev'n than

I care not for it either"; and he said "Why then I love it": but Sir Aylmer past,

And neither loved nor liked the thing he heard.

The next day came a neighbor. Blues and reds

They talk'd of: blues were sure of it, he thought:

Then of the latest fox - where started — kill'd

In such a bottom: "Peter had the brush,

My Peter, first": and did Sir Aylmer know That great pock-pitten fellow had

been caught? Then made his pleasure echo, hand to hand.

And rolling as it were the substance of it

Between his palms a moment up and down ---

"The birds were warm, the birds were warm upon him;

We have him now" and had Sir Aylmer heard — Nay, but he must - the land was

ringing of it-This blacksmith border-marriage -

one they knew -Raw from the nursery - who could

trust a child? That cursed France with her egalities!

And did Sir Aylmer (deferentially With nearing chair and lower'd ac-

cent) think -For people talk'd - that it was wholly wise

To let that handsome fellow Averill

walk So freely with his daughter? people

talk'd -The boy might get a notion into him;

The girl might be entangled ere she knew.

Sir Aylmer Aylmer slowly stiffening spoke:

"The girl and boy, Sir, know their differences!'

"Good," said his friend, "but watch!" and he, "Enough,

More than enough, Sir! I can guard my own."

They parted, and Sir Aylmer Aylmer watch'd.

Pale, for on her the thunders of the house

Had fallen first, was Edith that sam night;

Pale as the Jephtha's daughter, rough piece

Of early rigid color, under which

Withdrawing by the counter door t Which Leolin open'd, she cast bac

upon him A piteous glance, and vanish'd. H

as one

Caught in a burst of unexpected storm,

And pelted with outrageous epithets,

Turning beheld the Powers of the House

On either side the hearth, indignant;

Cooling her false cheek with a feather-

Him, glaring, by his own stale devil spurr'd,

And, like a beast hard-ridden, breathing hard.

"Ungenerous, dishonorable, base,

Presumptuous! trusted as he was with her,

The sole succeeder to their wealth, their lands,

The last remaining pillar of their house,

The one transmitter of their ancient name,

Their child." "Our child!" "Our heiress!" "Ours!" for still,

Like echoes from beyond a hollow, came

Her sicklier iteration. Last he said, Boy, mark me! for your fortunes

are to make.
swear you shall not make them out

of mine. Tow inasmuch as you have practised

on her, rerplext her, made her half forget herself.

werve from her duty to herself and

us hings in an Aylmer deem'd impossible.

ar as we track ourselves—I say that this—

lse I withdraw favor and countenance

com you and yours for ever — shall you do.

r, when you see her — but you shall not see her —

), you shall write, and not to her, but me:

nd you shall say that having spoken with me,

And after look'd into yourself, you find

That you meant nothing — as indeed you know

That you meant nothing. Such a match as this!

Impossible, prodigious!" These were words,

As meted by his measure of himself, Arguing boundless forbearance: after which,

And Leolin's horror-stricken answer,

So foul a traitor to myself and her, Never oh never," for about as long

As the wind-hover hangs in balance, paused

Sir Aylmer reddening from the storm within,

within,
Then broke all bonds of courtesy, and
crying

"Boy, should I find you by my doors again,

My men shall lash you from them like a dog;

Hence!" with a sudden execration drove

The footstool from before him, and arose;
So, stammering "scoundrel" out of

teeth that ground

As in a dreadful dream, while Leolin

As in a dreadful dream, while Leolin still

Retreated half-aghast, the fierce old man Follow'd, and under his own lintel

stood
Storming with lifted hands, a hoary

face Meet for the reverence of the hearth,

but now, Beneath a pale and unimpassion'd

with unworthy madness, and deform'd.

Slowly and conscious of the rageful eye

That watch'd him, till he heard the ponderous door

Close, crashing with long echoes thro' the land,

Went Leolin; then, his passions all in flood

And masters of his motion, furiously Down thro' the bright lawns to his brother's ran,

And foam'd away his heart at Aver-

Whom Averill solaced as he might, amazed:

The man was his, had been his father's, friend:

He must have seen, himself had seen it long;

He must have known, himself had known: besides,

He never yet had set his daughter forth

Here in the woman-markets of the west,

Where our Caucasians let themselves be sold.

Some one, he thought, had slander'd Leolin to him.

"Brother, for I have loved you more as son

Than brother, let me tell you: I my-

What is their pretty saying? jilted, is it?

Jilted I was: I say it for your peace. Pain'd, and, as bearing in myself the shame

The woman should have borne, humiliated,

I lived for years a stunted sunless life; Till after our good parents past away Watching your growth, I seem'd again to grow.

Leolin, I almost sin in envying you: The very whitest lamb in all my fold Loves you: I know her: the worst

thought she has
Is whiter even than her pretty hand:
She must prove true: for, brother,
where two fight

The strongest wins, and truth and love are strength,

And you are happy: let her parents be."

But Leolin cried out the more upon them —

Insolent, brainless, heartless! heiress, wealth,
Their wealth, their heiress! wealth

enough was theirs
For twenty matches. Were he lord

of this, Why twenty boys and girls should

marry on it, And forty blest ones bless him, and

himself Be wealthy still, ay wealthier. He believed

This filthy marriage-hindering Mammon made

The harlot of the cities: nature crost Was mother of the foul adulteries

That saturate soul with body. Name too! name,

Their ancient name! they might be proud; its worth

Was being Edith's. Ah how pale she had look'd

Darling, to-night! they must have

Beyond all tolerance. These ole pheasant-lords,

These partridge-breeders of a thou sand years,

Who had mildew'd in their thousands doing nothing

Since Egbert —why, the greater thei disgrace! Fall back upon a name! rest, rot i

that!
Not keep it noble, make it nobler

fools,
With such a vantage-ground for nobl

With such a vantage-ground for nob ness!

He had known a man, a quintessend of man,
The life of all—who madly loved

The life of all—who madly loved and he,

Thwarted by one of these old father fools,

Had rioted his life out, and made and.

He would not do it! her sweet fa and faith

Held him from that: but he had po ers, he knew it:

Back would he to his studies, make name,

Name, fortune too: the world should ring of him

To shame these mouldy Aylmers in their graves:

Chancellor, or what is greatest would he be-"O brother, I am grieved to learn

vour grief -

Give me my fling, and let me say my say."

At which, like one that sees his own excess.

And easily forgives it as his own, He laugh'd; and then was mute; but

presently

Wept like a storm: and honest Averill seeing

How low his brother's mood had fallen, fetch'd

His richest beeswing from a binn reserved

for banquets, praised the waning red, and told

The vintage - when this Aylmer came of age -

Then drank and past it; till at length

the two. Cho' Leolin flamed and fell again, agreed

'hat much allowance must be made

for men. Ifter an angry dream this kindlier

'aded with morning, but his purpose held.

Yet once by night again the lovers

perilous meeting under the tall pines 'hat darken'd all the northward of her Hall.

im, to her meek and modest bosom prest

agony, she promised that no force, ersuasion, no, nor death could alter

e, passionately hopefuller, would go, abor for his own Edith, and return such a sunlight of prosperity

e should not be rejected. "Write to mel

They loved me, and because I love their child

They hate me: there is war between us, dear,

Which breaks all bonds but ours; we must remain

Sacred to one another." So they talk'd.

Poor children, for their comfort: the wind blew;

The rain of heaven, and their own bitter tears.

Tears, and the careless rain of heaven. mixt

Upon their faces, as they kiss'd each other

In darkness, and above them roar'd the pine.

So Leolin went; and as we task our. selves

To learn a language known but smatteringly

In phrases here and there at random, toil'd

Mastering the lawless science of our law.

That codeless myriad of precedent, That wilderness of single instances, Thro' which a few, by wit or fortune

May beat a pathway out to wealth and

fame. The jests, that flash'd about the plead-

er's reom, Lightning of the hour, the pun, the scurrilous tale, -

Old scandals buried now seven decades deep

In other scandals that have lived and died.

And left the living scandal that shall

Were dead to him already; bent as he

To make disproof of scorn, and strong in hopes,

And prodigal of all brain-labor he. Charier of sleep, and wine, and exer

Except when for a breathing-while at

Some niggard fraction of an hour, he

Beside the river-bank: and then indeed Harder the times were, and the hands of power

Were bloodier, and the according hearts of men

Seem'd harder too; but the soft riverbreeze.

Which fann'd the gardens of that rival

Yet fragrant in a heart remembering His former talks with Edith, on him breathed

Far purelier in his rushings to and fro, After his books, to flush his blood with air.

Then to his books again. My lady's cousin.

cousin, Half-sickening of his pension'd after-

noon, Drove in upon the student once or

twice, Ran a Malayan amuck against the

times, Had golden hopes for France and all

mankind,
Answer'd all queries touching those at

home With a heaved shoulder and a saucy

smile, And fain had haled him out into the

world, And air'd him there: his nearer friend

would say
"Screw not the chord too sharply lest

it snap."

Then left alone he pluck'd her dagger
forth

From where his worldless heart had kept it warm,

Kissing his vows upon it like a knight. And wrinkled benchers often talk'd of

Approvingly, and prophesied his rise:
For heart, I think, help'd head: her
letters too,

Tho' far between, and coming fitfully Like broken music, written as she

Or made occasion, being strictly watch'd,

Charm'd him thro' every labyrinth till he saw

An end, a hope, a light breaking upon him.

But they that cast her spirit into flesh,

Her worldly-wise begetters, plagued themselves

To sell her, those good parents, for her good.

Whatever eldest-born of rank or wealth

Might lie within their compass, him they lured

Into their net made pleasant by the baits

Of gold and beauty, wooing him to woo. So month by month the noise about their doors,

And distant blaze of those dull banquets, made

The nightly wirer of their innocent hare

Falter before he took it. All in vain. Sullen, defiant, pitying, wroth, return'd Leolin's rejected rivals from their suit So often, that the folly taking wings Slipt o'er those lazy limits down the wind

With rumor, and became in other fields A mockery to the yeomen over ale,

And laughter to their lords: but those at home.

As hunters round a hunted creature draw,

The cordon close and closer toward the death,

Narrow'd her goings out and comings in;

Forbade her first the house of Averill, Then closed her access to the wealthier farms.

Last from her own home-circle of the poor

They barr'd her: yet she bore it: yet her cheek

Kept color: wondrous! but, O mystery!
What amulet drew her down to that
old oak,

So old, that twenty years before, a part

Falling had let appear the brand of John -

Once grovelike, each huge arm a tree, but now

The broken base of a black tower, a cave

Of touchwood, with a single flourishing spray.

There the manorial lord too curiously Raking in that millennial touchwooddust

Found for himself a bitter treasuretrove:

Burst his own wyvern on the seal, and read

Writhing a letter from his child, for which

Came at the moment Leolin's emissary, I crippled lad, and coming turn'd to fly,

lut scared with threats of jail and halter gave

'o him that fluster'd his poor parish wits

he letter which he brought, and swore besides

o play their go-between as heretofore or let them know themselves betray'd; and then,

pul-stricken at their kindness to him.

ating his own lean heart and miserable.

Thenceforward oft from out a despot dream

ie father panting woke, and oft, as dawn

oused the black republic on his elms, reeping the frothfly from the fescue brush'd

ro' the dim meadow toward his treasure-trove,

zed it, took home, and to my lady, - who made

downward crescent of her minion mouth.

tless in all despondence, - read; and tore,

if the living passion symbol'd there re living nerves to feel the rent; and burnt,

Now chafing at his own great self defied, Now striking on huge stumbling-blocks

of scorn In babyisms, and dear diminutives

Scatter'd all over the vocabulary Of such a love as like a chidden child,

After much wailing, hush'd itself at last

Hopeless of answer: then the Averill wrote

And bade him with good heart sustain himself -

All would be well - the lover heeded

But passionately restless came and went.

And rustling once at night about the place.

There by a keeper shot at, slightly hurt,

Raging return'd: nor was it well for her Kept to the garden now, and grove of pines.

Watch'd even there; and one was set to watch

The watcher, and Sir Aylmer watch'd them all.

Yet bitterer from his readings: once indeed,

Warm'd with his wines, or taking pride in her.

She look'd so sweet, he kiss'd her tenderly

Not knowing what possess'd him: that one kiss Was Leolin's one strong rival upon

earth; Seconded, for my lady follow'd suit,

Seem'd hope's returning rose: and then ensued

A Martin's summer of his faded love, Or ordeal by kindness; after this

He seldom crost his child without a sneer:

The mother flow'd in shallower acrimonies:

Never one kindly smile, one kindly word:

So that the gentle creature shut from

Her charitable use, and face to face

Nor greatly cared to lose, her hold on life.

Last, some low fever ranging round to spy

The weakness of a people or a house, Like flies that haunt a wound, or deer,

Or almost all that is, hurting the hurt -

Save Christ as we believe him - found the girl

And flung her down upon a couch of fire.

Where careless of the household faces

And crying upon the name of Leolin, she, and with her the race of Aylmer, past.

Star to star vibrates light: may soul to soul

Strike thro' a finer element of her own?

So, -from afar, -touch as at once? or why

That night, that moment, when she named his name,

Did the keen shriek "Yes love, yes, Edith, yes,"

Shrill, till the comrade of his chambers woke,

And came upon him half-arisen from sleep,

With a weird bright eye, sweating and trembling,

His hair as it were crackling into flames.

His body half flung forward in pursuit, And his long arms stretch'd as to grasp a flyer:

Nor knew he wherefore he had made the cry;

And being much befool'd and idioted By the rough amity of the other, sank As into sleep again. The second day, My lady's Indian kinsman rushing in, A breaker of the bitter news from

Found a dead man, a letter edged with death

With twenty months of silence, slowly | Beside him, and the dagger which himself

Gave Edith, redden'd with no bandit's blood:

"From Edith" was engraven on the blade.

Then Averill went and gazed upor his death.

And when he came again, his flock believed -

Beholding how the years which are not Time's

Had blasted him - that many thou sand days

Were clipt by horror from his tern of life.

Yet the sad mother, for the second

Scarce touch'd her thro' that nearnes of the first,

And being used to find her pasto texts, Sent to the harrow'd brother, prayin

him To speak before the people of he

child. And fixt the Sabbath. Darkly the

day rose: Autumn's mock sunshine of the fade

woods Was all the life of it; for hard of these,

A breathless burthen of low-folder heavens

Stifled and chill'd at once; but eve

Sent out a listener: many too he Edith among the hamlets round, a

The parents' harshness and the ha

less loves And double death were widely m

mur'd, left Their own gray tower, or plain-fac

tabernacle, To hear him; all in mourning the

and those With blots of it about them, ribb glove

Or kerchief; while the church, — one night, except

For greenish glimmerings thro' the lancets, — made

Still paler the pale head of him, who tower'd

Above them, with his hopes in either grave

Long o'er his bent brows linger'd Averill,

His face magnetic to the hand from which

Livid he pluck'd it forth, and labor'd thro'

His brief prayer-prelude, gave the verse "Behold.

Your house is left unto you desolate!"
But lapsed into so long a pause

again
As half amazed half frighted all his

flock:

Then from his height and loneliness of grief

Bore down in flood, and dash'd his angry heart

Against the desolations of the world.

Never since our bad earth became one sea.

Which rolling o'er the palaces of the proud,

And all but those who knew the living God —

Eight that were left to make a purer world—

When since had flood, fire, earthquake.
thunder, wrought

Such waste and havoc as the idolatries,

Which from the low light of mortality Shot up their shadows to the Heaven of Heavens,

And worshipt their own darkness as the Highest?

'Gash thyself, priest, and honor thy brute Baäl,

And to thy worst self sacrifice thyself, for with thy worst self hast thou clothed thy God.

Chen came a Lord in no wise like to Baäl.

The babe shall lead the lion. Surely now

The wilderness shall blossom as the rose.

Crown thyself, worm, and worship thine own lusts!—

No coarse and blockish God of acreage Stands at thy gate for thee to grovel to—

Thy God is far diffused in noble groves
And princely halls, and farms, and
flowing lawns,

And heaps of living gold that daily grow,

And title-scrolls and gorgeous heraldries.

In such a shape dost thou behold thy God.

Thou wilt not gash thy flesh for him; for thine

Fares richly, in fine linen, not a hair Ruffled upon the scarfskin, even while The deathless ruler of thy dying house Is wounded to the death that cannot

die; And tho' thou numberest with the

followers
Of One who cried, 'Leave all and follow me.'

Thee therefore with His light about thy feet,

Thee with His message ringing in thine

Thee shall thy brother man, the Lord from Heaven,

Born of a village girl, carpenter's son, Wonderful, Prince of peace, the Mighty God,

Count the more base idolater of the two;

Crueller: as not passing thro' the fire Bodies, but souls—thy children's—thro' the smoke.

The blight of low desires — darkening thine own

To thine own likeness; or if one of these.

Thy better born unhappily from thee, Should, as by miracle, grow straight and fair—

Friends, I was bid to speak of such a

By those who most have cause to sorrow for her —

Fairer than Rachel by the palmy well, Fairer than Ruth among the fields of

Fair as the angel that said 'Hail!' she seem'd.

Who entering fill'd the house with sudden light.

For so mine own was brighten'd:

The roof so lowly but that beam of Heaven

Dawn'd sometime thro' the doorway?
whose the babe

Too ragged to be fondled on her lap, Warm'd at her bosom? The poor child of shame

The common care whom no one cared for, leapt

To greet her, wasting his forgotten heart,

-As with the mother he had never known.

In gambols; for her fresh and innocent eyes

Had such a star of morning in their blue,

That all neglected places of the field Broke into nature's music when they saw her.

Low was her voice, but won mysterious way

Thro' the seal'd ear to which a louder one

Was all but silence — free of alms her hand —

The hand that robed your cottagewalls with flowers

Has often toil'd to clothe your little ones;

How often placed upon the sick man's

Cool'd it, or laid his feverous pillow smooth!

Had you one sorrow and she shared it not?

One burthen and she would not lighten it?

One spiritual doubt she did not soothe?
Or when some heat of difference sparkled out,

How sweetly would she glide betweer. your wraths,

And steal you from each other! for she walk'd

Wearing the light yoke of that Lord of love,

Who still'd the rolling wave of Galilee!

And one—of him I was not bid to speak—

Was always with her, whom you also knew.

Him too you loved, for he was worthy love.

And these had been together from the first;

They might have been together till the last.

Friends, this frail bark of ours, when sorely tried,

May wreck itself without the pilot's guilt,

Without the captain's knowledge: hope with me.

Whose shame is that, if he went hence with shame?

Nor mine the fault, if losing both of these
I cry to vacant chairs and widow'd

walls,
'My house is left unto me desolate.'"

While thus he spoke, his hearers

wept; but some,
Sons of the glebe, with other frowns
than those

That knit themselves for summer

shadow, scowl'd
At their great lord. He, when it

seem'd he saw No pale sheet-lightnings from afar,

but fork'd Of the near storm, and aiming at his

head, Sat anger-charm'd from sorrow, sol-

dier-like, Erect: but when the preacher's ca-

dence flow'd Softening thro' all the gentle attri-

butes
Of his lost child, the wife, who watch'd
his face.

At golden thresholds; nor from tender hearts,

And those who sorrow'd o'er a vanish'd race.

Pit, the violet on the tyrant's grave. Then the great Hall was wholly broken down.

And the broad woodland parcell'd into farms:

And where the two contrived their

daughter's good, Lies the hawk's cast, the mole has

made his run,
The hedgehog underneath the plantain bores.

The rabbit fondles his own harmless

face,

The slow-worm creeps, and the thin weasel there

Follows the mouse, and all is open field.

#### SEA DREAMS.

A city clerk, but gently born and bred;

His wife, an unknown artist's orphan child —

One babe was theirs, a Margaret, three years old:

They, thinking that her clear germander eve

Droopt in the giant-factoried citygloom,

Came, with a month's leave given them, to the sea:

For which his gains were dock'd, however small:

Small were his gains, and hard his work; besides,
Their slender household fortunes (for

Their slender household fortunes (for the man

Had risk'd his little) like the little thrift,

l'rembled in perilous places o'er a deep:

And oft, when sitting all alone, his face

Would darken, as he cursed his credulousness,

And that one unctuous mouth which lured him, rogue,

To buy strange shares in some Peruvian mine.

Now seaward-bound for health they gain'd a coast,

All sand and cliff and deep-inrunning cave,

At close of day; slept, woke, and went the next,

The Sabbath, pious variers from the church,

To chapel; where a heated pulpiteer, Not preaching simple Christ to simple men,

Announced the coming doom, and fulminated

Against the scarlet woman and her creed;

For sideways up he swung his arms, and shriek'd

"Thus, thus with violence," ev'n as if he held

The Apocalyptic millstone, and himself

Were that great Angel; "Thus with violence

Shall Babylon be cast into the sea; Then comes the close." The gentle-

hearted wife
Sat shuddering at the ruin of a world,
He at his own but when the wordy

Had ended, forth they came and paced the shore.

Ran in and out the long sea-framing caves,

Drank the large air, and saw, but scarce believed

(The sootflake of so many a summer still

Clung to their fancies) that they saw, the sea.

So now on sand they walk'd, and now on cliff,

Lingering about the thymy promontories,

Till all the sails were darken'd in the west,

And rosed in the east: then homeward and to bed:

Where she, who kept a tender Christian hope,

Haunting a holy text, and still to that

Left on another, or is it a light thing That I, their guest, their host, their ancient friend,

I made by these the last of all my

Must cry to these the last of theirs, as cried

Christ ere His agony to those that swore

Not by the temple but the gold, and made

Their own traditions God, and slew the Lord,

And left their memories a world's curse — 'Behold,

Your house is left unto you desolate'?"

Ended he had not, but she brook'd no more:

Long since her heart had beat remorselessly,

Her crampt-up sorrow pain'd her, and a sense

Of meanness in her unresisting life.

Then their eyes vext her; for on entering

He had cast the curtains of their seat aside—

Black velvet of the costliest—she herself

Had seen to that: fain had she closed them now,

Yet dared not stir to do it, only near'd Her husband inch by inch, but when she laid,

Wifelike, her hand in one of his, he veil'd

His face with the other, and at once, as falls

A creeper when the prop is broken, fell

The woman shricking at his feet, and swoon'd.

Then her own poorle here along the

Then her own people bore along the nave

Her pendent hands, and narrow meagre face

Seam'd with the shallow cares of fifty years:

And her the Lord of all the landscape round

Ev'n to its last horizon, and of all Who peer'd at him so keenly, follow'd

Tall and erect, but in the middle aisle Reel'd, as a footsore ox in crowded

ways
Stumbling across the market to his
death.

Unpitied; for he groped as blind, and seem'd

Always about to fall, grasping the pews And oaken finials till he touch'd the

door;
Yet to the lychgate, where his chariot

stood, Strode from the porch, tall and erect

again.

But nevermore did either pass the gate
Save under pall with bearers. In one

month,

Thro' weary and yet ever wearier

hours,
The childless mother went to seek her

child;
And when he felt the silence of his house

About him, and the change and not the change,

And those fixt eyes of painted ancestors

Staring for ever from their gilded walls

On him their last descendant, his own head
Began to droop, to fall; the man be-

came
Imbecile; his one word was "deso-

late";
Dead for two years before his death

was he;
But when the second Christmas came,

escaped
His keepers, and the silence which he

felt,
To find a deeper in the narrow

gloom

By wife and child; nor wanted at his

end
The dark retinue reverencing death

Paled at a sudden twitch of his iron mouth:

And "O pray God that he hold up"

she thought

"Or surely I shall shame myself and him."

"Nor yours the blame - for who beside your hearths

Can take her place -- if echoing me you cry

Our house is left unto us desolate'? But thou, O thou that killest, hadst thou known,

O thou that stonest, hadst thou understood

The things belonging to thy peace and ours!

Is there no prophet but the voice that calls

Doom upon kings, or in the waste 'Repent'?

Is not our own child on the narrow

Who down to those that saunter in the broad

Cries 'Come up hither,' as a prophet to us?

Is there no stoning save with flint and rock?

Yes, as the dead we weep for testify — No desolation but by sword and fire? Yes, as your moanings witness, and mvself

Am lonelier, darker, earthlier for my loss.

Give me your prayers, for he is past your prayers,

Not past the living fount of pity in Heaven.

But I that thought myself long-suffering, meek,

Exceeding 'poor in spirit' - how the words

Have twisted back upon themselves, and mean

Vileness, we are grown so proud — I wish'd my voice

A rushing tempest of the wrath of God To blow these sacrifices thro' the

world -Sent like the twelve-divided concubine Lightens from her own central Hell -O there

out yonder - earth

To inflame the tribes: but there-

The red fruit of an old idolatry —

The heads of chiefs and princes fall so fast.

They cling together in the ghastly sack -

The land all shambles — naked mar riages

Flash from the bridge, and ever-murder'd France,

By shores that darken with the gathering wolf,

Runs in a river of blood to the sick sea. Is this a time to madden madness then? Was this a time for these to flaunt their pride?

May Pharaoh's darkness, folds

dense as those Which hid the Holiest from the peo

ple's eves Ere the great death, shroud this great

sin from all! Doubtless our narrow world must

canvass it: O rather pray for those and pity them, Who, thro' their own desire accom-

plish'd, bring Their own gray hairs with sorrow to

the grave -Who broke the bond which they desired to break,

Which else had link'd their race with times to come -

Who wove coarse webs to snare her purity,

Grossly contriving their dear daughter's good -

Poor souls, and knew not what they did, but sat

Ignorant, devising their own daughter's death!

May not that earthly chastisement suffice ?

Have not our love and reverence left them bare?

Will not another take their heritage? Will there be children's laughter in their hall

For ever and for ever, or one stone

Returning, as the bird returns, at night,

"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

Said, "Love, forgive him:" but he did not speak;

And silenced by that silence lay the wife,

Remembering her dear Lord who died for all,

And musing on the little lives of men, And how they mar this little by their feuds.

But while the two were sleeping, a full tide

Rose with ground-swell, which, on the foremost rocks

Touching, upjetted in spirts of wild sea-smoke,

And scaled in sheets of wasteful foam, and fell

In vast sea-cataracts—ever and anon Dead claps of thunder from within the cliffs

Heard thro' the living roar. At this the babe.

Their Margaret cradled near them, wail'd and woke

The mother, and the father suddenly cried.

"A wreck, a wreck!" then turn'd, and groaning said,

"Forgive! How many will say, 'forgive,' and find

A sort of absolution in the sound To hate a little longer! No; the sin That neither God nor man can well forgive,

Hypocrisy, I saw it in him at once. Is it so true that second thoughts are

best?
Not first, and third, which are a riper

Too ripe, too late! they come too late for use.

Ah love, there surely lives in man and beast

Something divine to warn them of their foes:

And such a sense, when first I fronted him,

Said, 'Trust him not;' but after when I came

To know him more, I lost it, knew him less;
Fought with what soom'd my own

Fought with what seem'd my own uncharity;

Satat his table; drank his costly wines; Made more and more allowance for his talk:

Went further, fool! and trusted him with all.

All my poor scrapings from a dozen years

Of dust and deskwork: there is no such mine,

None; but a gulf of ruin, swallowing gold,

Not making. Ruin'd! ruin'd! the

sea roars Ruin: a fearful night!"

"Not fearful; fair," Said the good wife, "if every star in

heaven
Can make it fair: you do but hear
the tide.

Had you ill dreams?"

"O yes," he said, "I dream'd Of such a tide swelling toward the land, And I from out the boundless outer deep

Swept with it to the shore, and enter'd

one Of those dark caves that run beneath

the cliffs.
I thought the motion of the boundless deep

Bore thro' the cave, and I was heaved

upon it
In darkness: then I saw one lovely star
Larger and larger. 'What a world.'

Larger and larger. 'What a world,'
I thought,

'To live in!' but in moving on I found Only the landward exit of the cave, Bright with the sun upon the strean

Bright with the sun upon the stream beyond:

And near the light a giant woman sat, All over earthy, like a piece of earth, A pickaxe in her hand: then out I slipt Into a land all sun and blossom, trees
As high as heaven, and every bird
that sings:

And here the night-light flickering in

my eyes Awoke me.''

"That was then your dream," she said,

'Not sad, but sweet."

"So sweet, I lay," said he,
"And mused upon it, drifting up the
stream

In fancy, till I slept again, and pieced The broken vision; for I dream'd that

The motion of the great deep bore me on,

And that the woman walk'd upon the brink:

I wonder'd at her strength, and ask'd her of it:

'It came,' she said, 'by working in the mines:'

O then to ask her of my shares, I thought;

And ask'd; but not a word; she shook her head.

And then the motion of the current ceased,

And there was rolling thunder; and we reach'd

A mountain, like a wall of burs and thorns; But she with her strong feet up the

hill
Trod out a path: I follow'd; and at

She pointed seaward: there a fleet of

glass, That seem'd a fleet of jewels under me,

Sailing along before a gloomy cloud That not one moment ceased to thunder, past

In sunshine: right across its track there lay,

Down in the water, a long reef of gold, Or what seem'd gold: and I was glad at first

To think that in our often-ransack'd world

Still so much gold was left; and then I fear'd

Lest the gay navy there should splinter on it,

And fearing waved my arm to warn them off;

An idle signal, for the brittle fleet

(I thought I could have died to save it) near'd, Touch'd, clink'd, and clash'd, and

vanish'd, and I woke,
I heard the clash so clearly. Now I

heard the clash so clearly. Now ]

My dream was Life; the woman honest Work; And my poor venture but a fleet of

glass Wreck'd on a reef of visionary gold."

"Nay," said the kindly wife to com-

fort him,
"You raised your arm, you tumbled

down and broke
The glass with little Margaret's medicine in it;

And, breaking that, you made and broke your dream:

A trifle makes a dream, a trifle breaks."

"No trifle," groan'd the husband;

I met him suddenly in the street, and ask'd

That which I ask'd the woman in my dream.

Like her, he shook his head. 'Show me the books!'

He dodged me with a long and loose account.

'The books, the books!' but he, he could not wait,

Bound on a matter he of life and death:

When the great Books (see Daniel

seven and ten)
Were open'd, I should find he meant

Were open'd, I should find he meant me well;

And then began to bloat himself, and ooze

All over with the fat affectionate smile That makes the widow lean. 'My dearest friend.

Have faith, have faith! We live by faith, said he;

' And all things work together for the good

Of those'—it makes me sick to quote him—last

Gript my hand hard, and with Godbless-you went.

I stood like one that had received a blow:

I found a hard friend in his loose accounts,

A loose one in the hard grip of his hand,

A curse in his God-bless-you: then my eyes

Pursued him down the street, and far away,

Among the honest shoulders of the crowd,

Read rascal in the motions of his back, And scoundrel in the supple-sliding knee."

"Was he so bound, poor soul?" said the good wife;

"So are we all: but do not call him,

Before you prove him, rogue, and proved, forgive.

His gain is loss; for he that wrongs his friend

Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about

A silent court of justice in his breast, Himself the judge and jury, and himself

The prisoner at the bar, ever condemn'd:

And that drags down his life: then comes what comes

Hereafter: and he meant, he said he meant.

Perhaps he meant, or partly meant, you well."

"'With all his conscience and one eye askew' -

Love, let me quote these lines, that you may learn

A man is likewise counsel for himself,

Too often, in that silent court of yours—

'With all his conscience and one eye askew,

So false, he partly took himself for true;

Whose pious talk, when most his heart was dry,
Made wet the crafty crowsfoot round

his eye;
Who, never naming God except for

gain,

So never took that useful name in vain,
Made Him his catspaw and the Cross

his tool,
And Christ the bait to trap his dupe

and fool; Nor deeds of gift, but gifts of grace

he forged, And snake-like slimed his victim ere

he gorged;
And oft at Bible meetings, o'er the

rest

Arising, did his holy oily best,
Dropping the too rough H in Hell

and Heaven,
To spread the Word by which him-

self had thriven.'
How like you this old satire?"

"Nay," she said,

"I loathe it: he had never kindly heart,
Nor ever cared to better his own kind,
Who first wrote satire, with no pity

in it. But will you hear my dream, for I

had one That altogether went to music? Still It awed me."

Then she told it, having dream'd Of that same coast.

—But round the North, a light, A belt, it seem'd, of luminous vapor, lay.

And ever in it a low musical note Swell'd up and died; and, as it swell'd, a ridge Of breaker issued from the belt, and still

Grew with the growing note, and when the note

Had reach'd a thunderous fullness, on those cliffs

Broke, mixt with awful light (the same as that

Living within the belt) whereby she saw

That all those lines of cliffs were cliffs no more,

But huge cathedral fronts of every

Grave, florid, stern, as far as eye could see,

One after one: and then the great ridge drew,

Lessening to the lessening music, back.

And past into the belt and swell'd again Slowly to music: ever when it broke

The statues, king or saint, or founder fell:

Then from the gaps and chasms of ruin left

Came men and women in dark clusters round,

Some crying, "Set them up! they shall not fall!"

And others, "Let them lie, for they have fall'n."

And still they strove and wrangled: and she grieved In her strange dream, she knew not

why, to find

Their wildest wailings never out of tune

With that sweet note; and ever as their shrieks

Ran highest up the gamut, that great Returning, while none mark'd it, on

the crowd Broke, mixt with awful light, and

show'd their eyes

Glaring, with passionate looks, and swept away

The men of flesh and blood, and men of stone,

To the waste deeps together.

"Then I fixt

My wistful eyes on two fair images, Both crown'd with stars and high among the stars, -

The Virgin Mother standing with her child

High up on one of those dark minster-fronts -

Till she began to totter, and the child Clung to the mother, and sent out a

Which mixt with little Margaret's. and I woke,

And my dream awed me: - well but what are dreams?

Yours came but from the breaking of a glass.

And mine but from the crying of a child."

"Child? No!" said he, "but this tide's roar, and his, Our Boanerges with his threats of

doom,

And loud-lung'd Antibabylonianisms (Altho' I grant but little music there) Went both to make your dream: but if there were

A music harmonizing our wild cries, Sphere-music such as that you dream'd about,

Why, that would make our passions far too like

The discords dear to the musician No -

One shriek of hate would jar all the hymns of heaven: True Devils with no ear, they howl

in tune

With nothing but the Devil!"

"'True' indeed!

One out of our town, but later by an hour

Here than ourselves, spoke with me on the shore;

While you were running down the sands, and made

The dimpled flounce of the sea-furbelow flap,

Good man, to please the child. She brought strange news.

Why were you silent when I spoke to-night?

I had set my heart on your forgiving

Before you knew. We must forgive the dead."

"Dead! who is dead?"

"The man your eye pursued.
A little after you had parted with him,

He suddenly dropt dead of heartdisease."

uisease.

"Dead? he? of heart-disease? what heart had he To die of? dead?"

"Ah, dearest, if there be A devil in man, there is an angel too, And if he did that wrong you charge him with.

His angel broke his heart. But your rough voice

(You spoke so loud) has roused the

child again. Sleep, little birdie, sleep! will she not

Without her 'little birdie'? well then, sleep.

And I will sing you, 'birdie.'"

The woman half turn'd round from him she loved,

Left him one hand, and reaching thro' the night

Her other, found (for it was close beside)

And half-embraced the basket cradlehead

With one soft arm, which, like the pliant bough

That moving moves the nest and nestling, sway'd

The cradle, while she sang this baby song.

What does little birdle say In her nest at peep of day? Let me fly, says little birdle, Mother, let me fly away. Birdie, rest a little longer, Till the little wings are stronger So she rests a little longer, Then she flies away.

What does little baby say, In her bed at peep of day? Baby says, like little birdie, Let me rise and fly away. Baby, sleep a little longer, Till the little limbs are stronger. If she sleeps a little longer, Baby too shall fly away.

"She sleeps: let us too, let all evil, sleep.

He also sleeps — another sleep than ours.

He can do no more wrong: forgive him, dear,

And I shall sleep the sounder!"

Then the man, "His deeds yet live, the worst is yet to come.

Yet let your sleep for this one night be sound:

I do forgive him!"

"Thanks, my love," she said,
"Your own will be the sweeter," and
they slept.

# LUCRETIUS.

Lucilla, wedded to Lucretius, found Her master cold; for when the morning flush

Of passion and the first embrace had died

Between them, tho' he lov'd her none the less,

Yet often when the woman heard his foot

Return from pacings in the field, and

To greet him with a kiss, the master

Small notice, or austerely, for - his mind

Half buried in some weightier argument,

Or fancy, borne perhaps upon the rise And long roll of the Hexameter — he

To turn and ponder those three hundred scrolls

Left by the Teacher, whom he held divine.

She brook'd it not; but wrathful, petulant,

Dreaming some rival, sought and found a witch

Who brew'd the philtre which had power, they said,

To lead an errant passion home again.

And this, at times, she mingled with
his drink,

And this destroy'd him; for the wicked broth

Confused the chemic labor of the blood,

And tickling the brute brain within the man's

Made havoc among those tender cells,

His power to shape: he loathed himself; and once

After a tempest woke upon a morn That mock'd him with returning calm, and cried:

"Storm in the night! for thrice I heard the rain

Rushing; and once the flash of a thunderbolt—

Methought I never saw so fierce a fork—

Struck out the streaming mountainside, and show'd A riotous confluence of watercourses

Planching and billowing in a hollow of it,
Where all but vector are were duety

Where all but yester-eve was dusty-dry.

"Storm, and what dreams, ye holy Gods, what dreams!

For thrice I waken'd after dreams.

Perchance

We do but recollect the dreams that

Just ere the waking: terrible! for it seem'd

A void was made in Nature; all her bonds

Crack'd; and I saw the flaring atomstreams

And torrents of her myriad universe, Ruining along the illimitable inane,

Fly on to clash together again, and make

Another and another frame of things For ever: that was mine, my dream, I knew it—

Of and belonging to me, as the dog With inward yelp and restless forefoot

plies

His function of the woodland: but the next!

I thought that all the blood by Sylla shed Came driving rainlike down again on

earth,
And where it dash'd the reddening

meadow, sprang No dragon warriors from Cadmean

teeth,
For these I thought my dream would

show to me, But girls, Hetairai, curious in their art, Hired animalisms, vile as those that

made
The mulberry-faced Dictator's orgies

Than aught they fable of the quiet Gods.

And hands they mixt, and yell'd and round me drove

In narrowing circles till I yell'd again Half-suffocated, and sprang up, and saw —

Was it the first beam of my latest day?

"Then, then, from utter gloom stood out the breasts,

The breasts of Helen, and hoveringly a sword

Now over and now under, now direct, Pointed itself to pierce, but sank down shamed

At all that beauty; and as I stared, a fire,

The fire that left a roofless Ilion,
Shot out of them, and scorch'd me
that I woke.

"Is this thy vengeance, holy Venus, thine,

Because I would not one of thine own doves,

Not ev'n a rose, were offer'd to thee?

Forgetful how my rich proæmion makes

Thy glory fly along the Italian field, In lays that will outlast thy Deity?

"Deity? nay, thy worshippers. My tongue

Trips, or I speak profanely. Which of these

Angers thee most, or angers thee at all?

Not if thou be'st of those who, far aloof

From envy, hate and pity, and spite and scorn,

Live the great life which all our greatest fain

Would follow, center'd in eternal calm.

"Nay, if thou canst, O Goddess, like ourselves

Touch, and be touch'd, then would I cry to thee

To kiss thy Mavors, roll thy tender arms

Round him, and keep him from the lust of blood

That makes a steaming slaughterhouse of Rome.

"Ay, but I meant not thee; I meant not her,

Whom all the pines of Ida shook to see

Slide from that quiet heaven of hers, and tempt

The Trojan, while his neat-herds were abroad;

Nor her that o'er her wounded hunter

Her Deity false in human-amorous tears:

Nor whom her beardless apple arbiter. Decided fairest. Rather, O ye Gods, Poet-like, as the great Sicilian called Calliope to grace his golden verse — Ay, and this Kypris also — did I take That popular name of thine to shadow forth

The all-generating powers and genial heat

Of Nature, when she strikes thro' the thick blood

Of cattle, and light is large, and lambs are glad

Nosing the mother's udder, and the bird

Makes his heart voice amid the blaze of flowers:

Which things appear the work of mighty Gods.

"The Gods! and if I go, my work is left

Unfinish'd—if I go. The Gods, who haunt

The lucid interspace of world and world,

Where never creeps a cloud, or moves a wind,

Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,

Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans, Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar

Their sacred everlasting calm! and such,

Not all so fine, nor so divine a calm, Not such, nor all unlike it, man may gain

Letting his own life go. The Gods, the Gods!

If all be atoms, how then should the Gods

Being atomic not be dissoluble,

Not follow the great law? My master held

That Gods there are, for all men so believe.

believe.
I prest my footsteps into his, and

meant
Surely to lead my Memmius in a train
Of flowery clauses onward to the proof
That Gods there are, and deathless

Meant? I meant?

i have forgotten what I meant: my

Stumbles, and all my faculties are lamed.

"Look where another of our Gods, the Sun,

Apollo, Delius, or of older use

All-seeing Hyperion — what you will —

Has mounted yonder; since he never sware,

Except his wrath were wreak'd on wretched man,

That he would only shine among the dead

Hereafter; tales! for never yet on

Could dead flesh creep, or bits of roasting ox

Moan round the spit — nor knows he what he sees;

King of the East altho' he seem, and

With song and flame and fragrance, slowly lifts

His golden feet on those empurpled stairs

That climb into the windy halls of heaven

And here he glances on an eye newborn,

And gets to greeting but a wail of pair

And here he stays upon a freezing orb

That fain would gaze upon him to the last;

And here upon a yellow eyelid fall'n And closed by those who mourn a friend in vain,

Not thankful that his troubles are no more.

And me, altho' his fire is on my face Blinding, he sees not, nor at all can tell

Whether I mean this day to end myself.

Or lend an ear to Plato where he says, That men like soldiers may not quit the post Allotted by the Gods: but he that

The Gods are careless, wherefore need he care

Greatly for them, nor rather plunge at once,

Being troubled, wholly out of sight, and sink Past earthquake — ay, and gout and

stone, that break

Body toward death, and palsy, death-

30dy toward death, and palsy, death in-life,

And wretched age — and worst disease
of all,
These prodigies of myriad naked-

nesses,
And twisted shapes of lust unspeak

And twisted shapes of lust, unspeakable,

Abominable, strangers at my hearth Not.welcome, harpies miring every dish,

The phantom husks of something foully done,

And fleeting thro' the boundless universe,

And blasting the long quiet of my

breast
With animal heat and dire insanity?

"How should the mind, except it loved them, clasp

These idols to herself <sup>q</sup> or do they fly Now thinner, and now thicker, like the flakes

In a fall of snow, and so press in, perforce

Of multitude, as crowds that in an hour

Of civic tumult jam the doors, and bear

The keepers down, and throng, their rags and they

The basest, far into that council-hall Where sit the best and stateliest of the land?

"Can I not fling this horror off me again,

again,
Seeing with how great ease Nature
can smile.

Balmier and nobler from her bath of storm,

At random ravage? and how easily
The mountain there has cast his
cloudy slough,

Now towering o'er him in serenest air, A mountain o'er a mountain,—ay, and within

All hollow as the hopes and fears of men?

"But who was he, that in the garden snared

Picus and Faunus, rustic Gods? a tale
To laugh at—more to laugh at in
myself—

Nor look! what is it? there? you arbutus

Totters; a noiseless riot underneath Strikes through the wood, sets all the tops quivering—

The mountain quickens into Nymph and Faun:

And here an Oread—how the sun delights

To glance and shift about her slippery sides.

And rosy knees and supple roundedness,

And budded bosom-peaks — who this way runs

Before the rest — A satyr, a satyr, see, Follows; but him I proved impossible; Twy-natured is no nature: yet he draws

Nearer and nearer, and I scan him

Beastlier than any phantom of his

That ever butted his rough brotherbrute

For lust or lusty blood or provender: I hate, abhor, spit, sicken at him; and she

Loathes him as well; such a precipitute heel,

Fledged as it were with Mercury's ankle-wing,

Whirls her to me: but will she fling herself,

Shameless upon me? Catch her, goat-foot: nay,

Hide, hide them, million-myrtled wilderness,

And cavern-shadowing laurels, hide! do I wish--

What? — that the bush were leafless? or to whelm

All of them in one massacre? O ye Gods,

I know you careless, yet, behold, to you From childly wont and ancient use I

call—
I thought I lived securely as your-

selves — No lewdness, narrowing envy, monkey-

spite,
No madness of ambition, avarice.

none: No larger feast than under plane or

pine With neighbors laid along the grass,

to take
Only such cups as left us friendly-

warm,
Affirming each his own philosophy —
Nothing to mar the sober majesties

Of settled, sweet, Epicurean life. But now it seems some unseen mon-

ster lays His vast and filthy hands upon my

Wrenching it backward into his; and spoils

My bliss in being; and it was not great;

For save when shutting reasons up in rhythm,

Or Heliconian honey in living words, To make a truth less harsh, I often grew

Tired of so much within our little life, Or of so little in our little life—

Poor little life that toddles half an hour

Crown'd with a flower or two, and there an end —

And since the nobler pleasure seems to fade,

Why should I, beastlike as I find myself,

Not manlike end myself? — our privilege —

What beast has heart to do it? And what man,

What Roman would be dragg'd in triumph thus?

Not I; not he, who bears one name with her

Whose death-blow struck the dateless

doom of kings, When, brooking not the Tarquin in

her veins. She made her blood in sight of Col-

latine And all his peers, flushing the guiltless

Spout from the maiden fountain in

her heart. And from it sprang the Common-

wealth, which breaks As I am breaking now!

"And therefore now Let her, that is the womb and tomb of all,

Great Nature, take, and forcing far apart

Those blind beginnings that have made me man.

Dash them anew together at her will Thro' all her cycles - into man once

Or beast or bird or fish, or opulent flower:

But till this cosmic order everywhere Shatter'd into one earthquake in one

Cracks all to pieces, - and that hour perhaps

Is not so far when momentary man Shall seem no more a something to himself.

But he, his hopes and hates, his homes and fanes!

And even his bones long laid within the grave.

The very sides of the grave itself shall pass,

Vanishing, atom and void, atom and void.

Into the unseen for ever, - till that

My golden work in which I told a truth That stays the rolling Ixionian wheel, And numbs the Fury's ringlet-snake, and plucks

The mortal soul from out immortal hell.

Shall stand: ay, surely: then it fails

And perishes as I must; for O Thou, Passionless bride, divine Tranquillity, Yearn'd after by the wisest of the wise.

Who fail to find thee, being as thou

Without one pleasure and without one pain.

Howbeit I know thou surely must be mine

Or soon or late, yet out of season, thus I woo thee roughly, for thou carest not How roughly men may woo thee so they win -

Thus - thus: the soul flies out and

dies in the air."

With that he drove the knife into his side:

She heard him raging, heard him fall; ran in,

Beat breast, tore hair, cried out upon herself

As having fail'd in duty to him, shriek'd

That she but meant to win him back, fell on him.

Clasp'd, kiss'd him, wail'd: he answer'd, "Care not thou! uty? What is duty?

Thy duty? thee well!"

# ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

### PUBLISHED IN 1852.

Bury the Great Duke With an empire's lamentation, Let us bury the Great Duke To the noise of the mourning of a

mighty nation,

Mourning when their leaders fall, Warriors carry the warrior's pall. And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall. TT.

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?

Here, in streaming London's central

roar.

Let the sound of those he wrought for, And the feet of those he fought for, Echo round his bones for evermore.

III.

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,
As fits an universal woe,
Let the long long procession go,
And let the sorrowing crowd about it
grow,

And let the mournful martial music

blow;

The last great Englishman is low.

IV.

Mourn, for to us he seems the last, Remembering all his greatness in the Past.

No more in soldier fashion will he

greet

With lifted hand the gazer in the street.

O friends, our chief state-oracle is

Tourn for th

Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,

The statesman-warrior, moderate, res-

Whole in himself, a common good. Mourn for the man of amplest influ-

ence.

Yet clearest of ambitious crime, Our greatest yet with least pretence, Great in council and great in war, Foremost captain of his time, Rich in saving common-sense, And, as the greatest only are,

In his simplicity sublime.
O good gray head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all

men drew,

O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fall'n at length that tower of
strength

Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!

Such was he whom we deplore.

The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.

The great World-victor's victor will
be seen no more.

v.

All is over and done:
Render thanks to the Giver,
England, for thy son.
Let the bell be toll'd.
Render thanks to the Giver,
And render him to the mould.
Under the cross of gold
That shines over city and river,
There he shall rest for ever
Among the wise and the bold.
Let the bell be toll'd:
And a reverent people behold
The towering car, the sable steeds:
Bright let it be with its blazon'd
deeds.

Dark in its funeral fold.

Let the bell be toll'd:

And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd:

And the sound of the sorrowing anthem roll'd

Thro' the dome of the golden cross; And the volleying cannon thunder his loss;

He knew their voices of old.

For many a time in many a clime
His captain's-ear has heard them
boom

Bellowing victory, bellowing doom:
When he with those deep voices
wrought,

Guarding realms and kings from shame:

with those deep voices our dead cap-

tain taught
The tyrant, and asserts his claim
In that dread sound to the great name
Which he has worn so pure of blame,
In praise and in dispraise the same,
A man of well-attemper'd frame.
O civic muse, to such a name,
To such a name for ages long,
To such a name.

Preserve a broad approach of fame, And ever-echoing avenues of song.

Who is he that cometh, like an honor'd guest,

With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,

With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?

Mighty Seaman, this is he

Was great by land as thou by sea. Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,

The greatest sailor since our world

began.

Now, to the roll of muffled drums, To thee the greatest soldier comes: For this is he Was great by land as thou by sea;

His foes were thine; he kept us free; O give him welcome, this is he Worthy of our gorgeous rites, And worthy to be laid by thee; For this is England's greatest son, He that gain'd a hundred fights, Nor ever lost an English gun: This is he that far away

Against the myriads of Assaye Clash'd with his flery few and won; And underneath another sun.

Warring on a later day, Round affrighted Lisbon drew The treble works, the vast designs Of his labor'd rampart-lines, Where he greatly stood at bay, Whence he issued forth anew,

And ever great and greater grew, Beating from the wasted vines Back to France her banded swarms, Back to France with countless blows,

Till o'er the hills her eagles flew Beyond the Pyrenean pines, Follow'd up in valley and glen

With blare of bugle, clamor of men, Roll of cannon and clash of arms, And England pouring on her foes.

Such a war had such a close. Again their ravening eagle rose In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadow-

ing wings, And barking for the thrones of kings;

Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown

On that loud Sabbath shook the spoiler down;

A day of onsets of despair! Dash'd on every rocky square Their surging charges foam'd them

selves away; Last, the Prussian trumpet blew; Thro' the long-tormented air Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray, And down we swept and charged and overthrew.

So great a soldier taught us there. What long-enduring hearts could do In that world earthquake, Waterloo Mighty Seaman, tender and true, And pure as he from taint of craven

guile,

O saviour of the silver-coasted isle, O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile, If aught of things that here befall Touch a spirit among things divine. If love of country move thee there at all,

Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine !

And thro' the centuries let a people's voice

In full acclaim, A people's voice.

The proof and echo of all human fame,

A people's voice, when they rejoice At civic revel and pomp and game, Attest their great commander's claim With honor, honor, honor to him.

Eternal honor to his name.

#### VII.

A people's voice! we are a people yet. Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget.

Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers:

Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set

His Briton in blown seas and storming showers,

We have a voice, with which to pay the debt

Of boundless love and reverence and regret

To those great men who fought, and kept it ours.

And keep it ours, O God, from brute control:

O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul

Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,

And save the one true seed of freedom sown
Betwixt a people and their ancient

throne,
That sober freedom out of which

there springs
Our loyal passion for our temperate

kings; For, saving that, ye help to save man-

kind

Fill public wrong be crumbled into

fill public wrong be crumbled into dust,

And drill the raw world for the march of mind,

Fill crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.

But wink no more in slothful overtrust.

Remember him who led your hosts; He bade you guard the sacred coasts. Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall:

His voice is silent in your council-hall For ever; and whatever tempests lour For ever silent; even if they broke In thunder, silent; yet remember all He spoke among you, and the Man

who spoke;
Who never sold the truth to serve the

Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power;

Who let the turbid streams of rumor

Thro' either babbling world of high and low;

Whose life was work, whose language rife

With rugged maxims hewn from life; Who never spoke against a foe;

Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke

All great self-seekers trampling on the right;

Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named:

Truth-lover was our English Duke; Whatever record leap to light He never shall be shamed.

#### VIII.

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars Now to glorious burial slowly borne, Follow'd by the brave of other lands, He, on whom from both her open hands

Lavish Honor shower'd all her stars, And affluent Fortune emptied all her

horn.
Yea, let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great,

But as he saves or serves the state. Not once or twice in our rough island-

story,
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He that walks it, only thirsting

For the right, and learns to deaden Love of self, before his journey closes, He shall find the stubborn thistle

bursting

Into glossy purples, which outredden All voluptuous garden-roses.

Not once or twice in our fair islandstory,

The path of duty was the way to glory: He, that ever following her commands, On with toil of heart and knees and

Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won

His path upward, and prevail'd, Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled

Are close upon the shining table-

To which our God Himself is moon and sun.

Such was he: his work is done.

But while the races of mankind endure,

Let his great example stand Colossal, seen of every land,

And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure:

Till in all lands and thro' all human story

The path of duty be the way to glory:
And let the land whose hearts he
saved from shame

For many and many an age proclaim At civic revel and pomp and game, And when the long-illumined cities

flame, Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame, With honor, honor, honor to

him,

Eternal honor to his name.

IX.

Peace, his triumph will be sung By some yet unmoulded tongue Far on in summers that we shall not

Peace, it is a day of pain
For one about whose patriarchal knee
Late the little children clung:

O peace, it is a day of pain

For one, upon whose hand and heart

and brain

Once the weight and fate of Europe hung.

Ours the pain, be his the gain!
More than is of man's degree
Must be with us, watching here
At this, our great solemnity.
Whom we see not we revere;
We revere, and we refrain
From talk of battles loud and vain,
And brawling memories all too free

For such a wise humility
As befits a solemn fane:
We revere, and while we hear
The tides of Music's golden sea
Setting toward eternity.

Uplifted high in heart and hope are we.

Until we doubt not that for one so true

There must be other nobler work to

Than when he fought at Waterloo, And Victor he must ever be.

For the' the Giant Ages heave the hill

And break the shore, and evermore
Make and break, and work their will;
Tho' world on world in myriad myriads
roll

Round us, each with different powers And other forms of life than ours, What know we greater than the soul? On God and Godlike men we build outrust.

Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears:

The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears:

The black earth yawns: the mortal disappears;
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;

He is gone who seem'd so great.—Gone; but nothing can bereave him Of the force he made his own Being here, and we believe him Something far advanced in State, And that he wears a truer crown

Than any wreath that man can weave him.

Speak no more of his renown, Lay your earthly fancies down, And in the vast cathedral leave him. God accept him, Christ receive him.

# THE THIRD OF FEBRUARY, 1852.

My Lords, we heard you speak: you told us all

That England's honest censure went

That England's honest censure went too far;

That our free press should cease to brawl,

Not sting the fiery Frenchman into war.

It was our ancient privilege, my Lords, To fling whate'er we felt, not fearing, into words.

We love not this French God, the child of Hell,

Wild War, who breaks the converse of the wise;

But though we love kind Peace so well,

We dare not ev'n by silence sanction

It might be safe our censures to withdraw;

And yet, my Lords, not well: there is a higher law.

As long as we remain, we must speak

Tho' all the storm of Europe on us break:

No little German state are we,

But the one voice in Europe: we must speak;

That if to-night our greatness were struck dead,

There might be left some record of the things we said.

If you be fearful, then must we be bold.

Our Britain cannot salve a tyrant o'er.

Better the waste Atlantic roll'd

On her and us and ours for evermore.

What! have we fought for Freedom
from our prime,

At last to dodge and palter with a public crime?

Shall we fear him? our own we never fear'd.

From our first Charles by force we wrung our claims.

Prick'd by the Papal spur, we rear'd, We flung the burden of the second

I say, we never feared! and as for these, We broke them on the land, we drove them on the seas.

And you, my Lords, you make the people muse

In doubt if you be of our Barons' breed—

Were those your sires who fought at Lewes!

Lewes!

Is this the manly strain of Runny-

mede?
O fall'n nobility, that, overawed,

Would lisp in honey'd whispers of this monstrous fraud!

We feel, at least, that silence here were sin,

Not ours the fault if we have feeble hosts —

If easy patrons of their kin

Have left the last free race with naked coasts!

They knew the precious things they had to guard:

For us, we will not spare the tyrant one hard word.

Tho' niggard throats of Manchester may bawl,

What England was, shall her true sons forget?

We are not cotton-spinners all,

But some love England and her

honor yet. And these in our Thermopylæ shall

stand,
And hold against the world this honor
of the land.

# THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

I.

Half a league, half a league, Half a league onward, All in the valley of Death Rode the six hundred. "Forward, the Light Brigade! Charge for the guns," he said: Into the valley of Death Rode the six hundred.

TT.

"E mard, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not the' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

III.

Cannon to right of them, Cannon to left of them, Cannon in front of them Volley'd and thunder'd; Storm'd at with shot and shell, Boldly they rode and well, Into the jaws of Death, Into the mouth of Hell Rode the six hundred.

IV.

Flash'd all their sabres bare, Flash'd as they turn'd in air Sabring the gunners there, Charging an army, while

All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

v

Cannon to right of them, Cannon to left of them, Cannon behind them

Volley'd and thunder'd; Storm'd at with shot and shell, While horse and hero fell, They that had fought so well Came thro' the jaws of Death, Back from the mouth of Hell, All that was left of them,

Left of six hundred.

VI.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

ODE SUNG AT THE OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

I.

UPLIFT a thousand voices full and sweet,

In this wide hall with earth's invention stored,

And praise the invisible universal Lord,

Who lets once more in peace the nations meet,

Where Science, Art, and Labor have outpour'd

Their myriad horns of plenty at our feet.

II.

O silent father of our Kings to be Mourn'd in this golden hour of jubilee, For this, for all, we weep our thanks to thee!

III.

The world-compelling plan was thine,—

And, lo! the long laborious miles
Of Palace: lo! the giant sisles

Of Palace; lo! the giant aisles, Rich in model and design; Harvest-tool and husbandry, Loom and wheel and enginery, Secrets of the sullen mine, Steel and gold, and corn and wine, Fabric rough, or fairy-fine, Sunny tokens of the Line, Polar marvels, and a feast Of wonder, out of West and East, And shapes and hues of Art divine! All of beauty, all of use, That one fair planet can produce,

Brought from under every star, Blown from over every main, And mixt, as life is mixt with pain.

The works of peace with works of

war.

IV.

Is the goal so far away? Far, how far no tongue can say, Let us dream our dream to-day.

v.

O ye, the wise who think, the wise who reign,

From growing commerce loose her latest chain,

And let the fair white-wing'd peacemaker fly

To happy havens under all the sky, And mix the seasons and the golden hours;

Till each man find his own in all men's good,

And all men work in noble brother-hood,

Breaking their mailed fleets and armed towers,

And ruling by obeying Nature's powers,

And gathering all the fruits of earth and crown'd with all her flowers.

# A WELCOME TO ALEXANDRA. MARCH 7, 1863.

SEA-KINGS' daughter from over the sea, Alexandra! Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,

Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome
of thee. Alexandra!
Welcome her, thunders of fort and of

fleet! Welcome her, thundering cheer of the

Welcome her, thundering cheer of the street!

Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,

Scatter the blossom under her feet! Break, happy land, into earlier flow-

Make music, O bird, in the new-budded bowers!

Blazon your mottoes of blessing and prayer!

Welcome her, welcome her, all that is

Warble, O bugle, and trumpet, blare! Flags, flutter out upon turrets and towers!

Flames, on the windy headland flare! Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire! Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air!

Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire!

Rush to the roof, sudden rocket, and
higher

Melt into stars for the land's desire! Roll and rejoice, jubilant voice,

Roll as a ground-swell dash'd on the strand.

Roar as the sea when he welcomes the

And welcome her, welcome the land's desire.

The sea-kings' daughter as happy as fair,

Blissful bride of a blissful heir,

Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea —

O joy to the people and joy to the throne,

Come to us, love us and make us your own:

For Saxon or Dane or Norman we, Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be, We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee. Alexandra!

A WELCOME TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS MARIE ALEX-ANDROVNA, DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH.

#### MARCH 7, 1874.

ı.

The Son of him with whom we strove for power —

Whose will is lord thro' all his world-domain —

Who made the serf a man, and burst his chain —

Has given our Prince his own imperial Flower,

Alexandrovna.

And welcome, Russian flower, a people's pride,
To Britain, when her flowers begin

to blow!

From love to love, from home to home you go,

From mother unto mother, stately bride,

Marie Alexandrovna!

II.

The golden news along the steppes is blown,

And at thy name the Tartar tents are stirr'd;

Elburz and all the Caucasus have heard:

And all the sultry palms of India known.

Alexandrovna.

The voices of our universal sea

On capes of Afric as on cliffs of Kent.

The Maoris and that Isle of Conti-

nent. And loyal pines of Canada murmur

thee.

Marie Alexandrovna!

III.

Fair empires branching, both, in lusty

Yet Harold's England fell to Norman swords:

Yet thine own land has bow'd to Tartar hordes

ince English Harold gave its throne a wife,

Alexandrovna! 'or thrones and peoples are as waifs

that swing, And float or fall, in endless ebb and

But who love best have best the grace to know

'hat Love by right divine is deathless king,

Marie Alexandrovna!

Iv.

nd Love has led thee to the stranger land,

Where men are bold and strongly say their say; -

See, empire upon empire smiles to-

As thou with thy young lover hand in hand,

Alexandrovna! So now thy fuller life is in the west,

Whose hand at home was gracious to thy poor:

Thy name was blest within the narrow door :

Here also, Marie, shall thy name be blest,

Marie Alexandrovna!

Shall fears and jealous hatreds flame again?

Or at thy coming, Princess, everywhere.

The blue heaven break, and some diviner air

Breathe thro' the world and change the hearts of men.

Alexandrovna! But hearts that change not, love that cannot cease.

And peace be yours, the peace of soul in soul!

And howsoever this wild world may

Between your people's truth and manful peace,

Alfred - Alexandrovna!

# THE GRANDMOTHER.

And Willy, my eldest-born, is gone, you say, little Anne? Ruddy and white, and strong on his legs, he looks like a man. And Willy's wife has written: she never was over-wise, Never the wife for Willy: he wouldn't take my advice.

For, Annie, you see, her father was not the man to save, Hadn't a head to manage, and drank himself into his grave. Pretty enough, very pretty! but I was against it for one. Eh! - but he wouldn't hear me - and Willy, you say, is gone.

#### III.

Willy, my beauty, my eldest-born, the flower of the flock; Never a man could fling him: for Willy stood like a rock. "Here's a leg for a babe of a week!" says doctor; and he would be bound, There was not his like that year in twenty parishes round.

#### ıv.

Strong of his hands, and strong on his legs, but still of his tongue! I ought to have gone before him: I wonder he went so young. I cannot cry for him, Annie: I have not long to stay; Perhaps I shall see him the sooner, for he lived far away.

#### v.

Why do you look at me, Annie? you think I am hard and cold; But all my children have gone before me, I am so old: I cannot weep for Willy, nor can I weep for the rest; Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best.

#### VI

For I remember a quarrel I had with your father, my dear, All for a slanderous story, that cost me many a tear. I mean your grandfather, Annie: it cost me a world of woe, Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.

#### VII.

For Jenny, my cousin, had come to the place, and I knew right well That Jenny had tript in her time: I knew, but I would not tell. And she to be coming and slandering me, the base little liar! But the tongue is a fire as you know, my dear, the tongue is a fire.

#### VIII.

And the parson made it his text that week, and he said likewise, That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies, That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright, But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.

#### IX.

And Willy had not been down to the farm for a week and a day; And all things look'd half-dead, tho' it was the middle of May. Jenny, to slander me, who knew what Jenny had been! But soiling another, Annie, will never make one's self clean.

#### x.

And I cried myself well-nigh blind, and all of an evening late I climb'd to the top of the garth, and stood by the road at the gate. The moon like a rick on fire was rising over the dale, And whit, whit, in the bush beside me chirrupt the nightingale.

#### TI

All of a sudden he stopt: there past by the gate of the farm, Willy, — he didn't see me, — and Jenny hung on his arm. Out into the road I started, and spoke I scarce knew how; Ah, there's no fool like the old one — it makes me angry now.

#### XII.

Willy stood up like a man, and look'd the thing that he meant; Jenny, the viper, made me a mocking curtsey and went. And I said, "Let us part: in a hundred years it'll all be the same, You cannot love me at all, if you love not my good name."

#### XIII.

And he turn'd, and I saw his eyes all wet, in the sweet moonshine: "Sweetheart, I love you so well that your good name is mine. And what do I care for Jane, let her speak of you well or ill; But marry me out of hand: we two shall be happy still."

#### XIV

"Marry you, Willy!" said I, "but I needs must speak my mind, And I fear you'll listen to tales, be jealous and hard and unkind." But he turn'd and claspt me in his arms, and answer'd, "No, love, no;" Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.

#### XV.

So Willy and I were wedded: I wore a lilac gown; And the ringers rang with a will, and he gave the ringers a crown. But the first that ever I bare was dead before he was born, Shadow and shine is life, little Annie, flower and thorn.

#### XVI.

That was the first time, too, that ever I thought of death.

There lay the sweet little body that never had drawn a breath.

I had not wept, little Anne, not since I had been a wife;

But I wept like a child that day, for the babe had fought for his life.

#### XVII.

His dear little face was troubled, as if with anger or pain: I look'd at the still little body—his trouble had all been in vain. For Willy I cannot weep, I shall see him another morn: But I wept like a child for the child that was dead before he was born.

#### XVIII.

But he cheer'd me, my good man, for he seldom said me nay: Kind, like a man, was he; like a man, too, would have his way: Never jealous—not he: we had many a happy year; And he died, and I could not weep—my own time seem'd so near.

#### XIX.

But I wish'd it had been God's will that I, too, then could have died: I began to be tired a little, and fain had slept at his side. And that was ten years back, or more, if I don't forget: But as to the children, Annie, they're all about me yet.

#### XX.

Pattering over the boards, my Annie who left me at two,
Patter she goes, my own little Annie, an Annie like you:
Pattering over the boards, she comes and goes at her will,
While Harry is in the five-acre and Charlie ploughing the hill.

#### XXI.

And Harry and Charlie, I hear them too — they sing to their team:
Often they come to the door in a pleasant kind of a dream.
They come and sit by my chair, they hover about my bed —
I am not always certain if they be alive or dead.

#### XXII.

And yet I know for a truth, there's none of them left alive;
For Harry went at sixty, your father at sixty-five:
And Willy, my eldest-born, at nigh threescore and ten;
I knew them all as babies, and now they're elderly men.

#### XXIII.

For mine is a time of peace, it is not often I grieve;
I am oftener sitting at home in my father's farm at eve:
And the neighbors come and laugh and gossip, and so do I;
I find myself often laughing at things that have long gone by.

#### XXIV.

To be sure the preacher says, our sins should make us sad: But mine is a time of peace, and there is Grace to be had; And God, not man, is the Judge of us all when life shall cease And in this Book, little Annie, the message is one of Peace.

#### xxv.

And age is a time of peace, so it be free from pain, And happy has been my life; but I would not live it again. I seem to be tired a little, that's all, and long for rest; Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best.

#### XXVI.

So Willy has gone, my beauty, my eldest-born, my flower; But how can I weep for Willy, he has but gone for an hour,—Gone for a minute, my son, from this room into the next; I, too, shall go in a minute. What time have I to be vext?

#### XXVII

And Willy's wife has written, she never was over-wise. Get me my glasses, Annie: thank God that I keep my eyes. There is but a trifle left you, when I shall have past away. But stay with the old woman now: you cannot have long to stay.

## NORTHERN FARMER.

## OLD STYLE.

1.

Wheer 'asta beän saw long and meä liggin' 'ere aloän? Noorse? thoort nowt o' a noorse: whoy, Doctor's abeän an' agoän says that I moänt 'a naw moor aäle: but I beänt a fool: Git ma my aäle, fur I beänt a-gooin' to breäk my rule.

IT.

Doctors, they knaws nowt, fur a says what's nawways true: Naw soort o' koind o' use to saäy the things that a do. I've 'ed my point o' aäle ivry noight sin' I beän 'ere, An' I've 'ed my quart ivry market-noight for foorty year.

III.

Parson's a beän loikewoise, an' a sittin' ere o' my bed.
"The amoighty's a taäkin o' you to 'issén, my friend," a said,
An' a towd ma my sins, an's toithe were due, an' I gied it in hond;
I done moy duty boy 'um, as I 'a done boy the lond.

IV.

Larn'd a ma' beä. I reckons I 'annot sa mooch to larn. But a cast oop, thot a did, 'boot Bessy Marris's barne. Thaw a knaws I hallus voäted wi' Squoire an' choorch an' staäte, An' i' the woost o' toimes I wur niver agin the raäte.

v.

An' I hallus coom'd to's choorch afoor moy Sally wur deäd, An' 'eerd 'um a bummin' awaäy loike a buzzard-clock¹ ower my 'eäd, An' I niver knaw'd whot a meän'd but I thowt a 'ad summut to saäy, An' I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said an' I coom'd awaäy.

VI.

Bessy Marris's barne! tha knaws she laäid it to meä. Mowt a bean, mayhap, for she wur a bad un, sheä. 'Siver, I kep 'um, I kep 'um, my lass, tha mun understond; I done moy duty boy 'um as I 'a done boy the lond.

#### VII.

But Parson a cooms an' a goos, an' a says it eäsy an' freeä "The amoighty's a taäkin o' you to 'issen, my friend," says 'eä. I weänt saäy men be loiars, thaw summum said it in 'aäste: But 'e reäds wonn sarmin a weeäk, an' I 'a stubb'd Thurnaby waäste

#### VIII.

D'ya moind the waäste, my lass? naw, naw, tha was not born then; Theer wur a boggle in it, I often 'eerd 'um mysen; Moäst loike a butter-bump, fur I 'eerd 'um aboot an' aboot, But I stubb'd 'um oop wi' the lot, an' raäved an' rembled 'um oot.

#### IX

Keäper's it wur; fo' they fun 'um theer a-laäid of 'is faäce Doon i' the woild 'enemies 2 afoor I coom'd to the plaäce. Noäks or Thimbleby — toäner 'ed shot 'um as deäd as a naäil. Noäks wur 'ang'd for it oop at 'soize — but git ma my aäle.

#### X.

Dubbut loook at the waäste: theer warn't not feeäd for a cow; Nowt at all but bracken an' fuzz, an' loook at it now— Warnt worth nowt a haäcre, an' now theer's lots o' feeäd, Fourscoor yows upon it an' some on it doon i' seeäd.

#### XI

Nobbut a bit on it's left, an' I meän'd to 'a stubb'd it at fall, Done it ta-year I meän'd, an' runn'd plow thruff it an' all, If godamoighty an' parson 'ud nobbut let me aloän, Meä, wi' haäte oonderd haäcre o' Squoire's an' lond o' my oän

#### XII.

Do godamoighty knaw what a's doing a-taäkin' o' meä? I beänt wonn as saws 'ere a beän an' yonder a peä; An' Squoire 'ull be sa mad an' all — a' dear a' dear! And I 'a managed for Squoire coom Michaelmas thutty year

#### XIII.

A mowt 'a taäen owd Joänes, as 'ant nor a 'aäpoth o' sense, Or a mowt 'a taäen young Robins — a niver mended a fence: But godamoighty a moost taäke meä an' taäke ma now Wi' aäf the cows to cauve an' Thurnaby hoälms to plow!

#### XIV.

Loook 'cw quoloty smoiles when they see is ma a passin' boy, Says to thessen naw doubt "what a man a be is sewer-loy!" Fur they knaws what I be in to Squoire sin fust a coom'd to the 'All; I done moy duty by Squoire an' I done moy duty boy hall.

<sup>2</sup> Anemones.

#### XV.

Squoire's i' Lunnon, an' summun I reckons 'ull 'a to wroite, For whoä's to howd the lond ater meä thot muddles ma quoit; Sartin-sewer I beä, thot a weänt niver give it to Joänes, Naw, nor a moänt to Robins—a niver rembles the stoäns.

#### XVL

But summun 'ull come ater meä mayhap wi' 'is kittle o' steäm Huzzin' an' maäzin' the blessed feälds wi' the Divil's oän teäm. Sin' I mun doy I mun doy, thaw loife they says is sweet, But sin' I mun doy I mun doy, for I couldn abeär to see it.

#### XVII

What atta stannin' theer fur, an' doesn bring ma the aäle? Doctor's a 'toättler, lass, an a's hallus i' the owd taäle; I weänt breäk rules fur Doctor, a knaws naw moor nor a floy; Git ma my aäle I tell tha, an' if I mun doy I mun doy.

# NORTHERN FARMER.

### NEW STYLE.

Τ.

Dosn't thou 'ear my 'erse's legs, as they canters awaäy '? Proputty, proputty — that's what I 'ears 'em saäy. Proputty, proputty — Sam, thou's an ass for thy paaïns: Theer's moor sense i' one o' 'is legs nor in all thy braaïns.

#### II.

Woä—theer's a craw to pluck wi' tha, Sam: yon's parson's 'ouse—Dosn't thou knaw that a man mun be eäther a man or a mouse? Time to think on it then; for thou'll be twenty to weeäk.'

Proputty, proputty—woä then woä—let ma 'ear mysén speäk.

#### III.

Me an' thy muther, Sammy, 'as beän a-talkin' o' thee; Thou's beän talkin' to muther, an' she beän a tellin' it me. Thou'll not marry for munny — thou's sweet upo' parson's lass — Noä — thou'll marry for luvv — an' we boäth on us thinks tha an ass.

#### IV.

See & 'd her toda & yo & by — Sa & aint's da & y — they was ringing the bells She's a beauty thou thinks — an' so & is scoors o' gells, Them as 'as munny an' all — wot's a beauty? — the flower as blaws. But proputty, proputty sticks, an' proputty, proputty graws.

Do'ant be stunt: 1 taäke time: I knaws what maäkes tha sa mad. Warn't I craazed fur the lasses mysén when I wur a lad? But I knaw'd a Quaäker feller as often 'as towd ma this: "Doänt thou marry for munny, but goä wheer munny is!"

An' I went wheer munny war: an' thy muther coom to 'and, Wi' lots o' munny laaïd by, an' a nicetish bit o' land. Maäybe she warn't a beauty - I niver giv it a thowt -But warn't she as good to cuddle an' kiss as a lass as 'ant nowt ?

Parson's lass 'ant nowt, an' she weänt 'a nowt when 'e's deäd, Mun be a guvness, lad, or summut, and addle 2 her bread: Why? fur 'e's nobbut a curate, an' weant niver git naw 'igher; An' 'e maäde the bed as 'e ligs on afoor 'e coom'd to the shire.

An thin 'e coom'd to the parish wi' fots o' Varsity debt, Stook to his taail they did, an' 'e 'ant got shut on 'em yet. An' 'e ligs on 'is back i' the grip, wi' noan to lend 'im a shove, Woorse nor a far-welter'd 3 yowe: fur, Sammy, 'e married fur luvv.

Luvy ? what's luvy ? thou can luvy thy lass an' 'er munny too, Maakin' 'em goä togither as they've good right to do. Could'n I luvv thy muther by cause o' 'er munny laaid by? Naäy - fur I luvv'd 'er a vast sight moor fur it : reason why.

Ay an' thy muther says thou wants to marry the lass, Cooms of a gentleman burn: an' we boath on us thinks tha an ass. Woä then, proputty, wiltha? — an ass as near as mays nowt4-Woä then, wiltha? dangtha! - the bees is as fell as owt.5

Breäk me a bit o' the esh for his 'eäd, lad, out o' the fence! Gentleman burn! what's gentleman burn? is it shillins an' pence? Proputty, proputty's ivrything 'ere, an', Sammy, I'm blest If it isn't the saame oop yonder, fur them as 'as it's the best.

Tis'n them as 'as munny as breäks into 'ouses an' steäls, Them as 'as coats to their backs an' taakes their regular meals. Noä, but it's them as niver knaws wheer a meäl's to be 'ad. Taäke my word for it, Sammy, the poor in a loomp is bad.

2 Earn. 1 Obstinate.

Or fow-welter'd, — said of a sheep lying on its back in the furrow.
 Makes nothing.
 The flies are as fierce as anything.

#### XIII.

Them or thir feythers, tha sees, mun 'a beän a laäzy lot, Fur work mun 'a gone to the gittin' whiniver munny was got. Feyther 'ad ammost nowt; leastways 'is munny was 'id. But 'e tued an' moil'd 'issén deäd, an 'e died a good un, 'e did.

#### XIV.

Loook thou theer wheer Wrigglesby beck cooms out by the 'ill Feyther run oop to the farm, an' I runs oop to the mill; An' I'll run oop to the brig, an' that thou'll live to see; And if thou marries a good un I'll leäve the land to thee.

#### xv

Thim's my noătions, Sammy, wheerby I means to stick; But if thou marries a bad un, I'll leave the land to Dick.—Coom oop, proputty, proputty—that's what I 'ears 'im saäy—Proputty, proputty, proputty—canter an' canter awaäy

### THE DAISY.

WRITTEN AT EDINBURGH.

O LOVE, what hours were thine and mine,

In lands of palm and southern pine; In lands of palm, of orange-blossom, Of olive, aloe, and maize and vine.

What Roman strength Turbia show'd In ruin, by the mountain road; How like a gem, beneath, the city Of little Monaco, basking, glow'd.

How richly down the rocky dell The torrent vineyard streaming fell To meet the sun and sunny waters, That only heaved with a summer swell.

What slender campanili grew
By bays, the peacock's neck in hue;
Where, here and there, on sandy
beaches
A milky-bell'd amaryllis blew.

How young Columbus seem'd to rove, Yet present in his natal grove, Now watching high on mountain cornice.

And steering, now, from a purple cove,

Now pacing mute by ocean's rim; Till, in a narrow street and dim,

I stay'd the wheels at Cogoletto, And drank, and loyally drank to him.

Nor knew we well what pleased us most, Not the clipt palm of which they boast; But distant color, happy hamlet, A moulder'd citadel on the coast.

Or tower, or high hill-convent, seen A light amid its olives green; Or olive-hoary cape in ocean; Or rosy blossom in hot ravine,

Where oleanders flush'd the bed Of silent torrents, gravel-spread; And, crossing, oft we saw the glisten Of ice, far up on a mountain head.

We loved that hall, tho' white and cold, Those niched shapes of noble mould, A princely people's awful princes, The grave, severe Genovese of old.

At Florence too what golden hours, In those long galleries, were ours; What drives about the fresh Cascinè, Or walks in Boboli's ducal bowers. In bright vignettes, and each complete,

Of tower or duomo, sunny-sweet, Or palace, how the city glitter'd, Thro' cypress avenues, at our feet.

But when we crost the Lombard plain Remember what a plague of rain; Of rain at Reggio, rain at Parma; At Lodi, rain, Piacenza, rain.

And stern and sad (so rare the smiles Of sunlight) look'd the Lombard piles; Porch-pillars on the lion resting, And sombre, old, colonnaded aisles.

O Milan, O the chanting quires, The giant windows' blazon'd fires, The height, the space, the gloom, the glory! A mount of marble, a hundred spires!

I climb'd the roofs at break of day; Sun-smitten Alps before me lay.

I stood among the silent statues, And statued pinnacles, mute as they.

How faintly-flush'd, how phantom-fair, Was Monte Rosa, hanging there A thousand shadowy-pencill'd vallevs

And snowy dells in a golden air.

Remember how we came at last To Como; shower and storm and blast Had blown the lake beyond his limit, And all was flooded; and how we past

From Como, when the light was gray, And in my head, for half the day, The rich Virgilian rustic measure Of Lari Maxume, all the way,

Like ballad-burthen music, kept,
As on The Lariano crept
To that fair port below the castle
Of Queen Theodolind, where we slept;

Or hardly slept, but watch'd awake A cypress in the moonlight shake, The moonlight touching o'er a terrace One tall Agavè above the lake. What more? we took our last adieu, And up the snowy Splugen drew, But ere we reach'd the highest

summit
I pluck'd a daisy, I gave it you.

It told of England then to me, And now it tells of Italy.

O love, we two shall go no longer To lands of summer across the sea;

So dear a life your arms enfold Whose crying is a cry for gold: Yet here to-night in this dark city,

Yet here to-night in this dark city, When ill and weary, alone and cold,

I found, the crush'd to hard and dry, This nursling of another sky Still in the little book you lent me, And where you tenderly laid it by:

And I forgot the clouded Forth, The gloom that saddens Heaven and Earth.

The bitter east, the misty summer And gray metropolis of the North.

Perchance, to lull the throbs of pain, Perchance, to charm a vacant brain, Perchance, to dream you still beside me,

My fancy fled to the South again.

TO THE REV. F. D. MAURICE.
JANUARY, 1854.

Come, when no graver cares employ, Godfather, come and see your boy: Your presence will be sun in winter, Making the little one leap for joy.

For, being of that honest few,
Who give the Fiend himself his due,
Should eighty-thousand collegecouncils

Thunder "Anathema," friend, at you;

Should all our churchmen foam in spite At you, so careful of the right,

Yet one lay-hearth would give you welcome

(Take it and come) to the Isle of Wight;

Where, far from noise and smoke of town,

I watch the twilight falling brown All round a careless-order'd garden Close to the ridge of a noble down.

You'll have no scandal while you dine, But honest talk and wholesome wine, And only hear the magpie gossip Garrulous under a roof of pine:

For groves of pine on either hand, To break the blast of winter, stand; And further on, the hoary Channel Tumbles a billow on chalk and sand;

Where, if below the milky steep Some ship of battle slowly creep, And on thro' zones of light and shadow

Glimmer away to the lonely deep,

We might discuss the Northern sin Which made a selfish war begin; Dispute the claims, arrange the chances:

Emperor, Ottoman, which shall win:

Or whether war's avenging rod Shall lash all Europe into blood; Till you should turn to dearer matters.

Dear to the man that is dear to God;

How best to help the slender store, How mend the dwellings, of the poor; How gain in life, as life advances, Valor and charity more and more.

Jome, Maurice, come: the lawn as yet is hoar with rime, or spongy-wet; But when the wreath of March has blossom'd,

Procus, anemone, violet,

Or later, pay one visit here,
For those are few we hold as dear;
Nor pay but one, but come for
many,
Many and many a happy year.

WILL.

I.

O well for him whose will is strong! He suffers, but he will not suffer long; He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong:

For him nor moves the loud world's random mock.

Nor all Calamity's hugest waves con-

found, Who seems a promontory of rock,

That, compass'd round with turbulent sound,

In middle ocean meets the surging shock,

Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crown'd.

II.

But ill for him who, bettering not with time,

Corrupts the strength of heavendescended Will.

And ever weaker grows thro' acted crime,

Or seeming-genial venial fault, Recurring and suggesting still! He seems as one whose footsteps

halt,

Toiling in immeasurable sand, And o'er a weary sultry land, Far beneath a blazing vault,

Sown in a wrinkle in the monstrous hill.

The city sparkles like a grain of salt.

# IN THE VALLEY OF CAUTERETZ.

All along the valley, stream that flashest white,

Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the night,

All along the valley, where thy waters flow,

I walk'd with one I loved two and thirty years ago.

All along the valley, while I walk'd to-day,

The two and thirty years were a mist that rolls away;

For all along the valley, down thy rocky bed,

Thy living voice to me was as the voice of the dead,

And all along the valley, by rock and cave and tree,

The voice of the dead was a living voice to me.

# IN THE GARDEN AT SWAINSTON.

NIGHTINGALES warbled without,
Within was weeping for thee:
Shadows of three dead men
Walk'd in the walks with me,
Shadows of three dead men and
thou wast one of the three.

Nightingales sang in his woods:
The Master was far away:
Nightingales warbled and sang
Of a passion that lasts but a day;
Still in the house in his coffin the
Prince of courtesy lay.

Two dead men have I known
In courtesy like to thee:
Two dead men have I loved
With a love that ever will be:
Three dead men have I loved, and
thou art last of the three.

# THE FLOWER.

ONCE in a golden hour
I cast to earth a seed.
Up there came a flower,
The people said, a weed.

To and fro they went
Thro' my garden-bower,
And muttering discontent
Cursed me and my flower.

Then it grew so tall
It wore a crown of light,
But thieves from o'er the wall
Stole the seed by night.

Sow'd it far and wide
By every town and tower,
Till all the people cried,
"Splendid is the flower."

Read my little fable:
He that runs may read.
Most can raise the flowers now,
For all have got the seed.

And some are pretty enough, And some are poor indeed; And now again the people Call it but a weed.

## REQUIESCAT.

FAIR is her cottage in its place, Where yon broad water sweetly, slowly glides.

It sees itself from thatch to base Dream in the sliding tides.

And fairer she, but ah how soon to die! Her quiet dream of life this hour

may cease.

Her peaceful being slowly passes by

To some more perfect peace.

# THE SAILOR BOY.

HE rose at dawn and, fired with hope, Shot o'er the seething harbor-bar, And reach'd the ship and caught the rope,

And whistled to the morning star.

And while he whistled long and loud
He heard a fierce mermaiden cry,
"O boy, tho' thou art young and
proud,

I see the place where thou wilt lie.

"The sands and yeasty surges mix In caves about the dreary bay, And on thy ribs the limpet sticks, And in thy heart the scrawl shall play," "Fool," he answer'd, "death is sure To those that stay and those that roam.

But I will nevermore endure

To sit with empty hands at home.

" My mother clings about my neck, My sisters crying, 'Stay for shame;' My father raves of death and wreck,

They are all to blame, they are all to blame.

"God help me! save I take my part Of danger on the roaring sea,

A devil rises in my heart,

Far worse than any death to me."

### THE ISLET.

"WHITHER, O whither, love, shall we

For a score of sweet little summers or

so ? " The sweet little wife of the singer said, On the day that follow'd the day she

was wed, "Whither, O whither, love, shall we

go ? "

And the singer shaking his curly head Turn'd as he sat, and struck the keys There at his right with a sudden crash, Singing, "And shall it be over the seas With a crew that is neither rude nor rash.

But a bevy of Eroses apple-cheek'd. In a shallop of crystal ivory-beak'd. With a satin sail of a ruby glow,

To a sweet little Eden on earth that I know,

A mountain islet pointed and peak'd; Waves on a diamond shingle dash, Cataract brooks to the ocean run,

Fairily-delicate palaces shine Mixt with myrtle and clad with vine, And overstream'd and silvery-streak'd With many a rivulet high against the

Sun The facets of the glorious mountain

flash

Above the valleys of palm and pine."

"Thither, O thither, love, let us go."

"No, no, no!

For in all that exquisite isle, my dear, There is but one bird with a musical throat.

And his compass is but of a single note.

That it makes one weary to hear."

Mock me not! mock me not! love, let us go."

"No, love, no.

For the bud ever breaks into bloom on the tree.

And a storm never wakes on the lonely

And a worm is there in the lonely wood,

That pierces the liver and blackens the blood:

And makes it a sorrow to be."

### CHILD-SONGS.

### THE CITY CHILD.

DAINTY little maiden, whither would vou wander?

Whither from this pretty home, the home where mother dwells?

"Far and far away," said the dainty little maiden,

"All among the gardens, auriculas, anemones,

Roses and lilies and Canterburybells."

Dainty little maiden, whither would you wander?

Whither from this pretty house, this city-house of ours?

"Far and far away," said the dainty little maiden,

"All among the meadows, the clover and the clematis,

Daisies and kingcups and honeysuckle-flowers."

II.

### MINNIE AND WINNIE.

Minnie and Winnie Slept in a shell. Sleep, little ladies! And they slept well.

Pink was the shell within, Silver without; Sounds of the great sea Wander'd about.

Sleep, little ladies!
Wake not soon!
Echo on echo
Dies to the moon.

Two bright stars
Peep'd into the shell.
"What are they dreaming of?
Who can tell?"

Started a green linnet Out of the croft; Wake, little ladies, The sun is aloft!

### THE SPITEFUL LETTER.

Here, it is here, the close of the year, And with it a spiteful letter.

My name in song has done him much wrong,

For himself has done much better.

O little bard, is your lot so hard,
If men neglect your pages ?
I think not much of yours or of mine,
I hear the roll of the ages.

Rhymes and rhymes in the range of the times!

Are mine for the moment stronger? Yet hate me not, but abide your lot, I last but a moment longer.

This faded leaf, our names are as brief;
What room is left for a hater?

Yet the yellow leaf hates the greener leaf,
For it hangs one moment later.

Greater than I—is that your cry?
And men will live to see it.
Well—if it be so—so it is, you know;
And if it be so, so be it.

Brief, brief is a summer leaf,
But this is the time of hollies.
O hollies and ivies and evergreens,
How I hate the spites and the
follies!

## LITERARY SQUABBLES.

AH God! the petty fools of rhyme
That shriek and sweat in pigmy wars
Before the stony face of Time,
And look'd at by the silent stars:

Who hate each other for a song, And do their little best to bite And pinch their brethren in the throng, And scratch the very dead for spite:

And strain to make an inch of room

For their sweet selves, and cannot
hear

The sullen Lethe rolling doom
On them and theirs and all things
here:

When one small touch of Charity Could lift them nearer God-like state Than if the crowned Orb should cry Like those who cried Diana great:

And I too, talk, and lose the touch
I talk of. Surely, after all,
The noblest answer unto such
Is perfect stillness when they brawl.

### THE VICTIM.

Τ.

A PLAGUE upon the people fell, A famine after laid them low, Then thorpe and byre arose in fire,

For on them brake the sudden foe; So thick they died the people cried, "The Gods are moved against the

land."

The Priest in horror about his altar To Thor and Odin lifted a hand:

"Help us from famine And plague and strife! What would you have of us? Human life? Were it our nearest, Were it our dearest. (Answer, O answer) We give you his life."

#### II.

But still the foeman spoil'd and burn'd, And cattle died, and deer in wood, And bird in air, and fishes turn'd And whiten'd all the rolling flood;

And dead men lay all over the way, Or down in a furrow scathed with

And ever and aye the Priesthood moan'd,

Till at last it seem'd that an answer came.

"The King is happy In child and wife: Take you his dearest, Give us a life."

#### III.

The Priest went out by heath and hill; The King was hunting in the wild; They found the mother sitting still; She cast her arms about the child. The child was only eight summers old, His beauty still with his years in-

creased.

His face was ruddy, his hair was gold, He seem'd a victim due to the priest.

The Priest beheld him. And cried with joy, "The Gods have answer'd: We give them the boy."

#### IV.

The King return'd from out the wild, He bore but little game in hand;

The mother said, "They have taken the child

To spill his blood and heal the land:

The land is sick, the people diseased, And blight and famine on all the lea:

The holy Gods, they must be appeased, So I pray you tell the truth to me. They have taken our son,

They will have his life. Is he your dearest? Or I, the wife?"

The King bent low, with hand on brow.

He stay'd his arms upon his knee: "O wife, what use to answer now? For now the Priest has judged for

me." The King was shaken with holy

"The Gods," he said, "would have

chosen well: Yet both are near, and both are dear, And which the dearest I cannot tell!"

But the Priest was happy, His victim wen: "We have his dearest, His only son!"

#### VI.

The rites prepared, the victim bared, The knife uprising toward the blow

To the altar-stone she sprang alone, "Me, not my darling, no!"

He caught her away with a sudden

Suddenly from him brake his wife. And shrieking "I am his dearest, I -I am his dearest!" rush'd on the knife.

And the Priest was happy, "O, Father Odin, We give you a life. Which was his nearest? Who was his dearest? The Gods have answer'd; We give them the wife!"

#### WAGES.

GLORY of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,
Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea —
Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong —
Nay, but she aim'd not at glory, no lover of glory she:
Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.

The wages of sin is death: if the wages of Virtue be dust,
Would she have heart to endure for the life of the worm and the fly?
She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of the just,
To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer sky:

Give her the wages of going on, and not to die.

### THE HIGHER PANTHEISM.

The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains—Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him who reigns?

Is not the Vision He? tho' He be not that which He seems? Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?

Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body and limb, Are they not sign and symbol of thy division from Him?

Dark is the world to thee: thyself art the reason why; For is He not all but thou, that hast power to feel "I am I"?

Glory about thee, without thee; and thou fulfillest thy doom Making Him broken gleams, and a stifled splendor and gloom.

Speak to Him thou for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet—Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.

God is law, say the wise; O Soul, and let us rejoice, For if He thunder by law the thunder is yet His voice.

Law is God, say some: no God at all, says the fool; For all we have power to see is a straight staff bent in a pool;

And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot see; But if we could see and hear, this Vision — were it not He?

### THE VOICE AND THE PEAK.

THE voice and the Peak
Far over summit and lawn,
The lone glow and long roar
Green-rushing from the rosy thrones
of dawn!

All night have I heard the voice
Rave over the rocky bar,
But thou wert silent in heaven,
Above thee glided the star.

III.

Hast thou no voice, O Peak,
That standest high above all?
"I am the voice of the Peak,
I roar and rave for I fall.

IV.

"A thousand voices go
To North, South, East, and West;
They leave the heights and are
troubled,
And moan and sink to their rest.

V

"The fields are fair beside them,
The chestnut towers in his bloom;
But they — they feel the desire of the
deep —
Fall, and follow their doom.

VI.

"The deep has power on the height,
And the height has power on the
deep;
They are raised for ever and ever.

And sink again into sleep."

VII.

Not raised for ever and ever,
But when their cycle is o'er,
The valley, the voice, the peak, the
star

Pass, and are found no more.

VIII.

The Peak is high and flush'd
At his highest with sunrise fire;
The Peak is high, and the stars are
high,
And the thought of a man is higher.

gue or a man is migner.

IX.

A deep below the deep,
And a height beyond the height!
Our hearing is not hearing,
And our seeing is not sight.

x.

The voice and the Peak
Far into heaven withdrawn,
The lone glow and long roar
Green-rushing from the rosy thrones
of dawn!

FLOWER in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my
hand,

Little flower — but if I could understand

What you are, root and all, and all in all,

I should know what God and man is.

### A DEDICATION.

DEAR, near and true — no truer Time himself

Can prove you, tho' he make you evermore

Dearer and nearer, as the rapid of life

Shoots to the fall — take this and pray that he

Who wrote it, honoring your sweet faith in him,

May trust bimself; and after praise and scorn,

As one who feels the immeasurable world,

Attain the wise indifference of the

wise;
And after Autumn past—if left to

pass
His autumn into seeming-leafless

days —
Draw toward the long frost and long-

est night,

Wearing his wisdom lightly, like the fruit

Which in our winter woodland looks a flower.1

1 The fruit of the Spindle-tree (Euong) mus Europæus).

### EXPERIMENTS.

### BOÄDICEA.

WHILE about the shore of Mona those Neronian legionaries Burnt and broke the grove and altar of the Druid and Druidess, Far in the East Boädicéa, standing loftily charioted, Mad and maddening all that heard her in her fierce volubility, Girt by half the tribes of Britain, near the colony Cámulodúne, Yell'd and shriek'd between her daughters o'er a wild confederacy.

"They that scorn the tribes and call us Britain's barbarous populaces, Did they hear me, would they listen, did they pity me supplicating? Shall I heed them in their anguish? shall I brook to be supplicated? Hear Icenian, Catieuchlanian, hear Coritanian, Trinobant! Must their ever-ravening eagle's beak and talon annihilate us? Tear the noble heart of Britain, leave it gorily quivering? Bark an answer, Britain's raven! bark and blacken innumerable, Blacken round the Roman carrion, make the carcase a skeleton, Kite and kestrel, wolf and wolfkin, from the wilderness, wallow in it, Till the face of Bel be brighten'd, Taranis be propitiated. Lo their colony half-defended! low their colony, Cámulodúne! There the horde of Roman robbers mock at a barbarous adversary. There the hive of Roman liars worship a gluttonous emperor-idiot. Such is Rome, and this her deity: hear it, Spirit of Cássiyĕlaún!

"Hear it, Gods! the Gods have heard it, O Icenian, O Coritanian! Doubt not ye the Gods have answer'd, Catieuchlanian, Trinobant. These have told us all their anger in miraculous utterances, Thunder, a flying fire in heaven, a murmur heard aërially, Phantom sound of blows descending, moan of an enemy massacred, Phantom wail of women and children, multitudinous agonies. Bloodily flow'd the Tamesa rolling phantom bodies of horses and men; Then a phantom colony smoulder'd on the refluent estuary; Lastly yonder yester-even, suddenly giddily tottering — There was one who watch'd and told me — down their statue of Victory fell Lo their precious Roman bantling, lo the colony Cámulodúne, Shall we teach it a Roman lesson? shall we care to be pitiful? Shall we deal with it as an infant? shall we dandle it amorously?

"Hear Icenian, Catieuchlanian, hear Coritanian, Trinobant! While I roved about the forest, long and bitterly meditating, There I heard them in the darkness, at the mystical ceremony, Loosely robed in flying raiment, sang the terrible prophetesses, 'Fear not, isle of blowing woodland, isle of silvery parapets! Tho' the Roman eagle shadow thee, tho' the gathering enemy narrow thee, Thou shalt wax and he shall dwindle, thou shalt be the mighty one yet!

Thine the liberty, thine the glory, thine the deeds to be celebrated, Thine the myriad-rolling ocean, light and shadow illimitable, Thine the lands of lasting summer, many-blossoming Paradises, Thine the North and thine the South and thine the battle-thunder of God.' So they chanted: how shall Britain light upon auguries happier? So they chanted in the darkness, and there cometh a victory now.

"Hear Icenian, Catieuchlanian, hear Coritanian, Trinobant! Me the wife of rich Prasútagus, me the lover of liberty, Me they seized and me they tortured, me they lash'd and humiliated, Me the sport of ribald Veterans, mine of ruffian violators! See they sit, they hide their faces, miserable in ignominy! Wherefore in me burns an anger, not by blood to be satiated. Lo the palaces and the temple, lo the colony Cámulodúne! There they ruled, and thence they wasted all the flourishing territory, Thither at their will they haled the yellow-ringleted Britoness -Bloodily, bloodily fall the battle-axe, unexhausted, inexorable. Shout Icenian, Catieuchlanian, shout Coritanian, Trinobant, Till the victim hear within and yearn to hurry precipitously Like the leaf in a roaring whirlwind, like the smoke in a hurricane whirl'd Lo the colony, there they rioted in the city of Cúnobelíne! There they drank in cups of emerald, there at tables of ebony lay, Rolling on their purple couches in their tender effeminacy. There they dwelt and there they rioted; there - there - they dwell no more Burst the gates, and burn the palaces, break the works of the statuary, Take the hoary Roman head and shatter it, hold it abominable, Cut the Roman boy to pieces in his lust and voluptuousness, Lash the maiden into swooning, me they lash'd and humiliated. Chop the breasts from off the mother, dash the brains of the little one out, Up my Britons, on my chariot, on my chargers, trample them under us."

So the Queen Boädicéa, standing loftily charioted, Brandishing in her hand a dart and rolling glances lioness-like, Yell'd and shriek'd between her daughters in her fierce volubility. Till her people all around the royal chariot agitated, Madly dash'd the darts together, writhing barbarous lineaments, Made the noise of frosty woodlands, when they shiver in January, Roar'd as when the roaring breakers boom and blanch on the precipices, Yell'd as when the winds of winter tear an oak on a promontory. So the silent colony hearing her tumultuous adversaries Clash the darts and on the buckler beat with rapid unanimous hand, Thought on all her evil tyrannies, all her pitiless avarice, Till she felt the heart within her fall and flutter tremulously, Then her pulses at the clamoring of her enemy fainted away. Out of evil evil flourishes, out of tyranny tyranny buds. Ran the land with Roman slaughter, multitudinous agonies. Perish'u many a maid and matron, many a valorous legionary, Fell the colony, city, and citadel, London, Verulam, Camulodúne.

# IN QUANTITY.

### ON TRANSLATIONS OF HOMER.

Hexameters and Pentameters.

These lame hexameters the strong-wing'd music of Homer!
No — but a most burlesque barbarous experiment.
When was a harsher sound ever heard, ye Muses, in England?
When did a frog coarser croak upon our Helicon?
Hexameters no worse than daring Germany gave us,
Barbarous experiment, barbarous hexameters.

### MILTON.

### Alcaics.

O MIGHTY-MOUTH'D inventor of harmonies,

O skill'd to sing of Time or Eternity, God-gifted organ-voice of England, Milton, a name to resound for

Whose Titan angels, Gabriel, Abdiel, Starr'd from Jehovah's gorgeous ar-

mories,

Tower, as the deep-domed empyrëan Rings to the roar of an angel onset—

Me rather all that bowery loneliness, The brooks of Eden mazily murmur-

ing,

And bloom profuse and cedar arches Charm, as a wanderer out in ocean, Where some refulgent sunset of India Streams o'er a rich ambrosial ocean isle.

And crimson-hued the stately palm-

Whisper in odorous heights of even.

# Hendecasyllabics.

O you chorus of indolent reviewers, Irresponsible, indolent reviewers, Look, I come to the test, a tiny poem All composed in a metre of Catullus All in quantity, careful of my motion, Like the skater on ice that hardly bears him,

Lest I fall unawares before the people,

Waking laughter in indolent re-

Should I flounder awhile without a tumble

Thro' this metrification of Catullus, They should speak to me not without

They should speak to me not withou a welcome,

All that chorus of indolent reviewers. Hard, hard, hard is it, only not to tumble,

So fantastical is the dainty metre. Wherefore slight me not wholly, nor

believe me

Too presumptuous, indolent reviewers, O blatant Magazines, regard me rather—

Since I blush to belaud myself a moment—

As some rare little rose, a piece of in-

Horticultural art, or half coquette-like Maiden, not to be greeted unbenignly.

### SPECIMEN OF A TRANSLA-TION OF THE ILIAD IN BLANK VERSE.

So Hector spake; the Trojans roar'd applause;

Then loosed their sweating horses from the yoke,

And each beside his chariot bound his own;

And oxen from the city, and goodly sheep

In haste they drove, and honey-hearted wine

bread from out the houses brought, and heap'd

Their firewood, and the winds from off the plain

Roll'd the rich vapor far into the heaven.

And these all night upon the bridge1

at glorying; many a fire before them blazed:

As when in heaven the stars about the

Look beautiful, when all the winds are And every height comes out, and jut-

> ting peak 1 Or ridge.

And valley, and the immeasurable heavens

Break open to their highest, and all the stars

Shine, and the Shepherd gladdens in his heart:

So many a fire between the ships and stream

Of Xanthus blazed before the towers

of Troy, A thousand on the plain; and close

by each Sat fifty in the blaze of burning fire:

And eating hoary grain and pulse the steeds.

Fixt by their cars, waited the golden dawn. Iliad VIII. 542-561.

# THE WINDOW;

# OR, THE SONG OF THE WRENS.

Four years ago Mr. Sullivan requested me to write a little song-cycle, German fashion, for im to exercise his art upon. He had been very successful in setting such old songs as "Orheus with his lute," and I drest up for him, partly in the old style, a puppet, whose almost nly merit is, perhaps, that it can dance to Mr. Sullivan's instrument. I am sorry that my our-year-old puppet should have to dance at all in the dark shadow of these days; but the nusic is now completed, and I am bound by my promise. December, 1870.

A. TENNYSON.

#### THE WINDOW.

ON THE HILL.

THE lights and shadows fly!

onder it brightens and darkens down on the plain.

A jewel, a jewel dear to a lover's

Ih is it the brook, or a pool, or her window pane,

When the winds are up in the morning?

Clouds that are racing above.

.nd winds and lights and shadows that cannot be still,

All running on one way to the home of my love,

ou are all running on, and I stand on the slope of the hill.

And the winds are up in the morning!

Follow, follow the chase!

And my thoughts are as quick and as quick, ever on, on, on.

O lights, are you flying over her sweet little face?

And my heart is there before you are come, and gone,

When the winds are up in the morning!

Follow them down the slope!

And I follow them down to the windowpane of my dear,

And it brightens and darkens and brightens like my hope,

And it darkens and brightens and darkens like my fear,

And the winds are up in the morning.

AT THE WINDOW.

Vine, vine and eglantine, Clasp her window, trail and twine! Rose, rose and clematis, Trail and twine and clasp and kiss, Kiss, kiss; and make her a bower All of flowers, and drop me a flower, Drop me a flower.

Vine, vine and eglantine, Cannot a flower, a flower, be mine? Rose, rose and clematis, Drop me a flower, a flower, to kiss, Kiss, kiss - and out of her bower All of flowers, a flower, a flower, Dropt, a flower.

#### GONE.

Gone! Gone, till the end of the year, Gone, and the light gone with her, and left me in shadow here! Gone — flitted away.

Taken the stars from the night and the sun from the day!

Gone, and a cloud in my heart, and a storm in the air!

Flown to the east or the west, flitted I know not where!

Down in the south is a flash and a groan: she is there! she is there!

#### WINTER.

The frost is here, And fuel is dear, And woods are sear, And fires burn clear, And frost is here And has bitten the heel of the going vear.

Bite, frost, bite! You roll up away from the light The blue wood-louse, and the plump dormouse,

And the bees are still'd, and the flies are kill'd.

And you bite far into the heart of the house,

But not into mine.

Bite, frost, bite! The woods are all the searer, The fuel is all the dearer, The fires are all the clearer, My spring is all the nearer, You have bitten into the heart of the earth. But not into mine.

#### SPRING.

Birds' love and birds' song Flying here and there, Birds' song and birds' love, And you with gold for hair! Birds' song and birds' love, Passing with the weather, Men's song and men's love,

To love once and for ever. Men's love and birds' love. And women's love and men's!

And you my wren with a crown of gold. You my queen of the wrens!

You the queen of the wrens — We'll be birds of a feather, I'll be King of the Queen of the wrens,

And all in a nest together.

# THE LETTER.

Where is another sweet as my sweet, Fine of the fine, and shy of the shy? Fine little hands, fine little feet -Dewy blue eve.

Shall I write to her? shall I go? Ask her to marry me by and by? Somebody said that she'd say no; Somebody knows that she'll say ay!

Ay or no, if ask'd to her face? Ay or no, from shy of the shy? Go, little letter, apace, apace, Fly;

Fly to the light in the valley below — Tell my wish to her dewy blue eye: Somebody said that she'd say no;

Somebody knows that she'll say ay!

#### NO ANSWER.

The mist and the rain, the mist and the rain!

Is it ay or no? is it ay or no?

And never a glimpse of her window pane!

And I may die but the grass will grow,

And the grass will grow when I am gone,

And the wet west wind and the world will go on.

Ay is the song of the wedded spheres, No is trouble and cloud and storm, Ay is life for a hundred years.

No will push me down to the worm, And when I am there and dead and

The wet west wind and the world will go on.

The wind and the wet, the wind and the wet!

Wet west wind how you blow, you blow!

And never a line from my lady yet!
Is it ay or no? is it ay or no?
Blow then, blow, and when I am gone,
The wet west wind and the world may

go on.

#### NO ANSWER,

Winds are loud and you are dumb,
Take my love, for love will come,
Love will come but once a life.
Winds are loud and winds will pass!
Spring is here with leaf and grass:
Take my love and be my wife.
After-loves of maids and men
Are but dainties drest again:
Love me now, you'll love me then:
Love can love but once a life.

#### THE ANSWER.

Iwo little hands that meet,
laspt on her seal, my sweet!
Iust I take you and break you,
wo little hands that meet?
must take you, and break you,
and loving hands must part—
'ake, take—break, break—
ireak—you may break my heart.
Faint heart never won—

Break, break, and all's done.

#### AY.

Be merry, all birds, to-day, Be merry on earth as you never

were merry before, Be merry in heaven, O larks, and far

away,

And merry for ever and ever, and one day more.

Why?

For it's easy to find a rhyme. Look, look, how he flits.

The fire-crown'd king of the wrens, from out of the pine!

Look how they tumble the blossom, the mad little tits!

"Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo!" was ever a

May so fine?

Why?
For it's easy to find a rhyme.
O merry the linnet and dove,

And swallow and sparrow and throstle, and have your desire!

O merry my heart, you have gotten

the wings of love,
And flit like the king of the wrens

with a crown of fire. Why? For its ay ay, ay ay.

#### WHEN.

Sun comes, moon comes, Time slips away. Sun sets, moon sets, Love, fix a day.

"A year hence, a year hence."
"We shall both be gray."

"A month hence, a month hence."
"Far, far away."

"A week hence, a week hence."

"Ah, the long delay."

"Wait a little, wait a little, You shall fix a day."

"To-morrow, love, to-morrow, And that's an age away." Blaze upon her window, sun, And honor all the day.

#### MARRIAGE MORNING.

Light, so low upon earth,
You send a flash to the sun.
Here is the golden close of love,
All my wooing is done.
Oh, the woods and the meadows,
Woods where we hid from the wet,
Stiles where we stay'd to be kind,
Meadows in which we met!

Light, so low in the vale
You flash and lighten afar,
For this is the golden morning of love,

And you are his morning star.
Flash, I am coming, I come,
By meadow and stile and wood,
Oh, lighten into my eyes and my heart,
Into my heart and my blood!

Heart, are you great enough
For a love that never tires?
O heart, are you greatenough for love?
I have heard of thorns and briers.
Over the thorns and briers,
Over the meadows and stiles,
Over the world to the end of it
Flash for a million miles.



# IDYLS OF THE KING.

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#### DEDICATION.

CHESE to His Memory — since he held them dear,

Perchance as finding there uncon-

sciously

Some image of himself—I dedicate, dedicate, I consecrate with tears—These Idylls.

And indeed He seems to me Scarce other than my king's ideal knight,

Who reverenced his conscience as

his king;

Whose glory was, redressing human wrong;

Who spake no slander, no, nor listen'd to it:

Who loved one only and who clave to

Ier — over all whose realms to their last isle,

commingled with the gloom of im-

minent war,

'he shadow of His loss drew like eclipse,

Parkening the world. We have lost him: he is gone:

Ve know him now: all narrow jeal-

ousies

re silent; and we see him as he moved,

ow modest, kindly, all-accomplish'd, wise,

yith what sublime repression of himself, and in what limits, and how tenderly; Not swaying to this faction or to that; Not making his high place the lawless perch

Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage-

ground

For pleasure; but thro' all this tract of years

Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,

Before a thousand peering littlenesses, In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,

And blackens every blot: for where is he.

Who dares foreshadow for an only son A lovelier life, a more unstain'd, than his?

Or how should England dreaming of his sons

Hope more for these than some inheritance

Of such a life, a heart, a mind as thine, Thou noble Father of her Kings to be, Laborious for her people and her poor—

Voice in the rich dawn of an ampler day —

Far-sighted summoner of War and Waste

To fruitful strifes and rivalries of peace —

Sweet nature gilded by the gracious gleam

Of letters, dear to Science, dear to Art, Dear to thy land and ours, a Prince indeed,

Beyond all titles, and a household name.

Hereafter, thro' all times, Albert the Good.

Break not, O woman's-heart, but still endure;

Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure,

Remembering all the beauty of that star

Which shone so close beside Thee that ve made

One light together, but has past and leaves

The Crown a lonely splendor.

May all love,

His love, unseen but felt, o'ershadow Thee,

The love of all Thy sons encompass
Thee,

The love of all Thy daughters cherish Thee.

The love of all Thy people comfort Thee,

Till God's love set Thee at his side again!

## THE COMING OF ARTHUR.

LEODOGRAN, the King of Cameliard, Had one fair daughter, and none other child;

And she was fairest of all flesh on earth,

Guinevere, and in her his one delight.

For many a petty king ere Arthur came

Ruled in this isle, and ever waging war

Each upon other, wasted all the land; And still from time to time the heathen host

Swarm'd overseas, and harried what was left.

And so there grew great tracts of wilderness,

Wherein the beast was ever more and more.

But man was less and less, till Arthur came.

For first Aurelius lived and fought and died.

And after him King Uther fought and died,

But either fail'd to make the kingdom one.

And after these King Arthur for a space,

And thro' the puissance of his Table Round,

Drew all their petty princedoms under him,

Their king and head, and made a realm, and reign'd.

And thus the land of Cameliard was waste,

Thick with wet woods, and many a beast therein,

And none or few to scare or chase the beast;

So that wild dog, and wolf and boar and bear

Came night and day, and rooted in the fields,

And wallow'd in the gardens of the King.

And ever and anon the wolf would steal

The children and devour, but now and

then, Her own brood lost or dead, lent her

fierce teat To human sucklings; and the children,

housed
In her foul den, there at their meat

would growl, And mock their foster-mother on four

feet, Till, straighten'd, they grew up to

wolf-like men, Worse than the wolves. And King

Leodogran Groan'd for the Roman legions here

again, And Cæsar's eagle: then his brother

king, Urien, assail'd him: last a heathen

horde,
Reddening the sun with smoke and
earth with blood,

And on the spike that split the mother's heart

Spitting the child, brake on him, till, amazed,

He knew not whither he should turn for aid.

But — for he heard of Arthur newly crown'd.

Tho' not without an uproar made by those

Who cried, "He is not Uther's son"
—the King

Sent to him, saying, "Arise, and help us thou!

For here between the man and beast we die."

And Arthur yet had done no deed of arms,

But heard the call, and came: and Guinevere

Stood by the castle walls to watch him pass:

But since he neither wore on helm or shield

The golden symbol of his kinglihood, But rode a simple knight among his knights,

And many of these in richer arms than he,

She saw him not, or mark'd not, if she saw,

One among many, tho' his face was bare.

But Arthur, looking downward as he past,

Felt the light of her eyes into his life Smite on the sudden, yet rode on, and pitch'd

His tents beside the forest. Then he drave

The heathen; after, slew the beast, and fell'd

The forest, letting in the sun, and made

Broad pathways for the hunter and the knight

And so return'd.

For while he linger'd there,
A doubt that ever smoulder'd in the
hearts

Of those great Lords and Barons of his realm

Flash'd forth and into war: for most of these,
Colleaguing with a score of petty

kings,
Made head against him, crying, "Who

Made head against him, crying, "Who is he

That he should rule us? who hath proven him

King Uther's son? for lo! we look at him,

And find nor face nor bearing, limbs nor voice,

Are like to those of Uther whom we knew.

This is the son of Gorloïs, not the King;

This is the son of Anton, not the King."

And Arthur, passing thence to battle, felt

Travail, and throes and agonies of the life,

Desiring to be join'd with Guinevere; And thinking as he rode, "Her father said

That there between the man and beast they die.

Shall I not lift her from this land of beasts

Up to my throne, and side by side with me? What happiness to reign a lonely

king,
Vext—O ye stars that shudder over

wext—O ye stars that shudder over me,

O earth that soundest hollow under me,

Vext with waste dreams? for saving
I be join'd

To her that is the fairest under heaven, I seem as nothing in the mighty world. And cannot will my will, nor work my

work Wholly, nor make myself in mine own

Wholly, nor make myself in mine own realm

Victor and lord. But were I join'd with her,

Then might we live together as one life.

And reigning with one will in every-

Have power in this dark land to lighten it,

And power on this dead world to make it live."

Thereafter — as he speaks who tells the tale —

When Arthur reach'd a field-of-battle bright

With pitch'd pavilions of his foe, the world Was all so clear about him, that he

saw
The smallest rock far on the faintest

The smallest rock far on the faintest hill,

And even in high day the morning star. So when the King had set his banner

broad, At once from either side, with trumpet-

blast, And shouts, and clarions shrilling unto

blood, The long-lanced battle let their horses

run.
And now the Barons and the kings

prevail'd, And now the King, as here and there

that war Went swaying; but the Powers who

walk the world

Made lightnings and great thunders

over him,

And dazed all eyes, till Arthur by

main might, And mightier of his hands with every

And leading all his knighthood threw the kings

Carádos, Urien, Cradlemont of Wales, Claudias, and Clariance of Northumberland,

The King Brandagoras of Latangor, With Anguisant of Erin, Morganore, And Lot of Orkney. Then, before a

voice As dreadful as the shout of one who

To one who sins, and deems himself alone

And all the world asleep, they swerved and brake

Flying, and Arthur call'd to stay the brands

That hack'd among the flyers, "Ho! they yield!"

So like a painted battle the war stood Silenced, the living quiet as the dead, And in the heart of Arthur joy was lord.

He laugh'd upon his warrior whom he loved

And honor'd most. "Thou dost not doubt me King, So well thine arm hath wrought for

me to-day."
"Sir and my liege," he cried, "the

fire of God

Descends upon thee in the battle-field:

I know thee for my King!" Whereat the two,

For each had warded either in the fight,

Sware on the field of death a deathless love.

And Arthur said, "Man's word is God in man:

Let chance what will, I trust thee to the death."

Then quickly from the foughten field he sent

Ulfius, and Brastias, and Bedivere, His new-made knights, to King Leodogran,

Saying, "If I in aught have served thee well,

Give me thy daughter Guinevere to wife."

Whom when he heard, Leodogran in heart

Debating — " How should I that am a king,

However much he holp me at my need,

Give my one daughter saving to a king,

And a king's son?" — lifted his voice, and call'd

A hoary man, his chamberlain, to whom He trusted all things, and of him required

His counsel: "Knowest thou aught of Arthur's birth?"

Then spake the hoary chamberlain and said,

"Sir King, there be but two old men that know:

And each is twice as old as I; and one Is Merlin, the wise man that ever served

King Uther thro' his magic art; and

Is Merlin's master (so they call him)
Blevs.

Who taught him magic; but the scholar ran

Before the master, and so far, that

Laid magic by, and sat him down, and

All things and whatsoever Merlin did In one great annal-book, where after

years
Will learn the secret of our Arthur's
birth."

To whom the King Leodogran replied,

"O friend, had I been holpen half as

By this King Arthur as by thee today,

Then beast and man had had their share of me:
But summon here before us yet once

Ulfius, and Brastias, and Bedivere."

Then, when they came before him, the King said,

"I have seen the cuckoo chased by lesser fowl,

And reason in the chase: but wherefore now

Do these your lords stir up the heat of war,

Some calling Arthur born of Gorloïs, Others of Anton? Tell me, ye yourselves, Hold ye this Arthur for King Uther's son?"

And Ulfius and Brastius answer'd, "Ay."

Then Bedivere, the first of all his knights

Knighted by Arthur at his crowning, spake —

For bold in heart and act and word was he,

Whenever slander breathed against the King —

"Sir, there be many rumors on this head:

For there be those who hate him in their hearts,

Call him baseborn, and since his ways are sweet.

And theirs are bestial, hold him less

And there be those who deem him more than man,

And dream he dropt from heaven: but my belief

In all this matter—so ye care to learn—

Sir, for ye know that in King Uther's time

The prince and warrior Gorloïs, he that held
Tintagil castle by the Cornish sea,

Was wedded with a winsome wife,
Ygerne:
And daughters had she borne him. —

one whereof,

Lot's wife, the Queen of Orkney, Bellicent,

Hath ever like a loyal sister cleaved To Arthur,—but a son she had not borne.

And Uther cast upon her eyes of love. But she, a stainless wife to Gorloïs,

So loathed the bright dishonor of his love,

That Gorloïs and King Uther went to war:

And overthrown was Gorloïs and slain.

Then Uther in his wrath and heaf
besieged

Ygerne within Tintagil, where her men.

Seeing the mighty swarm about their walls,

Left her and fled, and Uther enter'd in,

And there was none to call to but himself.

So, compass'd by the power of the King,

Enforced she was to wed him in her tears,

And with a shameful swiftness: afterward,

Not many moons, King Uther died himself,

Moaning and wailing for an heir to

After him, lest the realm should go to wrack.

And that same night, the night of the new year,

By reason of the bitterness and grief That vext his mother, all before his time

Was Arthur born, and all as soon as born

Deliver'd at a secret postern-gate
To Merlin, to be holden far apart
Until his hour should come; because
the lords

Of that fierce day were as the lords of

Wild beasts, and surely would have

torn the child Piecemeal among them, had they

known; for each
But sought to rule for his own self
and hand,

And many hated Uther for the sake
Of Gorloïs. Wherefore Merlin took
the child,

And gave him to Sir Anton, an old knight

And ancient friend of Uther; and his wife

Nursed the young prince, and rear'd him with her own;

And no man knew. And ever since the lords

Have foughten like wild beasts among themselves,

So that the realm has gone to wrack: but now,

This year, when Merlin (for his hour had come)

Brought Arthur forth, and set him in the hall, Proclaiming, 'Here is Uther's heir,

your king,'
A hundred voices cried, 'Away with

him! No king of ours! a son of Gorloïs

he, Or else the child of Anton, and no

king, Or else baseborn.' Yet Merlin thro'

his craft,
And while the people clamor'd for a king,

Had Arthur crown'd; but after, the great lords

Banded, and so brake out in open war."

Then while the King debated with himself

If Arthur were the child of shamefulness, Or born the son of Gorloïs, after

death,
Or Uther's son, and born before his

Or Uther's son, and born before his time,
Or whether there were truth in any-

thing
Said by these three, there came to

Cameliard, With Gawain and young Modred, her

two sons,
Lot's wife, the Queen of Orkney,

Bellicent;
Whom as he could, not as he would,

the King
Made feast for, saying, as they sat at

Made feast for, saying, as they sat a meat,

"A doubtful throne is ice on summer seas.

Ye come from Arthur's court. Victor his men

Report him! Yea, but ye — think ye this king —

So many those that hate him, and so strong,

So few his knights, however brave they be—

Hath body enow to hold his foemen down?"

"O King," she cried, "and I will tell thee: few,

Few, but all brave, all of one mind with him;

For I was near him when the savage yells

Of Uther's peerage died, and Arthur sat

Crown'd on the daïs, and his warriors cried,

'Be thou the king, and we will work thy will

Who love thee.' Then the King in low deep tones,

And simple words of great authority, Bound them by so strait vows to his own self,

That when they rose, knighted from kneeling, some

Were pale as at the passing of a ghost, Some flush'd, and others dazed, as one who wakes

Half-blinded at the coming of a light.

"But when he spake and cheer'd his Table Round

With large divine and comfortable words

Beyond my tongue to tell thee—I beheld

From eye to eye thro' all their Order flash

A momentary likeness of the King: And ere it left their faces, thro' the cross

And those around it and the Crucified, Down from the casement over Arthur, smote

Plame-color, vert and azure, in three rays,

ne falling upon each of three fair queens,

Who stood in silence near his throne, the friends

of Arthur, gazing on him, tall, with bright

Sweet faces, who will help him at his need.

"And there I saw mage Merlin, whose vast wit

And hundred winters are but as the hands

Of loyal vassals toiling for their liege.

"And near him stood the Lady of the Lake,

Who knows a subtler magic than his own—

Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful.

She gave the King his huge crosshilted sword,

Whereby to drive the heathen out: a mist

Of incense curl'd about her, and her face

Wellnigh was hidden in the minster gloom;

But there was heard among the holy hymns

A voice as of the waters, for she dwells Down in a deep, calm, whatsoever storms

May shake the world, and when the surface rolls,

Hath power to walk the waters like our Lord.

"There likewise I beheld Excalibur Before him at his crowning borne, the sword

That rose from out the bosom of the lake,

And Arthur row'd across and took it

With jewels, elfin Urim, on the hilt, Bewildering heart and eye—the blade so bright

That men are blinded by it — on one side,

Graven in the oldest tongue of all this world,

'Take me,' but turn the blade and ye shall see,

And written in the speech ye speak yourself,

'Cast me away!' And sad was Arthur's face

Taking it, but old Merlin counsell'd

him,
'Take thou and strike! the time to

cast away

Is yet far-off.' So this great brand the king

Took, and by this will beat his foemen down."

Thereat Leodogram rejoiced, but thought To sift his doubtings to the last, and

ask'd,

Fixing full eyes of question on her face,

"The swallow and the swift are near akin.

But thou art closer to this noble prince, Being his own dear sister;" and she

"Daughter of Gorloïs and Ygerne am I:"

"And therefore Arthur's sister?"
ask'd the King.

She answer'd, "These be secret things," and sign'd

To those two sons to pass and let them be.

And Gawain went, and breaking into song

Sprang out, and follow'd by his flying hair

Ran like a colt, and leapt at all he saw:

But Modred laid his ear beside the doors,

And there half-heard; the same that afterward

Struck for the throne, and striking found his doom.

And then the Queen made answer, "What know I?

For dark my mother was in eyes and hair,

And dark in hair and eyes am I; and

Was Gorloïs, yea and dark was Uther too,

Wellnigh to blackness; but this King is fair

Beyond the race of Britons and of men. Moreover, always in my mind I hear A cry from out the dawning of my life, A mother weeping, and I hear her say, 'O that ye had some brother, pretty

one,
To guard thee on the rough ways of
the world."

"Ay," said the King, "and hear ye such a cry?

But when did Arthur chance upon thee first?"

"O King!" she cried, "and I will tell thee true:

He found me first when yet a little maid:

Beaten I had been for a little fault Whereof I was not guilty; and out I

ran
And flung myself down on a bank of heath,

And hated this fair world and all therein,

And wept, and wish'd that I were dead; and he—

I know not whether of himself he came,

Or brought by Merlin, who, they say, can walk Unseen at pleasure—he was at my

side
And spake sweet words, and comforted

And spake sweet words, and comforted my heart, And dried my tears, being a child with

me. And many a time he came, and ever-

and many a time he came, and evermore
As I grew greater grew with me; and

sad
At times he seem'd, and sad with him

At times he seem'd, and sad with fill was I,
Stern too at times, and then I loved

him not,
But sweet again, and then I loved him

well.

And now of late I see him less and less,

But those first days had golden hours for me,

For then I surely thought he would be king.

"But let me tell thee now another

For Bleys, our Merlin's master, as they say,

Died but of late, and sent his cry to

Co hear him speak before he left his life.

Shrunk like a fairy changeling lay the mage;

and when I enter'd told me that himself

and Merlin ever served about the King,

Ither, before he died; and on the

night Vhen Uther in Tintagil past away Ioaning and wailing for an heir, the

two
eft the still King, and passing forth

to breathe,
'hen from the castle gateway by the

escending thro' the dismal night—

which the bounds of heaven and earth were lost —

eheld, so high upon the dreary deeps

seem'd in heaven, a ship, the shape thereof

dragon wing'd, and all from stem to stern

right with a shining people on the decks,
nd gone as soon as seen. And then

the two
ropt to the cove, and watch'd the

great sea fall,

ave after wave, each mightier than
the last,

all last, a ninth one, gathering half the deep

nd full of voices, slowly rose and plunged

paring, and all the wave was in a flame:

And down the wave and in the flame was borne

A naked babe, and rode to Merlin's feet,

Who stoopt and caught the babe, and cried 'The King!

Here is an heir for Uther!' And the fringe

Of that great breaker, sweeping up the strand,

Lash'd at the wizard as he spake the word,

And all at once all round him rose in fire,

So that the child and he were clothed in fire.

And presently thereafter follow'd calm,

Free sky and stars: 'And this same child,' he said,

'Is he who reigns; nor could I part in peace

Till this were told.' And saying this
the seer

Went thro' the strait and dreadful pass of death,
Not ever to be question'd any more

Save on the further side; but when I met

Merlin, and ask'd him if these things

were truth —
The shining dragon and the naked

Descending in the glory of the seas— He laugh'd as is his wont, and answer'd me

In riddling triplets of old time, and said:

"'Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow in the sky!

A young man will be wiser by and by; An old man's wit may wander ere he die.

Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow on the lea!

And truth is this to me, and that to thee:

And truth or clothed or naked let it be.

Rain, sun, and rain! and the free blossom blows:

Sun, rain, and sun! and where is he who knows?

From the great deep to the great deep he goes.'

"So Merlin riddling anger'd me; but thou

Fear not to give this King thine only child.

Guinevere: so great bards of him will sing

Hereafter; and dark sayings from of

Ranging and ringing thro' the minds of men.

And echo'd by old folk beside their

For comfort after their wage-work is done,

Speak of the King; and Merlin in our

Hath spoken also, not in jest, and

Tho' men may wound him that he will not die,

But pass, again to come; and then or now

Utterly smite the heathen underfoot, Till these and all men hail him for their king."

She spake and King Leodogran rejoiced,

But musing "Shall I answer yea or nav ?"

Doubted, and drowsed, nodded and slept, and saw,

Dreaming, a slope of land that ever

grew, Field after field, up to a height, the

peak Haze-hidden, and thereon a phantom

Now looming, and now lost; and on the slope

The sword rose, the hind fell, the herd was driven,

Fire glimpsed; and all the land from

roof and rick, In drifts of smoke before a rolling wind,

Stream'd to the peak, and mingled with the haze

And made it thicker; while the phantom king

Sent out at times a voice; and here or there

Stood one who pointed toward the voice, the rest

Slew on and burnt, crying, "No king of ours, No son of Uther, and no king of ours;"

Till with a wink his dream was changed, the haze

Descended, and the solid earth became

As nothing, but the King stood out in heaven,

Crown'd. And Leodogran awoke, and

Ulfius, and Brastias and Bedivere, Back to the court of Arthur answer-

ing yea.

Then Arthur charged his warrion whom he loved

And honor'd most, Sir Lancelot, to ride forth And bring the Queen; - and watch'd

him from the gates: And Lancelot past away among the

flowers. then was latter April) and (For

return'd Among the flowers, in May, with

Guinevere. To whom arrived, by Dubric the high

saint, Chief of the church in Britain, and before

The stateliest of her altar-shrines, th

That morn was married, while in stair less white,

The fair beginners of a nobler time, And glorying in their vows and hin

his knights Stood round him, and rejoicing in hi

Far shone the fields of May three

open door, The sacred altar blossom'd white wit

May.

The Sun of May descended on their King,

They gazed on all earth's beauty in their Queen,

Roll'd incense, and there past along

the hymns

A voice as of the waters, while the two Sware at the shrine of Christ a deathless love:

And Arthur said, "Behold, thy doom is mine.

Let chance what will, I love thee to the death!"

To whom the Queen replied with drooping eyes,

"King and my lord, I love thee to the death!"

And holy Dubric spread his hands

and spake,
Reign ye, and live and love, and
make the world

Other, and may thy Queen be one with thee,

And all this Order of thy Table
Round

Fulfil the boundless purpose of their King!"

So Dubric said; but when they left the shrine

Freat Lords from Rome before the portal stood,

n scornful stillness gazing as they past;

hen while they paced a city all on fire

Vith sun and cloth of gold, the trumpets blew,

and Arthur's knighthood sang before the King:—

"Blow trumpet, for the world is white with May;

low trumpet, the long night hath roll'd away!

low thro' the living world—'Let the King reign.'

"Shall Rome or Heathen rule in Arthur's realm?

ash brand and lance, fall battleaxe upon helm,

Fall battleaxe, and flash brand! Let the King reign.

"Strike for the King and live! his knights have heard

That God hath told the King a secret word.

Fall battleaxe, and flash brand! Let the King reign.

"Blow trumpet! he will lift us from the dust.

Blow trumpet! live the strength and die the lust!

Clang battleaxe, and clash brand! Let the King reign.

"Strike for the King and die! and if thou diest,

The King is King, and ever wills the highest.

Clang battleaxe, and clash brand! Let the King reign.

"Blow, for our Sun is mighty in his May!

Blow, for our Sun is mightier day by day!

Clang battleaxe, and clash brand! Let the King reign.

"The King will follow Christ, and we the King

In whom high God hath breathed a secret thing.

Fall battleaxe, and flash brand! Let the King reign."

So sang the knighthood, moving to their hall.

There at the banquet those great Lords from Rome,

The slowly-fading mistress of the world,

Strode in, and claim'd their tribute as of yore.

But Arthur spake, "Behold, for these have sworn

To wage my wars, and worship me their King;

The old order changeth, yielding place to new;

And we that fight for our fair father Christ,

Seeing that ye be grown too weak and old

To drive the heathen from your

To drive the heathen from your Roman wall,

No tribute will we pay": so those great lords

Drew back in wrath, and Arthur strove with Rome.

And Arthur and his knighthood for a space

Were all one will, and thro' that strength the King

Drew in the petty princedoms under him,

Fought, and in twelve great battles overcame

The heathen hordes, and made a realm and reign'd.

# THE ROUND TABLE.

GARETH AND LYNETTE.
GERAINT AND ENID.
MERLIN AND VIVIEN.
LANCELOT AND ELAINE.

# GARETH AND LYNETTE.

THE last tall son of Lot and Bellicent, And tallest, Gareth, in a showerful spring Stared at the spate. A slender-shafted

Pine Pine space was whirl'd

Lost footing, fell, and so was whirl'd away.

"How he went down," said Gareth,
"as a false knight

Or evil king before my lance if lance Were mine to use — O senseless cataract,

Bearing all down in thy precipitancy— And yet thou art but swollen with cold snows

And mine is living blood: thou dost His will,

The Maker's, and not knowest, and I that know,

Ilave strength and wit, in my good mother's hall

Linger with vacillating obedience, Prison'd, and kept and coax'd and whistled to —

Since the good mother holds me still a child!

Good mother is bad mother unto me!

A worse were better; yet no worse
would I.

THE HOLY GRAIL.
PELLEAS AND ETTARRE.
THE LAST TOURNAMENT.
GUINEVERE.

Heaven yield her for it, but in me put force

To weary her ears with one continuous prayer,

Until she let me fly discaged to sweep

In ever-highering eagle-circles up To the great Sun of Glory, and thence

Down upon all things base, and dash them dead,

A knight of Arthur, working out his will,

To cleanse the world. Why, Gawain when he came

With Modred hither in the summer time,
Ask'd me to tilt with him, the proven

knight.

Modred for want of worthier was the

judge.

Then I so shook him in the saddle, he said,

'Thou hast half prevail'd against me, said so — he —

Tho' Modred biting his thin lips wa mute.

For he is alway sullen: what care I?"

round her chair

And Gareth went, and hoverin

Ask'd, "Mother, tho' ye count me still the child,

Sweet mother, do ye love the child?"
She laugh'd,

"Thou art but a wild-goose to ques-

"Then, mother, an ye love the child," he said.

"Being a goose and rather tame than wild,

Hear the child's story." "Yea, my well-beloved,

An 'twere but of goose and golden eggs."

And Gareth answer'd her with kindling eyes,

"Nay, nay, good mother, but this egg of mine

Was finer gold than any goose can lay:

For this an Eagle, a royal Eagle, laid Almost beyond eye-reach, on such a palm

As glitters gilded in thy Book of Hours.

And there was ever haunting round the palm

A lusty youth, but poor, who often saw

The splendor sparkling from aloft, and thought

An I could climb and lay my hand upon it,
Then were I wealthier than a leash of

kings,'
But ever when he reach'd a hand to

climb,
one, that had loved him from his

childhood, caught and stay'd him, 'Climb not lest thou

break thy neck, charge thee by my love,' and so the

boy, weet mother, neither clomb, nor

brake his neck, tut brake his very heart in pining for it.

nd past away."

To whom the mother said, True love, sweet son, had risk'd himself and climb'd, And handed down the golden treasure to him."

And Gareth answer'd her with kindling eyes,

"Gold? said I gold?—ay then, why he, or she,

Or whoso'er it was, or half the world Had ventured—had the thing I spake of been

Mere gold — but this was all of that true steel,

Whereof they forged the brand Excalibur, And lightnings play'd about it in the

storm,

And all the little fowl were flurried at it,

And there were cries and clashings in the nest,

That sent him from his senses: let me go."

Then Bellicent bemoan'd herself and said,

"Hast thou no pity upon my loneliness?

Lo, where thy father Lot beside the hearth

Lies like a log, and all but smoulder'd out! For ever since when traitor to the

King He fought against him in the Barons'

war, And Arthur gave him back his terri

tory,
His age hath slowly droopt, and now

lies there A yet-warm corpse, and yet unburia-

ble, No more; nor sees, nor hears, nor speaks, nor knows.

And both thy brethren are in Arthur's

hall, Albeit neither loved with that full

I feel for thee, nor worthy such a love:

Stay therefore thou; red berries charm the bird,

And thee, mine innocent, the jousts, the wars,

Who never knewest finger-ache, nor pang

Of wrench'd or broken limb — an often chance

In those brain-stunning shocks, and tourney-falls,

Frights to my heart; but stay: follow the deer By these tall firs and our fast-falling

By these tall firs and our last-laining burns;

So make thy manhood mightier day by day; Sweet is the chase: and I will seck

thee out
Some comfortable bride and fair, to

grace
Thy climbing life, and cherish my

prone year,
Till falling into Lot's forgetfulness
I know not thee, myself, nor anything.

Stay, my best son! ye are yet more boy than man."

Then Gareth, "An ye hold me yet for child,

Hear yet once more the story of the child.

For, mother, there was once a King, like ours.

The prince his heir, when tall and marriageable,

Ask'd for a bride; and thereupon the King

Set two before him. One was fair, strong, arm'd—

But to be won by force — and many men

Desired her; one, good lack, no man desired.

And these were the conditions of the King:

That save he won the first by force, he needs Must wed that other, whom no man

desired,
A red-faced bride who knew herself

so vile,
That evermore she long'd to hide her-

That evermore she long a to mae her self,

Nor fronted man or woman, eye to eye —

Yea — some she cleaved to, but they died of her.

And one — they call'd her Fame; and

one, — O Mother,
How can ye keep me tether'd to you
— Shame!

Man am I grown, a man's work must

Follow the deer? follow the Christ, the King,

Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King—

Else, wherefore born?"

To whom the mother said, "Sweet son, for there be many who deem him not,

Or will not deem him, wholly proven King—

Albeit in mine own heart I knew him
King,

When I was frequent with him in my youth,

And heard him Kingly speak, and doubted him

No more than he, himself; but felhim mine,

Of closest kin to me: yet—wilt thou leave
Thine easeful biding here, and rish

Thine easeful biding here, and rish thine all,
Life, limbs, for one that is not proven

King?
Stay, till the cloud that settles round

his birth
Hath lifted but a little. Stay, swee

son."

And Gareth answer'd quickly, "No

So that ye yield me — I will walk throfire, Mother, to gain it — your full leave t

go.

Not proven, who swept the dust of

ruin'd Rome
From off the threshold of the realn

From off the threshold of the read and crush'd

The Idolaters, and made the peop free?

Who should be King save him whe makes us free?"

So when the Queen, who long had sought in vain

To break him from the intent to which he grew,

Found her son's will unwaveringly one,

She answer'd craftily, "Will ye walk thro' fire?

Who walks thro' fire will hardly heed the smoke.

Ay, go then, an ye must: only one proof,

Before thou ask the King to make thee knight,

Of thine obedience and thy love to me,

Thy mother, - I demand."

to the quick!"

And Gareth cried, 'A hard one, or a hundred, so I go. Vay — quick! the proof to prove me

But slowly spake the mother looking at him.

Prince, thou shalt go disguised to Arthur's hall,

And hire thyself to serve for meats and drinks

Among the scullions and the kitchenknaves,

and those that hand the dish across the bar.

Nor shalt thou tell thy name to anyone.

And thou shalt serve a twelvemonth

For so the Queen believed that when her son

and a day."

her son
Beheld his only way to glory lead
ow down thro' villain kitchen-vas-

salage, ler own true Gareth was too princely-

o pass thereby; so should he rest with her,

losed in her castle from the sound of arms.

Silent awhile was Gareth, then replied,

"The thrall in person may be free in soul,

And I shall see the jousts. Thy son am I, And since thou art my mother must

And since thou art my mother, must obey.

I therefore yield me freely to thy will; For hence will I, disguised, and hire myself

To serve with scullions and with kitchen-knaves;

Nor tell my name to any — no, not the King."

Gareth awhile linger'd. The mother's eye

Full of the wistful fear that he would

And turning toward him wheresoe'er he turn'd,

Perplext his outward purpose, till an hour,

When waken'd by the wind which with full voice

Swept bellowing thro' the darkness on to dawn,

He rose, and out of slumber calling
two
That still had tended on him from his

That still had tended on him from his birth,

Before the wakeful mother heard him, went.

The three were clad like tillers of the soil.

Southward they set their faces. The birds made

Melody on branch, and melody in mid air.

The damp hill-slopes were quicken'd into green,

And the live green had kindled into

flowers,

For it was past the time of Easterday.

So, when their feet were planted on

the plain
That broaden'd toward the base of

That broaden'd toward the base of Camelot,

Far off they saw the silver-misty morn Rolling her smoke about the Royal mount. That rose between the forest and the field.

At times the summit of the high city flash'd;

At times the spires and turrets halfway down

Prick'd thro' the mist; at times the great gate shone

Only, that open'd on the field below: Anon, the whole fair city had disappear'd.

Then those who went with Gareth were amazed,

One crying, "Let us go no further, lord.

Here is a city of Enchanters, built By fairy kings." The second echo'd him,

"Lord, we have heard from our wise man at home

To Northward, that this King is not the King.

But only changeling out of Fairy-land,

Who drave the heathen hence by sorcery

And Merlin's glamour." Then the first again,

"Lord, there is no such city anywhere, But all a vision."

Gareth answer'd them With laughter, swearing he had glamour enow

In his own blood, his princedom, youth and hopes,

To plunge old Merlin in the Arabian sea;

So push'd them all unwilling toward the gate.

And there was no gate like it under heaven.

For barefoot on the keystone, which was lined

And rippled like an ever-fleeting wave, The Lady of the Lake stood: all her

Wept from her sides as water flowing away;

But like the cross her great and goodly arms

Stretch'd under all the cornice and upheld:

And drops of water fell from either

hand;
And down from one a sword was hung,

from one A censer, either worn with wind and

storm;
And o'er her breast floated the sacred

fish;
And in the space to left of her, and

right,
Were Arthur's wars in weird devices

done, New things and old co-twisted, as if Time

Were nothing, so inveterately, that

Were giddy gazing there; and over

High on the top were those three Queens, the friends

Of Arthur, who should help him at his need.

Then those with Gareth for so long a space

Stared at the figures, that at last it seem'd

The dragon-boughts and elvish emblemings

Began to move, seethe, twine and curl: they call'd

To Gareth, "Lord, the gateway is alive."

And Gareth likewise on them fixt his eyes

So long, that ev'n to him they seem'd to move.

Out of the city a blast of music peal'd. Back from the gate started the three, to whom

From out thereunder came an ancient

Long-bearded, saying, "Who be ye, my sons?"

Then Gareth, "We be tillers of the soil,

Who leaving share in furrow come to

The glories of our King: but these, my men,

(Your city moved so weirdly in the mist)

Doubt if the King be King at all, or come

From Fairyland; and whether this be built

By magic, and by fairy Kings and Queens;
Or whether there be any city at all,

Or all a vision: and this music now Hath scared them both, but tell thou these the truth."

Then that old Seer made answer playing on him

And saying, "Son, I have seen the good ship sail

Keel upward and mast downward in the heavens,

And solid turrets topsy-turvy in air:
And here is truth; but an it please
thee not,

Take thou the truth as thou hast told it me.

For truly as thou sayest, a Fairy King And Fairy Queens have built the city, son;

They came from out a sacred mountaincleft

Foward the sunrise, each with harp in hand,

And built it to the music of their harps.

And as thou sayest it is enchanted, son,

for there is nothing in it as it seems saving the King; tho' some there be that hold

he King a shadow, and the city real:
'et take thou heed of him, for, so
thou pass

Beneath this archway, then wilt thou become

thrall to his enchantments, for the King

Vill bind thee by such vows, as is a shame

man should not be bound by, yet the which

o man can keep; but, so thou dread to swear,

Pass not beneath this gateway, but abide

Without, among the cattle of the field.
For an ye heard a music, like enow
They are building still, seeing the city
is built

To music, therefore never built at all, And therefore built for ever.

Gareth spake Anger'd, "Old Master, reverence thine own beard

That looks as white as utter truth, and seems

Wellnigh as long as thou art statured tall!

Why mockest thou the stranger that hath been

To thee fair-spoken?"

But the Seer replied, "Know ye not then the Riddling of the Bards?

'Confusion, and illusion, and relation, Elusion, and occasion, and evasion'? I mock thee not but as thou mockest

And all that see thee, for thou art not

Thou seemest, but I know thee who thou art.

And now thou goest up to mock the King,

Who cannot brook the shadow of any lie."

Unmockingly the mocker ending here

Turn'd to the right, and past along the plain;

Whom Gareth looking after said, "My men,

Our one white lie sits like a little ghost Here on the threshold of our enterprise.

Let love be blamed for it, nor she, nor I:

Well, we will make amends."

With all good cheer He spake and laugh'd, then enter'd with his twain Camelot, a city of shadowy palaces And stately, rich in emblem and the work

Of ancient kings who did their days in

stone;

Which Merlin's hand, the Mage at Arthur's court, Knowing all arts, had touch'd, and

everywhere

At Arthur's ordinance, tipt with lessening peak

And pinnacle, and had made it spire

to heaven.

And ever and anon a knight would pass Outward, or inward to the hall: his

Clash'd; and the sound was good to Gareth's ear.

And out of bower and casement shyly glanced

Eyes of pure women, wholesome stars

of love;

And all about a healthful people stept As in the presence of a gracious king.

Then into hall Gareth ascending heard

A voice, the voice of Arthur, and be-

Far over heads in that long-vaulted

The splendor of the presence of the King

Throned, and delivering doom — and look'd no more —

But felt his young heart hammering in his ears,

And thought, "For this half-shadow of a lie

The truthful King will doom me when

I speak."

Yet pressing on, tho' all in fear to find Sir Gawain or Sir Modred, saw nor one Nor other, but in all the listening eyes Of those tall knights, that ranged about the throne,

Clear honor shining like the dewy star Of dawn, and faith in their great King, with pure

Affection, and the light of victory,

And glory gain'd, and evermore to gain.

Then came a widow crying to the King,

"A boon, Sir King! Thy father, Uther, reft

From my dead lord a field with violence:

For howsoe'er at first he proffer'd gold, Yet, for the field was pleasant in our eyes,

We yielded not; and then he reft us of it

Perforce, and left us neither gold nor field."

Said Arthur, "Whether would ye? gold or field?"

To whom the woman weeping, "Nay, my lord,

The field was pleasant in my husband's eye."

And Arthur, "Have thy pleasant field again,

And thrice the gold for Uther's use thereof,

According to the years. No boon is here,
But justice, so thy say be proven

true.

Accursed, who from the wrongs his

father did Would shape himself a right!"

And while she past Came yet another widow crying to

Came yet another widow crying to him,
"A boon, Sir King! Thine enemy

King, am I.
With thine own hand thou slewest my

Vith thine own hand thou slewest m dear lord,

A knight of Uther in the Barons' war When Lot and many another rose and fought

Against thee, saying thou wert basely born.

I held with these, and loathe to asl thee aught.

Yet lo! my husband's brother had m

Thrall'd in his castle, and hath starve him dead;

And standeth seized of that inheritance

Which thou that slewest the sire hast left the son.

So tho' I scarce can ask it thee for hate,

Grant me some knight to do the battle for me,

Kill the foul thief, and wreak me for my son."

Then strode a good knight forward, crying to him,

"A boon, Sir King! I am her kinsman, I.

Give me to right her wrong, and slay the man."

Then came Sir Kay, the seneschal, and cried,

'A boon, Sir King! ev'n that thou grant her none,

Chis railer, that hath mock'd thee in full hall—

None; or the wholesome boon of gyve and gag."

But Arthur, "We sit King, to help the wrong'd

Thro' all our realm. The woman loves her lord.

'eace to thee, woman, with thy loves and hates!

The kings of old had doom'd thee to the flames,

urelius Emrys would have scourged thee dead, nd Uther slit thy tongue: but get

thee hence—
est that rough humor of the kings of

old eturn upon me! Thou that art her

kin,
o likewise; lay him low and slay

him not, ut bring him here, that I may judge

the right, ecording to the justice of the King:

hen, be he guilty, by that deathless
King

ho lived and died for men, the man shall die."

Then came in hall the messenger of Mark,

A name of evil savor in the land, The Cornish king. In either hand he

What dazzled all, and shone far-off as

shines
A field of charlock in the sudden sun

Between two showers, a cloth of palest

Which down he laid before the throne, and knelt,

Delivering, that his lord, the vassal king,

Was ev'n upon his way to Camelot; For having heard that Arthur of his grace

Had made his goodly cousin, Tristram, knight,

And, for himself was of the greater state,

Being a king, he trusted his liege-lord Would yield him this large honor all the more;

So pray'd him well to accept this cloth of gold,

In token of true heart and feälty.

Then Arthur cried to rend the cloth, to rend

In pieces, and so cast it on the hearth.

An oak-tree smoulder'd there. "The goodly knight!

What! shall the shield of Mark stand among these?" For, midway down the side of that long

hall
A stately pile,— whereof along the

front,. Some blazon'd, some but carven, and

some blank,
There ran a treble range of stony

shields, —
Rose, and high-arching overbrow'd the

hearth.

And under every shield a knight was named:

For this was Arthur's custom in his hall;

When some good knight had done one noble deed,

His arms were carven only; but if twain

His arms were blazon'd also; but if

The shield was blank and bare without a sign

Saving the name beneath; and Gareth saw

The shield of Gawain blazon'd rich and bright,

And Modred's blank as death; and Arthur cried

To rend the cloth and cast it on the hearth.

"More like are we to reave him of his crown

Than make him knight because men call him king.

The kings we found, ye know we stay'd their hands

From war among themselves, but left them kings;

Of whom were any bounteous, merciful,

Truth-speaking, brave, good livers, them we enroll'd

Among us, and they sit within our hall.

But Mark hath tarnish'd the great name of king,

As Mark would sully the low state of churl:

And, seeing he hath sent us cloth of gold,

Return, and meet, and hold him from our eyes,

Lest we should lap him up in cloth of lead,

Silenced for ever—craven—a man of plots,

Craft, poisonous counsels, wayside ambushings —

No fault of thine: let Kay the senes-

Look to thy wants, and send thee satisfied —

Accursed, who strikes nor lets the hand be seen!"

And many another suppliant crying came

With noise of ravage wrought by beast and man,

And evermore a knight would ride away.

Last, Gareth leaning both hands heavily

Down on the shoulders of the twain, his men, Approach'd between them toward the

King, and ask'd,
"A boon, Sir King (his voice was all

"A boon, Sir King (his voice was all ashamed),

For see ye not how weak and hungerworn
I seem—leaning on these? grant me

to serve For meat and drink among thy

kitchen-knaves A twelvemonth and a day, nor seek

my name. Hereafter I will fight."

To him the King,

"A goodly youth and worth a goodlier boon!

But so thou wilt no goodlier, then must Kay,

The master of the meats and drinks, be thine."

He rose and past; then Kay, a man of mien

Wan-sallow as the plant that feels itself

Root-bitten by white lichen,

"Lo ye now!

This fellow hath broken from some Abbey, where,

God wot, he had not beef and brewis enow,
However that might chance! but an

However that might chance! but an he work,

Like any pigeon will I cram his crop, And sleeker shall he shine than any hog."

Then Lancelot standing near, "Sir Seneschal,

Seneschal,
Sleuth-hound thou knowest, and gray,
and all the hounds;

A horse thou knowest, a man thou dost not know: Broad brows and fair, a fluent hair and fine,

High nose, a nostril large and fine, and hands

Large, fair and fine!—some young lad's mystery—

But, or from sheepcot or king's hall, the boy

Is noble-natured. Treat him with all grace,

Lest he should come to shame thy judging of him."

Then Kay, "What murmurest thou of mystery?

Think ye this fellow will poison the King's dish?

Nay, for he spake too fool-like:

mystery!
Tut, an the lad were noble, he had

For horse and armor: fair and fine, forsooth!

Sir Fine-face, Sir Fair-hands? but see

That thine own fineness, Lancelot, some fine day

Undo thee not—and leave my man to me."

So Gareth all for glory underwent The sooty yoke of kitchen-vassalage; Ate with young lads his portion by the door,

And couch'd at night with grimy kitchen-knaves.

And Lancelot ever spake him pleasantly,

But Kay the seneschal who loved him not

Vould hustle and harry him, and labor him

Beyond his comrade of the hearth, and set

o turn the broach, draw water, or hew wood,

r grosser tasks; and Gareth bow'd himself

Vith all obedience to the King, and wrought

Il kind of service with a noble

That graced the lowliest act in doing it.

And when the thralls had talk among themselves,

And one would praise the love that linkt the King

And Lancelot — how the King had saved his life

In battle twice, and Lancelot once the King's —

For Lancelot was the first in Tournament,

But Arthur mightiest on the battlefield —

Gareth was glad. Or if some other told,

How once the wandering forester at dawn,

Far over the blue tarns and hazy

On Caer-Eryri's highest found the King, A naked babe, of whom the Prophet

spake,

"He passes to the Isle Avilion,

He passes and is heal'd and cannot die"—

Gareth was glad. But if their talk were foul,

Then would he whistle rapid as any lark,\*

Or carol some old roundelay, and so

loud
That first they mock'd, but, after,

reverenced him.

Or Gareth telling some prodigious tale

Of knights, who sliced a red life-bubbling way Thro' twenty folds of twisted dragon,

held

All in a gap-mouth'd circle his good mates

Lying or sitting round him, idle hands, Charm'd; till Sir Kay, the seneschal, would come

Blustering upon them, like a sudden wind

Among dead leaves, and drive then all apart.

Or when the thralls had sport among themselves,

So there were any trial of mastery.

He, by two yards in casting bar or | For pastime; yea, he said it: joust stone

Was counted best; and if there chanced a joust,

So that Sir Kay nodded him leave to

Would hurry thither, and when he saw the knights Clash like the coming and retiring

And the spear spring, and good horse

reel, the boy Was half beyond himself for ecstasy.

So for a month he wrought among the thralls:

But in the weeks that follow'd, the good Queen,

Repentant of the word she made him swear,

And saddening in her childless castle,

Between the in-crescent and de-crescent moon.

Arms for her son, and loosed him from his vow.

This, Gareth hearing from a squire of Lot

With whom he used to play at tourney once,

When both were children, and in lonely haunts

Would scratch a ragged oval on the sand,

And each at either dash from either

Shame never made girl redder than Gareth joy.

He laugh'd; he sprang. "Out of the smoke, at once I leap from Satan's foot to Peter's

knee -These news be mine, none other's -

nay, the King's -Descend into the city:" whereon he

sought

The King alone, and found, and told him all.

"I have stagger'd thy strong Gawain in a tilt

can I.

Make me thy knight - in secret! let my name

Be hidd'n, and give me the first quest, I spring

Like flame from ashes."

Here the King's calm eye Fell on, and check'd, and made him flush, and bow

Lowly, to kiss his hand, who answer'd him,

"Son, the good mother let me know thee here,

And sent her wish that I would yield thee thine.

Make thee my knight? my knights are sworn to vows

Of utter hardihood, utter gentleness, And, loving, utter faithfulness in love, And uttermost obedience to the King."

Then Gareth, lightly springing from his knees. "My King, for hardihood I can prom-

ise thee. For uttermost obedience make de-

Of whom ye gave me to, the Seneschal, No mellow master of the meats and

drinks! And as for love, God wot, I love not

But love I shall, God willing."

And the King -"Make thee my knight in secret? yea, but he,

Our noblest brother, and our truest

And one with me in all, he needs must know."

"Let Lancelot know, my King, let Lancelot know.

Thy noblest and thy truest!"

And the King -"But wherefore would ye men should wonder at you?

Nay, rather for the sake of me, their King,

And the deed's sake my knighthood do the deed.

Than to be noised of."

Merrily Gareth ask'd, "Have I not earn'd my cake in baking of it?

Let be my name until I make my name!

My deeds will speak: it is but for a day."

So with a kindly hand on Gareth's

Smiled the great King, and half-

unwillingly

Loving his lusty youthhood yielded to him.

Then, after summoning Lancelot privily,

"I have given him the first quest: he

is not proven. Look therefore when he calls for this

in hall, Thou get to horse and follow him far

awav. Cover the lions on thy shield, and see Far as thou mayest, he be nor ta'en nor slain."

Then that same day there past into the hall

A damsel of high lineage, and a brow May-blossom, and a cheek of appleblossom.

Hawk-eyes: and lightly was her slender nose

Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower; She into hall past with her page and cried,

"O King, for thou hast driven the foe without,

See to the foe within! bridge, ford, beset

By bandits, everyone that owns a tower

The Lord for half a league. Why sit ve there?

Rest would I not, Sir King, an I were king,

Till ev'n the lonest hold were all as free

From cursed bloodshed, as thine altarcloth

From that best blood it is a sin to spill."

"Comfort thyself," said Arthur, "I nor mine

Rest: so my knighthood keep the vows they swore,

The wastest moorland of our realm shall be

Safe, damsel, as the centre of this hall. What is thy name? thy need?"

"My name?" she said -"Lynette my name; noble; my need, a knight

To combat for my sister, Lyonors, A lady of high lineage, of great lands,

And comely, yea, and comelier than myself.

She lives in Castle Perilous: a river Runs in three loops about her livingplace;

And o'er it are three passings, and three knights

Defend the passings, brethren, and a fourth

And of that four the mightiest, holds her stay'd

In her own castle, and so besieges her To break her will, and make her wed with him:

And but delays his purport till thou

To do the battle with him, thy chief

Sir Lancelot whom he trusts to overthrow.

Then wed, with glory: but she will not wed

Save whom she loveth, or a holy life. Now therefore have I come for Lancelot."

Then Arthur mindful of Sir Gareth ask'd.

"Damsel, ye know this Order lives to crush

All wrongers of the Realm. But say, these four,

Who be they? What the fashion of the men?"

"They be of foolish fashion, O Sir King,

The fashion of that old knighterrantry

Who ride abroad and do but what they will;

Courteous or bestial from the moment,

As have nor law nor king; and three of these

Proud in their fantasy call themselves

the Day, Morning-Star, and Noon-Sun, and

Evening-Star,
Being strong fools; and never a whit
more wise

The fourth who alway rideth arm'd in black,

A huge man-beast of boundless savagery.

He names himself the Night, and oftener Death,

And wears a helmet mounted with a skull.

And bears a skeleton figured on his arms,

To show that who may slay or scape the three

Slain by himself shall enter endless night.

And all these four be fools, but mighty

And therefore am I come for Lancelot."

Hereat Sir Gareth call'd from where he rose,

A head with kindling eyes above the

throng,
"A boon, Sir King — this quest!"

then — for he mark'd Kay near him groaning like a wounded bull —

"Yea, King, thou knowest thy kitchenknave am I,

And mighty thro' thy meats and drinks am I.

And I can topple over a hundred such. Thy promise, King," and Arthur glancing at him,

Brought down a momentary brow. "Rough, sudden,

And pardonable, worthy to be knight—Go, therefore," and all hearers were amazed.

But on the damsel's forehead shame, pride, wrath Slew the May-white: she lifted either

arm,

"Fie on thee, King! I ask'd for thy chief knight,

And thou hast given me but a kitchenknave."

Then ere a man in hall could stay her,

turn'd, Fled down the lane of access to the

King,
Took horse, descended the slope street,
and past

The weird white gate, and paused without, beside

The field of tourney, murmuring "kitchen-knave."

Now two great entries open'd from the hall,

At one end one, that gave upon a range

Of level pavement where the King would pace

At sunrise, gazing over plain and wood;

And down from this a lordly stairway sloped

Till lost in blowing trees and tops of towers;

And out by this main doorway past the King.

But one was counter to the hearth, and rose

and rose
High that the highest-crested helm

could ride Therethro' nor graze: and by this entry

The damsel in her wrath, and on to

Sir Gareth strode, and saw without the door

King Arthur's gift, the worth of half a town,

A warhorse of the best, and near it stood

The two that out of north had follow'd him:

This bare a maiden shield, a casque; that held

The horse, the spear; whereat Sir Gareth loosed

A cloak that dropt from collar-bone to heel,

A cloth of roughest web, and cast it down,

And from it like a fuel-smother'd fire, That lookt half-dead, brake bright, and flash'd as those

Dull-coated things, that making slide apart

Their dusk wing-cases, all beneath there burns

A jewell'd harness, ere they pass and fly.

So Gareth ere he parted flash'd in arms.

Then as he donn'd the helm, and took the shield

And mounted horse and graspt a spear, of grain

Storm-strengthen'd on a windy site, and tipt

With trenchant steel, around him slowly prest

The people, while from out of kitchen came
The thralls in throng, and seeing who

had work'd Lustier than any, and whom they could

but love, Mounted in arms, threw up their caps

and cried,
"God bless the King, and all his

fellowship!"
And on thro' lanes of shouting Gareth

Down the slope street, and past without the gate.

So Gareth past with joy; but as the cur

Pluckt from the cur he fights with, ere his cause Be cool'd by fighting, follows, being named,

His owner, but remembers all, and growls

Remembering, so Sir Kay beside the door

Mutter'd in scorn of Gareth whom he used

To harry and hustle.

"Bound upon a quest With horse and arms—the King hath past his time—

My scullion knave! Thralls to your work again,

For an your fire be low ye kindle mine!

Will there be dawn in West and eve in East?

Begone!—my knave!—belike and like enow

Some old head-blow not heeded in his youth

So shook his wits they wander in his prime—
Crazed! how the villain lifted up his

Crazed! how the villain lifted up his voice,
Nor shamed to bawl himself a kitchen-

knave.
Tut: he was tame and meek enow with

me,
Till peacock'd up with Lancelot's

noticing.
Well — I will after my loud knave,

and learn Whether he know me for his master

Out of the smoke he came, and so my

lance Hold, by God's grace, he shall into

the mire—
Thence, if the King awaken from his
craze,

Into the smoke again."

But Lancelot said,
"Kay, wherefore wilt thou go against
the King,

For that did never he whereon ye rail, But ever meekly served the King in thee?

Abide: take counsel; for this lad is great

And lusty, and knowing both of lance and sword."

"Tut, tell not me," said Kay, "ye are overfine

To mar stout knaves with foolish courtesies:" Then mounted, on thro' silent faces

rode

Down the slope city, and out beyond the gate.

But by the field of tourney lingering yet

Mutter'd the damsel, "Wherefore did the King

Scorn me? for, were Sir Lancelot lackt, at least

He might have yielded to me one of those

Who tilt for lady's love and glory here.

Rather than - O sweet heaven! O fie upon him-

His kitchen-knave."

To whom Sir Gareth drew (And there were none but few goodlier than he)

Shiming in arms, "Damsel, the quest is mine.

Lead, and I follow." She thereat, as That smells a foul-flesh'd agaric in the

holt.

And deems it carrion of some woodland thing,

Or shrew, or weasel, nipt her slender

With petulant thumb and finger, shrilling, "Hence!

Avoid, thou smellest all of kitchengrease.

And look who comes behind," for there was Kay.

"Knowest thou not me? thy master? I am Kav.

We lack thee by the hearth."

And Gareth to him, "Master no more! too well I know thee, ay -

The most ungentle knight in Arthur's hall."

"Have at thee then," said Kay: they shock'd, and Kay

Fell shoulder-slipt, and Gareth cried again,

"Lead, and I follow," and fast away she fled.

But after sod and shingle ceased to

Behind her, and the heart of her good horse

Was nigh to burst with violence of the

Perforce she stav'd, and overtaken spoke.

"What doest thou, scullion, in my fellowship? Deem'st thou that I accept thee aught

the more Or love thee better, that by some

device Full cowardly, or by mere unhappi-

Thou hast overthrown and slain thy

master - thou ! -Dish-washer and broach-turner, loon!

- to me Thou smellest all of kitchen as before."

"Damsel," Sir Gareth answer'd gently, "say

Whate'er ye will, but whatsoe'er ye

I leave not till I finish this fair quest, Or die therefore."

"Ay, wilt thou finish it? Sweet lord, how like a noble knight he talks!

The listening rogue hath caught the manner of it.

But, knave, anon thou shalt be met with, knave,

And then by such a one that thou for all

The kitchen brewis that was ever supt Shalt not once dare to look him in the face."

"I shall assay," said Gareth with a smile

That madden'd her, and away she flash'd again

Down the long avenues of a boundless wood,

And Gareth following was again beknaved.

"Sir Kitchen-knave, I have miss'd the only way

Where Arthur's men are set along the wood;

The wood is nigh as full of thieves as leaves:

f both be slain, I am rid of thee; but yet,

Sir Scullion, canst thou use that spit of thine?

Fight, an thou canst: I have miss'd the only way."

So till the dusk that follow'd evensong

Rode on the two, reviler and reviled; Then after one long slope was mounted, saw,

Bowl-shaped, thro' tops of many thousand pines

I gloomy-gladed hollow slowly sink
O westward—in the deeps whereof
a mere,

tound as the red eye of an Eagleowl,

Inder the half-dead sunset glared; and shouts

scended, and there brake a servingman

'lying from out the black wood, and crying,

They have bound my lord to cast him in the mere."

'hen Gareth, "Bound am I to right the wrong'd,

ut straitlier bound am I to bide with thee."

and when the damsel spake contemptuously,

Lead, and I follow," Gareth cried again,

Follow, I lead!" so down among the pines

He plunged; and there, blackshadow'd nigh the mere,

And mid-thigh-deep in bulrushes and reed,

Saw six tall men haling a seventh along,

A stone about his neck to drown him in it.

Three with good blows he quieted, but three

Fled thro' the pines; and Gareth loosed the stone

From off his neck, then in the mere beside

Tumbled it; oilily bubbled up the mere.

Last, Gareth loosed his bonds and on free feet

Set him, a stalwart Baron, Arthur's friend.

"Well that ye came, or else these caitiff rogues

Had wreak'd themselves on me; good cause is theirs

To hate me, for my wont hath ever been

To catch my thief, and then like vermin here

Drown him, and with a stone about his neck;

And under this wan water many of them

Lie rotting, but at night let go the stone,

And rise, and flickering in a grimly light

Dance on the mere. Good now. ve

have saved a life
Worth somewhat as the cleanser of

Worth somewhat as the cleanser of this wood.

And fain would I reward thee worshipfully.

What guerdon will ye?"

Gareth sharply spake,
"None! for the deed's sake have I
done the deed,

In uttermost obedience to the King. But wilt thou yield this damsel har

borage?"

Whereat the Baron saving, "I well believe

You be of Arthur's Table," a light laugh Broke from Lynette, "Ay, truly of a

truth, And in a sort, being Arthur's kitchen-

knave! — But deem not I accept thee aught the

Scullion, for running sharply with thy

Down on a rout of craven foresters. A thresher with his flail had scatter'd them.

Nay - for thou smellest of the kitchen

But an this lord will yield us harbor-

Well."

So she spake. A league beyond the wood,

All in a full-fair manor and a rich, His towers where that day a feast had

Held in high wall, and many a viand

left, And many a costly cate, received the

And there they placed a peacock in

his pride Before the damsel, and the Baron

Gareth beside her, but at once she rose.

"Meseems, that here is much discourtesy,

Setting this knave, Lord Baron, at my

Hear me - this morn I stood in

Arthur's hall, And pray'd the King would grant me Lancelot

To fight the brotherhood of Day and Night ---

The last a monster unsubduable

Of any save of him for whom I call'd -

Suddenly bawls this frontless kitchenknave,

'The quest is mine; thy kitchenknave am I,

And mighty thro' thy meats and drinks am I.' Then Arthur all at once gone mad

replies. 'Go therefore,' and so gives the quest

to him -Him — here — a villain fitter to stick swine

Than ride abroad redressing women's wrong,

Or sit beside a noble gentlewoman."

Then half-ashamed and partamazed, the lord

Now look'd at one and now at other, left

The damsel by the peacock in his pride.

And, seating Gareth at another board, Sat down beside him, ate and then began.

"Friend, whether thou be kitchenknave, or not,

Or whether it be the maiden's fantasy, And whether she be mad, or else the

Or both or neither, or thyself be mad, I ask not: but thou strikest a strong stroke,

For strong thou art and goodly therewithal.

And saver of my life; and therefore

For here be mighty men to joust with,

Whether thou wilt not with thy damsel back To crave again Sir Lancelot of the

King. Thy pardon; I but speak for thine

avail.

The saver of my life."

And Gareth said, "Full pardon, but I follow up the

quest. Despite of Day and Night and Death

and Hell."

So when, next morn, the lord whose life he saved

Had, some brief space, convey'd them on their way

And left them with God-speed, Sir

Gareth spake, "Lead, and I follow." Haughtily she replied.

"I fly no more: I allow thee for an hour.

Lion and stoat have isled together, knave,

In time of flood. Nay, furthermore, methinks

Some ruth is mine for thee. Back wilt thou, fool ?

For hard by here is one will overthrow And slay thee: then will I to court again,

And shame the King for only yielding me

My champion from the ashes of his hearth."

To whom Sir Gareth answer'd courteously,

"Say thou thy say, and I will do my deed.

Allow me for mine hour, and thou wilt find

My fortunes all as fair as hers who lay Among the ashes and wedded the King's son."

Then to the shore of one of those long loops

Wherethro' the serpent river coil'd, they came.

Rough-thicketed were the banks and steep; the stream

Full, narrow; this a bridge of single

Took at a leap; and on the further

Arose a silk pavilion, gay with gold In streaks and rays, and all Lent-lily in hue.

Save that the dome was purple, and above,

Crimson, a slender banneret fluttering.

And therebefore the lawless warrior paced

Unarm'd, and calling, "Damsel, is this he.

The champion thou hast brought from Arthur's hall?

For whom we let thee pass." "Nay, nay," she said,

"Sir Morning-Star. The King in utter scorn

Of thee and thy much folly hath sent thee here

His kitchen-knave: and look thou to thyself:

See that he fall not on thee suddenly, And slay thee unarm'd: he is not knight but knave."

Then at his call, "O daughters of the Dawn,

And servants of the Morning-Star.

approach, Arm me," from out the silken curtainfolds

Bare-footed and bare-headed three fair girls

In gilt and rosy raiment came: their feet

In dewy grasses glisten'd; and the hair

All over glanced with dewdrop or with

Like sparkles in the stone Avanturine. These arm'd him in blue arms, and gave a shield

Blue also, and thereon the morning

And Gareth silent gazed upon the knight.

Who stood a moment ere his horse was brought.

Glorying; and in the stream beneath him, shone

Immingled with Heaven's azure waveringly,

The gay pavilion and the naked feet,

His arms, the rosy raiment, and the star.

Then she that watch'd him "Wherefore stare ye so?

Thou shakest in thy fear: there yet is time:

Flee down the valley before he get to horse.

Who will cry shame? Thou art not knight but knave."

Said Gareth, "Damsel, whether knave or knight,

Far liefer had I fight a score of times Than hear thee so missay me and re-

Fair words were best for him who fights for thee;

But truly foul are better, for they send

That strength of anger thro' mine arms, I know

That I shall overthrow him."

And he that bore The star, being mounted, cried from o'er the bridge,

"A kitchen-knave, and sent in scorn of me!

Such fight not I, but answer scorn with scorn.

For this were shame to do him further

Than set him on his feet, and take his

And arms, and so feturn him to the King.

Come, therefore, leave thy lady lightly, knave.

Avoid: for it beseemeth not a knave To ride with such a lady."

"Dog, thou liest. I spring from loftier lineage than thine own."

He spake, and all at fiery speed the

Shock'd on the central bridge, and either spear

Bent but not brake, and either knight at once.

Hurl'd as a stone from out of a cata-

Beyond his horse's crupper and the bridge,

Fell, as if dead; but quickly rose and drew.

And Gareth lash'd so fiercely with his brand

He drave his enemy backward down the bridge, The damsel crying, "Well-stricken,

kitchen-knave!" Till Gareth's shield was cloven; but

one stroke Laid him that clove it grovelling on the ground.

Then cried the fall'n, "Take not my life: I yield."

And Gareth, "So this damsel ask it of me

Good — I accord it easily as a grace." She reddening, "Insolent scullion: I of thee?

I bound to thee for any favor ask'd!" "Then shall he die." And Gareth there unlaced

His helmet as to slay him, but she shriek'd.

"Be not so hardy, scullion, as to slav

One nobler than thyself." "Damsel. thy charge

Is an abounding pleasure to me. Knight,

Thy life is thine at her command. Arise

And quickly pass to Arthur's hall and say

His kitchen-knave hath sent thee. See thou crave

His pardon for thy breaking of his Myself, when I return, will plead for

Thy shield is mine - farewell; and,

damsel, thou, Lead, and I follow."

And fast away she fled. Then when he came upon her, spake, "Methought,

Knave, when I watch'd thee striking on the bridge

The savor of thy kitchen came upon me

A little faintlier: but the wind hath changed:

I scent it twenty-fold." And then she sang,

"'O morning star' (not that tall felon

Whom thou by sorcery or unhappiness Or some device, hast foully overthrown),

O morning star that smilest in the

blue,

O star, my morning dream hath proven true,

Smile sweetly, thou! my love hath smiled on me.'

"But thou begone, take counsel, and away,

For hard by here is one that guards a ford—

The second brother in their fool's parable—

Will pay thee all thy wages, and to boot.

Care not for shame: thou art not knight but knave."

To whom Sir Gareth answer'd, laughingly,

"Parables? Hear a parable of the

knave.

When I was kitchen-knave among the rest Fierce was the hearth, and one of my

co-mates Own'd a rough dog, to whom he cast

his coat,

'Guard it,' and there was none to meddle with it.

And such a coat art thou, and thee the King

Gave me to guard, and such a dog am I,

To worry, and not to flee — and — knight or knave —

The knave that doth thee service as full knight

Is all as good, meseems, as any knight Toward thy sister's freeing."

"Ay, Sir Knave!

Ay, knave, because thou strikest as a
knight,

Being but knave, I hate thee all the more."

"Fair damsel, you should worship me the more,

That, being but knave, I throw thine enemies."

"Ay, ay," she said, "but thou shalt meet thy match."

So when they touch'd the second river-loop,

Huge on a huge red horse, and all in mail

Burnish'd to blinding, shone the Noonday Sun

Beyond a raging shallow. As if the flower.

That blows a globe of after arrowlets, Ten thousand-fold had grown, flash'd the fierce shield,

All sun; and Gareth's eyes had flying blots

Before them when he turn'd from watching him.

He from beyond the roaring shallow roar'd,

"What doest thou, brother, in my marches here?" And she athwart the shallow shrill'd

again,
"Here is a kitchen-knave from

Arthur's hall
Hath overthrown thy brother, and
hath his arms."

"Ugh!" cried the Sun, and vizoring
up a red

And cipher face of rounded foolishness,

Push'd horse across the foamings of the ford,

Whom Gareth met midstream: no room was there

For lance or tourney-skill: four strokes they struck

With sword, and these were mighty; the new knight

Had fear he might be shamed; but as the Sun

Heaved up a ponderous arm to strike the fifth,

The hoof of his horse slipt in the stream, the stream

Descended, and the Sun was wash'd away.

Then Gareth laid his lance athwart the ford:

So drew him home; but he that fought no more,

As being all bone-batter'd on the rock, Yielded; and Gareth sent him to the King.

"Myself when I return will plead for thee."

"Lead, and I follow." Quietly she

"Hath not the good wind, damsel, changed again?"

"Nay, not a point: nor art thou victor here.

There lies a ridge of slate across the ford;

His horse thereon stumbled—ay, for I saw it.

"'O Sun' (not this strong fool whom thou, Sir Knave,

Hast overthrown thro' mere unhappiness),

'O Sun, that wakenest all to bliss or pain.

O moon, that layest all to sleep again, Shine sweetly: twice my love hath smiled on me.'

"What knowest thou of lovesong or of love?

Nay, nay, God wot, so thou wert nobly born.

Thou hast a pleasant presence. Yea, perchance,—

"'O dewy flowers that open to the sun,

O dewy flowers that close when day is done,

Blow sweetly: twice my love hath smiled on me.'

"What knowest thou of flowers, except, belike,

To garnish meats with? hath not our good King

Who lent me thee, the flower of kitchendom,

A foolish love for flowers? what stick
ye round
The pasty? wherewithel deals the

The pasty? wherewithal deck the boar's head?

Flowers? nay, the boar hath rose maries and bay.

"'O birds, that warble to the morning sky,

O birds that warble as the day goes by,

Sing sweetly: twice my love hath smiled on me.'

"What knowest thou of birds, lark, mavis, merle,

Linnet? what dream ye when they utter forth

May-music growing with the growing light,

Their sweet sun-worship? these be for the snare

(So runs thy fancy) these be for the spit,

Larding and basting. See thou have not now
Larded thy last, except thou turn and

There stands the third fool of their allegory."

For there beyond a bridge of treble

All in a rose-red from the west, and

Naked it seem'd, and glowing in the broad

Deep-dimpled current underneath, the knight,

That named himself the Star of Evening, stood.

And Gareth, "Wherefore waits the madman there

Naked in open dayshine?" "Nay," she cried,

"Not naked, only wrapt in harden'd skins That fit him like his own; and so ye cleave

His armor off him, these will turn the blade."

Then the third brother shouted o'er the bridge,

"O brother-star, why shine ye here so low?

Thy ward is higher up: but have ye slain

The damsel's champion?" and the damsel cried,

"No star of thine, but shot from Arthur's heaven

With all disaster unto thine and thee!
For both thy younger brethren have
gone down

Before this youth; and so wilt thou, Sir Star;

Art thou not old?"

"Old, damsel, old and hard, Old, with the might and breath of twenty boys."

Said Gareth, "Old, and over-bold in

brag!

But that same strength which threw the Morning Star

Can throw the Evening."

Then that other blew
A hard and deadly note upon the horn.
"Approach and arm me!" With slow
steps from out

An old storm-beaten, russet, many-

stain'd

Pavilion, forth a grizzled damsel came,

And arm'd him in old arms, and brought a helm

With but a drying evergreen for crest, And gave a shield whereon the Star of Even

Half-tarnish'd and half-bright, his emblem, shone.

But when it glitter'd o'er the saddle-

They madly hurl'd together on the bridge;

And Gareth overthrew him, lighted, drew,

There met him drawn, and overthrew him again,

But up like fire he started: and as oft

As Gareth brought him grovelling on his knees.

So many a time he vaulted up again; Till Gareth panted hard, and his great

heart,
Foredooming all his trouble was in

vain, Labor'd within him, for he seem'd as

That all in later, sadder age begins

To war against ill uses of a life, But these from all his life arise, and

ery,
"Thou hast made us lords, and canst

not put us down!"

He half despairs; so Gareth seem'd to strike

Vainly, the damsel clamoring all the while,

"Well done, knave-knight, well stricken, O good knightknave—

O knave, as noble as any of all the knights—

Shame me not, shame me not. I have prophesied —

Strike, thou art worthy of the Table Round —

His arms are old, he trusts the harden'd skin— Strike—strike—the wind will never

change again."
And Gareth hearing ever stronglier

And Gareth hearing ever stronglier smote,

And hew'd great pieces of his armor off him,

But lash'd in vain against the harden'd skin.

And could not wholly bring him under, more

Than loud Southwesterns, rolling ridge on ridge,

The buoy that rides at sea, and dips and springs

For ever; till at length Sir Gareth's brand

Clash'd his, and brake it utterly to the hilt.

"I have thee now;" but forth that other sprang,

And, all unknightlike, writhed his wiry arms

Around him, till he felt, despite his mail,

Strangled, but straining ev'n his uttermost Cast, and so hurl'd him headlong o'er

the bridge Down to the river, sink or swim, and

cried, "Lead. and I follow."

But the damsel said, "I lead no longer; ride thou at my side:

Thou art the kingliest of all kitchenknaves.

"'O trefoil, sparkling on the rainy plain,

O rainbow with three colors after rain, Shine sweetly: thrice my love hath smiled on me.'

"Sir, —and, good faith, I fain had added — Knight,

But that I heard thee call thyself a knave, —

Shamed am I that I so rebuked, reviled.

Missaid thee; noble I am; and thought the King

Scorn'd me and mine; and now thy pardon, friend,

For thou hast ever answer'd courteously,

And wholly bold thou art, and meek withal

As any of Arthur's best, but, being knave,

Hast mazed my wit: I marvel what thou art.

"Damsel," he said, "you be not all to blame,

Saving that you mistrusted our good King Would handle scorn, or yield you, asking, one Not fit to cope your quest. You said

your say;
Mine answer was my deed. Good sooth! I hold

He scarce is knight, yea but half-man, nor meet

To fight for gentle damsel, he, who lets

His heart be stirr'd with any foolish heat

At any gentle damsel's waywardness. Shamed? care not! thy foul sayings fought for me:

And seeing now thy words are fair, methinks

There rides no knight, not Lancelot, his great self,

Hath force to quell me."

Nigh upon that hour When the lone hern forgets his melancholy,

Lets down his other leg, and stretching, dreams

Of goodly supper in the distant pool, Then turn'd the noble damsel smiling at him,

And told him of a cavern hard at hand,

Where bread and baken meats and good red wine

Of Southland, which the Lady Lyonors

Had sent her coming champion, waited him.

Anon they past a narrow comb

Were slabs of rock with figures, knights on horse

Sculptured, and deckt in slowly-waning hues.

"Sir Knave, my knight, a hermit once was here,

Whose holy hand hath fashion'd on the rock

the rock
The war of Time against the soul of

man.
And yon four fools have suck'd their allegory

From these damp walls, and taken but the form.

Know ve not these?" and Gareth lookt and read —

In letters like to those the vexillary Hath left crag-carven o'er the streaming Gelt -

"PHOSPHORUS," then "MERIDIES"-"HESPERUS" -

"Nox" - "Mors," beneath five figures, armed men,

Slab after slab, their faces forward all,

And running down the Soul, a Shape that fled

With broken wings, torn raiment and loose hair,

For help and shelter to the hermit's cave.

"Follow the faces, and we find it. Look,

Who comes behind?"

For one - delay'd at first Thro' helping back the dislocated Kay To Camelot, then by what thereafter chanced,

The damsel's headlong error thro' the wood-

Sir Lancelot, having swum the river-

loops -His blue shield-lions cover'd - softly

drew Behind the twain, and when he saw the star

Gleam, on Sir Gareth's turning to him, cried.

"Stay, felon-knight, I avenge me for my friend."

And Gareth crying prick'd against the

But when they closed — in a moment -at one touch

Of that skill'd spear, the wonder of the world -

Went sliding down so easily, and fell, That when he found the grass within his hands

He laugh'd; the laughter jarr'd upon Lynette:

Harshly she ask'd him, "Shamed and overthrown,

And tumbled back into the kitchenknave,

Why laugh ye? that ye blew your boast in vain?"

"Nay, noble damsel, but that I, the

Of old King Lot and good Queen Bellicent,

And victor of the bridges and the ford, And knight of Arthur, here lie thrown by whom

I know not, all thro' mere unhappiness -

Device and sorcery and unhappiness -

Out, sword; we are thrown!" And Lancelot answer'd, "Prince,

O Gareth - thro' the mere unhappi-

Of one who came to help thee, not to harm,

Lancelot, and all as glad to find thee whole,

As on the day when Arthur knighted him."

Then Gareth, "Thou - Lancelot! -thine the hand

That threw me? An some chance to mar the boast

Thy brethren of thee make - which could not chance -

Had sent thee down before a lesser spear,

Shamed had I been, and sad - C Lancelot - thou!"

Whereat the maiden, petulant, "Lancelot,

Why came ye not, when call'd? and wherefore now

Come ye, not call'd? I gloried in my knave.

Who being still rebuked, would answer

Courteous as any knight - but now, if knight,

The marvel dies, and leaves me fool'd and trick'd,

And only wondering wherefore play'd upon:

And doubtful whether I and mine be scorn'd.

Where should be truth if not in Arthur's hall,

In Arthur's presence? Knight, knave, prince and fool,

I hate thee and for ever."

And Lancelot said,
"Blessed be thou, Sir Gareth! knight
art thou

To the King's best wish. O damsel,

be you wise

To call him shamed, who is but overthrown?

Thrown have I been, nor once, but many a time.

Victor from vanquish'd issues at the last.

And overthrower from being overthrown.

With sword we have not striven; and thy good horse

And thou are weary; yet not less I felt

Thy manhood thro' that wearied lance of thine.

Well hast thou done; for all the stream is freed,

And thou hast wreak'd his justice on his foes,

And when reviled, hast answer'd graciously,

And makest merry when overthrown.

Prince, Knight,

Hail, Knight and Prince, and of our Table Round!"

And then when turning to Lynette he told

The tale of Gareth, petulantly she said,

"Ay well — ay well — for worse than being fool'd

Of others, is to fool one's self. A cave,

Sir Lancelot, is hard by, with meats and drinks

And forage for the horse, and flint for fire.

But all about it flies a honeysuckle. Seek, till we find." And when they sought and found,

Sir Gareth drank and ate, and all his

Past into sleep; on whom the maiden

gazed.
"Sound sleep be thine! sound cause

to sleep hast thou.
Wake lusty! seem I not as tender to

As any mother? Ay, but such a one As all day long hath rated at her child,

And vext his day, but blesses him asleep —

Good lord, how sweetly smells the

honeysuckle
In the hush'd night, as if the world
were one

Of utter peace, and love, and gentleness!

O Lancelot, Lancelot"—and she clapt her hands—

"Full merry am I to find my goodly knave

Is knight and noble. See now, sworn have I,

Else yon black felon had not let me pass,

To bring thee back to do the battle with him.

Thus an thou goest, he will fight thee first;
Who doubts thee victor? so will my

knight-knave Miss the full flower of this accom-

plishment."

Said Lancelot, "Peradventure he,

you name, May know my shield. Let Gareth,

an he will, Change his for mine, and take my

Change his for mine, and take my charger, fresh,

Not to be spurr'd, loving the battle as

well
As he that rides him " "Lancelot-

As he that rides him." "Lancelotlike," she said,

"Courteous in this, Lord Lancelot, as in all."

And Gareth, wakening, fiercely clutch'd the shield;

" Ramp ye lance-splintering lions, on whor all spears Are rotten sticks! ye seem agape to

Yea, ramp and roar at leaving of your lord! -

Care not, good beasts, so well I care for you.

O noble Lancelot, from my hold on

Streams virtue - fire - thro' one that will not shame

Even the shadow of Lancelot under shield.

Hence: let us go."

Silent the silent field They traversed. Arthur's harp tho' summer-wan,

In counter motion to the clouds, allured

The glance of Gareth dreaming on his liege. A star shot: "Lo," said Gareth, "the

foe falls!"

An owl whoopt: "Hark the victor

pealing there!" Suddenly she that rode upon his left Clung to the shield that Lancelot lent

him, crying, "Yield, yield him this again: 'tis he

must fight: I curse the tongue that all thro' yesterday

Reviled thee, and hath wrought on Lancelot now

To lend thee horse and shield: wonders ye have done;

Miracles ye cannot: here is glory enow In having flung the three: I see thee. maim'd,

Mangled: I swear thou canst not fling the fourth."

"And wherefore, damsel? tell me all ye know.

You cannot scare me; nor rough face, or voice,

Brute bulk of limb, or boundless savagery

Appal me from the quest,"

"Nay, Prince," she cried, "God wot, I never look'd upon the face,

Seeing he never rides abroad by day;

But watch'd him have I like a phantom pass

Chilling the night: nor have I heard the voice.

Always he made his mouthpiece of a

Who came and went, and still reported him

As closing in himself, he strength of

And when his anger tave him, massacring

Man, woman, lad and girl — yea, the soft babe!

Some hold that he hath swallow'd infant flesh,

Monster! O Prince, I went for Lancelot first,

The quest is Lancelot's: give him back the shield."

Said Gareth laughing, "An he fight for this. Belike he wins it as the better man:

Thus - and not else!"

But Lancelot on him urged All the devisings of their chivalry When one might meet a mightier than himself;

How best to manage horse, lance, sword and shield,

And so fill up the gap where force might fail

With skill and fineness. Instant were his words.

Then Gareth, "Here be rules. know but one -

To dash against mine enemy and to win.

Yet have I watch'd thee victor in the joust,

And seen thy way." "Heaven helm thee," sigh'd Lynette.

Then for a space, and under cloud that grew

To thunder-gloom palling all stars, they rode

In converse till she made her palfrey

Lifted an arm, and softly whisper'd. "There."

And all the three were silent seeing, pitch'd

Beside the Castle Perilous on flat field, A huge pavilion like a mountain peak Sunder the glooming crimson on the marge,

Black, with black banner, and a long black horn

Beside it hanging; which Sir Gareth graspt,

And so, before the two could hinder him.

Bent all his heart and breath thro' all the horn.

Echo'd the walls; a light twinkled;

Came lights and lights, and once again he blew;

Whereon were hollow tramplings up and down

And muffled voices heard, and shadows

Till high above him, circled with her maids.

The Lady Lyonors at a window stood. Beautiful among lights, and waving to

White hands, and courtesy; but when the Prince

Three times had blown - after long hush -at last -

The huge pavilion slowly yielded up, Thro' those black foldings, that which housed therein.

High on a nightblack horse, in nightblack arms,

With white breast-bone, and barren ribs of Death.

And crown'd with fleshless laughter some ten steps -

In the half-light — thro' the dim dawn

- advanced The monster, and then paused, and spake no word.

But Gareth spake and all indig nantly, "Fool, for thou hast, men say, the

strength of ten, Canst thou not trust the limbs thy God hath given.

But must, to make the terror of thee

Trick thyself out in ghastly imageries Of that which Life hath done with, and the clod,

Less dull than thou, will hide with mantling flowers

As if for pity?" But he spake no word:

Which set the horror higher: a maiden swoon'd:

The Lady Lyonors wrung her hands and wept. As doom'd to be the bride of Night

and Death; Sir Gareth's head prickled beneath his

helm: And ev'n Sir Lancelot thro' his warm

blood felt Ice strike, and all that mark'd him were aghast.

At once Sir Lancelot's charger fiercely neigh'd,

And Death's dark war-horse bounded forward with him.

Then those that did not blink the terror, saw

That Death was cast to ground, and slowly rose.

But with one stroke Sir Gareth split the skull.

Half fell to right and half to left and lav. Then with a stronger buffet he clove

the helm As throughly as the skull; and out

from this Issued the bright face of a blooming

boy Fresh as a flower new-born, and crying,

"Knight,

Slav me not: my three brethren bade me do it,

To make a horror all about the house.

And stay the world from Lady Lyon-

They never dream'd the passes would be past."

Answer'd Sir Gareth graciously to one Not many a moon his younger, "My fair child.

What madness made thee challenge the chief knight
Of Arthur's hall?" "Fair Sir, they

bade me do it.

They hate the King, and Lancelot, the King's friend,

They hoped to slay him somewhere on the stream.

They never dream'd the passes could be past."

Then sprang the happier day from underground:

And Lady Lyonors and her house, with dance

And revel and song, made merry over

Death. As being after all their foolish fears And horrors only proven a blooming

So large mirth lived and Gareth won the quest.

And he that told the tale in older

Says that Sir Gareth wedded Lyonors, But he, that told it later, says Lynette.

## GERAINT AND ENID.

THE brave Geraint, a knight of Arthur's court,

A tributary prince of Devon, one Of that great Order of the Table Round,

Had married Enid, Yniol's only child, And loved her, as he loved the light of Heaven.

And as the light of Heaven varies, now At sunrise, now at sunset, now by night

With moon and trembling stars, so loved Geraint

To make her beauty vary day by day, In crimsons and in purples and in

And Enid, but to please her husband's

Who first had found and loved her in a state

Of broken fortunes, daily fronted

In some fresh splendor; and the Queen herself.

Grateful to Prince Geraint for service done.

Loved her, and often with her own white hands

Array'd and deck'd her, as the love-

Next after her own self, in all the

And Enid loved the Queen, and with true heart

Adored her, as the stateliest and the best

And loveliest of all women upon earth. And seeing them so tender and so close,

Long in their common love rejoiced Geraint.

But when a rumor rose about the Queen.

Touching her guilty love for Lancelot. Tho' yet there lived no proof, nor yet was heard

The world's loud whisper breaking into storm,

Not less Geraint believed it; and there

A horror on him, lest his gentle wife, Thro' that great tenderness for Guinevere,

Had suffer'd, or should suffer any

In nature: wherefore going to the King,

He made this pretext, that his princedom lav

Close on the borders of a territory, Wherein were bandit earls, and caitiff

knights, Assassins, and all flyers from the hand

Of Justice, and whatever loathes a law:

And therefore, till the King himself should please

To cleanse this common sewer of all

his realm, He craved a fair permission to depart, And there defend his marches; and

the King

Mused for a little on his plea, but, last, Allowing it, the Prince and Enid rode, And fifty knights rode with them, to the shores

Of Severn, and they past to their own

land;

Where, thinking, that if ever yet was wife

True to her lord, mine shall be so to me, He compass'd her with sweet observances

And worship, never leaving her, and

grew
Forgetful of his promise to the King,
Forgetful of the falcon and the hunt,
Forgetful of the tilt and tournament,
Forgetful of his glory and his name,
Forgetful of his princedom and its

cares.

And this forgetfulness was hateful to her.

And by and by the people, when they met

In twos and threes, or fuller com-

Began to scoff and jeer and babble of

As of a prince whose manhood was all gone,

And molten down in mere uxoriousness.

And this she gather'd from the people's eyes:

ple's eyes:
This too the women who attired her head.

To please her, dwelling on his boundless love.

Told Enid, and they sadden'd her the more:

And day by day she thought to tell 'Geraint,

But could not out of bashful delicacy; While he that watch'd her sadden, was the more

Suspicious that her nature had a taint.

At last, it chanced that on a summer morn

(They sleeping each by either) the new sun

Beat thro' the blindless casement of the room,

And heated the strong warrior in his dreams;
Who, moving, cast the coverlet

aside,

And bared the knotted column of his throat,

The massive square of his heroic breast,

And arms on which the standing muscle sloped,

As slopes a wild brook o'er a little stone, Running too vehemently to break

upon it. And Enid woke and sat beside the

couch,
Admiring him, and thought within

herself,
Was ever man so grandly made as

he? Then, like a shadow, past the people's

talk
And accusation of uxoriousness

Across her mind, and bowing over him,

Low to her own heart piteously she said:

"O noble breast and all-puissant arms,

Am I the cause, I the poor cause that

Reproach you, saying all your force is gone?

I am the cause, because I dare not speak

And tell him what I think and what they say.

And yet I hate that he should linger here;

I cannot love my lord and not his

far liefer had I gird his harness on

And ride with him to battle and stand

by,

And watch his mightful hand striking great blows

At caitiffs and at wrongers of the world.

Far better were I laid in the dark earth,

Not hearing any more his noble voice, Not to be folded more in these dear arms,

And darken'd from the high light in his eyes,

Than that my lord thro' me should suffer shame.

Am I so bold, and could I so stand by,

And see my dear lord wounded in the strife,

Or maybe pierced to death before mine eyes,

And yet not dare to tell him what I

think, And how men slur him, saying all his

force
Is melted into mere effeminacy?
O me, I fear that I am no true wife."

Half inwardly, half audibly she spoke,

And the strong passion in her made her weep

True tears upon his broad and naked breast.

And these awoke him, and by great mischance

He heard but fragments of her later words,

And that she fear'd she was not a true wife.

And then he thought, "In spite of all my care,

for all my pains, poor man, for all my pains,

the is not faithful to me, and I see her Veeping for some gay knight in Arthur's hall."

'hen tho' he loved and reverenced her too much

o dream she could be guilty of foul act,

hight thro' his manful breast darted the pang

That makes a man, in the sweet face of her

Whom he loves most, lonely and miserable.

At this he hurl'd his huge limbs out of bed,

And shook his drowsy squire awake and cried,

"My charger and her palfrey;" then to her,

"I will ride forth into the wilderness; For tho' it seems my spurs are yet to

I have not fall'n so low as some would wish.

And thou, put on thy worst and meanest dress

And ride with me." And Enid ask'd, amazed,

"If Enid errs, let Enid learn her fault."

But he, "I charge thee, ask not, but obey."

Then she bethought her of a faded silk,
A faded mantle and a faded veil,

And moving toward a cedarn cabinet, Wherein she kept them folded reverently

With sprigs of summer laid between the folds,

She took them, and array'd herself therein,

Remembering when first he came on her Drest in that dress, and how he loved

her in it,

And all her foolish fears about the dress,

And all his journey to her, as himself Had told her, and their coming to the court.

For Arthur on the Whitsuntide

Held court at old Caerleon upon Usk. There on a day, he sitting high in hall.

Before him came a forester of Dean, Wet from the woods, with notice of a

hart

Taller than all his fellows, milkywhite.

First seen that day: these things he told the King.

Then the good King gave order to let blow

His horns for hunting on the morrow morn.

And when the Queen petition'd for his leave

To see the hunt, allow'd it easily.

So with the morning all the court were gone.

But Guinevere lay late into the morn, Lost in sweet dreams, and dreaming of her love

For Lancelot, and forgetful of the hunt:

But rose at last, a single maiden with her,

Took horse, and forded Usk, and gain'd the wood;

There, on a little knoll beside it,

Waiting to hear the hounds; but heard instead

A sudden sound of hoofs, for Prince Geraint.

Late also, wearing neither huntingdress

Nor weapon, save a golden-hilted brand,

Came quickly flashing thro' the shallow ford

Behind them, and so gallop'd up the knoll.

A purple scarf, at either end whereof There swung an apple of the purest gold,

Sway'd round about him, as he gallop'd up

To join them, glancing like a dragon-

In summer suit and silks of holiday.

Low bow'd the tributary Prince, and
she,

Sweetly and statelily, and with all grace

Of womanhood and queenhood, answer'd him:

"Late, late, Sir Prince," she said,
"later than we!"

"Yea, noble Queen," he answer'd, "and so late

That I but come like you to see the hunt,

Not join it." "Therefore wait with me," she said;

"For on this little knoll, if anywhere, There is good chance that we shall hear the hounds:

Here often they break covert at our feet."

And while they listen'd for the distant hunt.

And chiefly for the baying of Cavall, King Arthur's hound of deepest mouth, there rode

Full slowly by a knight, lady, and dwarf;
Whereof the dwarf lagg'd latest, and

hereof the dwart the knight

Had vizor up, and show'd a youthful face.

Imperious, and of haughtiest linea-

ments.

And Guinevere, not mindful of his face

In the King's hall, desired his name, and sent

Her maiden to demand it of the dwarf;

Who being vicious, old and irritable,
And doubling all his master's vice of
pride,

Made answer sharply that she should not know.

"Then will I ask it of himself," she said.

"Nay, by my faith, thou shalt not,"
cried the dwarf;
"Thou art not worthy ev'n to speak

of him;"

And when she put her horse toward the knight, Struck at her with his whip, and she

return'd
Indignant to the Queen: whereat

Indignant to the Queen; whereat Geraint

Exclaiming, "Surely I will learn the name,"

Made sharply to the dwarf, and ask'd it of him,

Who answer'd as before; and when the Prince

Had put his horse in motion toward the knight, Struck at him with his whip, and cut

his cheek.

The Prince's blood spirted upon the scarf,

Dyeing it; and his quick, instinctive hand

Caught at the hilt, as to abolish him: But he, from his exceeding manfulness

And pure nobility of temperament,

Wroth to be wroth at such a worm, refrain'd

From ev'n a word, and so returning said:

"I will avenge this insult, noble Queen,

Done in your maiden's person to yourself:

And I will track this vermin to their earths:

For the I ride unarm'd, I do not doubt To find, at some place I shall come at, arms

On loan, or else for pledge; and, being found,

Then will I fight him, and will break his pride,

And on the third day will again be here,

So that I be not fall'n in fight. Farewell."

"Farewell, fair Prince," answer'd the stately Queen.

"Be prosperous in this journey, as in all;

And may you light on all things that you love, And live to wed with her whom first

you love:

But ere you wed with any, bring your bride,

And I, were she the daughter of a king,

Yea, tho' she were a beggar from the hedge,

Will clothe her for her bridals like the sun."

And Prince Geraint, now thinking that he heard

The noble hart at bay, now the far horn,

A little vext at losing of the hunt, A little at the vile occasion, rode,

By ups and downs, thro' many a grassy glade

And valley, with fixt eye following the three.

At last they issued from the world of wood,

And climb'd upon a fair and even ridge,

And show'd themselves against the sky, and sank.

And thither came Geraint, and under neath

Beheld the long street of a little town In a long valley, on one side whereof,

White from the mason's hand, a for-

tress rose;
And on one side a castle in decay,

Beyond a bridge that spann'd a dry ravine:

And out of town and valley came a noise

As of a broad brook o'er a shingly bed Brawling, or like a clamor of the rooks At distance, ere they settle for the night.

And onward to the fortress rode the three,

And enter'd, and were lost behind the walls.

"So," thought Geraint, "I have track'd him to his earth."

And down the long street riding wearily,

Found every hostel full, and everywhere

Was hammer laid to hoof, and the hot hiss

And bustling whistle of the youth who scour'd

His master's armor; and of such a

He ask'd, "What means the tumult in the town?"

Who told him, scouring still, "The sparrow-hawk!"

Then riding close behind an ancient

Who, smitten by the dusty sloping beam,

Went sweating underneath a sack of corn,

Ask'd yet once more what meant the hubbub here ?

Who answer'd gruffly, "Ugh! the sparrow-hawk."

Then riding further past an armorer's, Who, with back turn'd, and bow'd above his work,

Sat riveting a helmet on his knee, He put the self-same query, but the

man Not turning round, nor looking at

him, said:
"Friend, he that labors for the spar-

row-hawk Has little time for idle questioners." Whereat Geraint flash'd into sudden

spleen:
"A thousand pips eat up your spar-

row-hawk!
Tits, wrens, and all wing'd nothings

peck him dead! Ye think the rustic cackle of your

bourg
The murmur of the world! What is

it to me?
O wretched set of sparrows, one and

all, Who pipe of nothing but of sparrow-

hawks!
Speak, if ye be not like the rest,
hawk-mad,

Where can I get me harborage for the night?

And arms, arms, arms to fight my enemy? Speak!"

Whereat the armorer turning all

And seeing one so gay in purple silks, Came forward with the helmet yet in hand

And answer'd, "Pardon me, O stranger knight;

We hold a tourney here to-morrow morn,

And there is scantly time for half the work.

Arms? truth! I know not: all are wanted here.

Harborage? truth, good truth, I know not, save,

It may be, at Earl Yniol's, o'er the bridge

Yonder." He spoke and fell to work again.

Then rode Geraint, a little spleenful yet,

Across the bridge that spann'd the dry ravine.

There musing sat the hoary-headed
Earl,
(His dress a suit of fray'd magnifi-

(His dress a suit of fray'd magnificence,

Once fit for feasts of ceremony) and said:

"Whither, fair son?" to whom Geraint replied,

"O friend, I seek a harborage for the night."

Then Yniol, "Enter therefore and partake

The slender entertainment of a house

Once rich, now poor, but ever open-door'd."

"Thanks, venerable friend," replied Geraint;

"So that you do not serve me sparrow-hawks

For supper, I will enter, I will eat

With all the passion of a twelve hours' fast."

Then sigh'd and smiled the hoary-

headed Earl,
And answer'd, "Graver cause than

yours is mine

To curse this hedgerow thief, the sparrow-hawk:

But in, go in; for save yourself de sire it,

We will not touch upon him ev'n in jest."

Then rode Geraint into the castle court,

His charger trampling many a prickly

f sprouted thistle on the broken

look'd and saw that all was ruinous

ere stood a shatter'd archway plumed with fern:

nd here had fall'n a great part of a tower,

hole, like a crag that tumbles from the cliff.

nd like a crag was gay with wilding flowers:

nd high above a piece of turret stair, orn by the feet that now were silent, wound

are to the sun, and monstrous ivystems

aspt the gray walls with hairyfibred arms,

nd suck'd the joining of the stones, and look'd

knot, beneath, of snakes, aloft, a grove.

And while he waited in the castle court.

ie voice of Enid, Yniol's daughter, rang

ear thro' the open casement of the hall,

iging; and as the sweet voice of a bird,

ard by the lander in a lonely isle, ves him to think what kind of bird

at sings so delicately clear, and make

njecture of the plumage and the form: the sweet voice of Enid moved

Geraint: d made him like a man abroad at

ien first the liquid note beloved of

men nes flying over many a windy wave

Britain, and in April suddenly aks from a coppice gemm'd with green and red,

I he suspends his converse with a

friend. it may be the labor of his hands, To think or say, "There is the night ingale"

So fared it with Geraint, who thought and said,

"Here, by God's grace, is the one voice for me."

It chanced the song that Enid sang was one

Of Fortune and her wheel, and Enid sang:

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud;

Turn thy wild wheel thro' sunshine, storm, and cloud:

Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown:

With that wild wheel we go not up or down:

Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

"Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands;

Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands:

For man is man and master of his fate.

"Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd;

Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud:

Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate."

"Hark, by the bird's song ye may learn the nest,"

Said Yniol; "enter quickly." Entering then,

Right o'er a mount of newly-fallen stones.

The dusky-rafter'd many-cobweb'd hall.

He found an ancient dame in dim brocade:

And near her, like a blossom vermeil white.

That lightly breaks a faded flower-sheath,

Moved the fair Enid, all in faded silk.

Her daughter. In a moment thought

Geraint,
"Here by God's rood is the one maid
for me."

But none spake word except the hoary
Earl:

"Enid, the good knight's horse stands in the court;

Take him to stall, and give him corn, and then

Go to the town and buy us flesh and wine;

And we will make us merry as we may.

Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great."

He spake: the Prince, as Enid past him, fain To follow, strode a stride, but Yniol

caught

His purple scarf, and held, and said, "Forbear!

Rest! the good house, tho' ruin'd, O my son,

Endures not that her guest should serve himself."

And reverencing the custom of the

And reverencing the custom of the house
Geraint, from utter courtesy, forbore.

So Enid took his charger to the

stall; And after went her way across the

bridge,
And reach'd the town, and while the
Prince and Earl

Yet spoke together, came again with one,

A youth, that following with a costrel bore

The means of goodly welcome, flesh and wine.

And Enid brought sweet cakes to make them cheer,

And in her veil unfolded, manchet bread.

And then, because their hall must als

For kitchen, boil'd the flesh, an spread the board,

And stood behind, and waited on the

And seeing her so sweet and service able,
Geraint had longing in him evermor

To stoop and kiss the tender litt thumb, That crost the trencher as she laid down:

But after all had eaten, then Gerain For now the wine made summer in h

Let his eye rove in following, or res On Enid at her lowly handmaid-wor Now here, now there, about the dush hall:

Then suddenly addrest the hoar Earl:

"Fair Host and Earl, I pray you courtesy;

This sparrow-hawk, what is he? to me of him.

His name? but no, good faith, I w not have it:

For if he be the knight whom late

Ride into that new fortress by yo

White from the mason's hand, the have I sworn

From his own lips to have it — I a

Geraint
Of Devon—for this morning when t

Of Devon—for this morning when Queen

Sent her own maiden to demand t

His dwarf, a vicious under-shap thing, Struck at her with his whip, and s

return'd
Indignant to the Queen: and the

Indignant to the Queen; and ther swore

That I would track this caitiff to hold,

And fight and break his pride, a have it of him.

id all unarm'd I rode, and thought to find

ms in your town, where all the men are mad;

ey take the rustic murmur of their bourg

r the great wave that echoes round the world;

ey would not hear me speak: but if ye know

here I can light on arms, or if your-

ould have them, tell me, seeing I have sworn

at I will break his pride and learn his name,

renging this great insult done the Queen."

Then cried Earl Yniol, "Art thou he indeed,

he indeed, raint, a name far-sounded among

men
r noble deeds? and truly I, when
first

saw you moving by me on the bridge,

It ye were somewhat, yea, and by your state

d presence might have guess'd you one of those

at eat in Arthur's hall at Camelot.
r speak I now from foolish flattery;

r this dear child hath often heard me praise

ur feats of arms, and often when I paused

th ask'd again, and ever loved to hear;

grateful is the noise of noble deeds noble hearts who see but acts of wrong:

never yet had woman such a pair suitors as this maiden; first Limours,

reature wholly given to brawls and wine.

unk even when he woo'd; and be he dead

ne dead now not, but he passed to the wild land. The second was your foe, the sparrow hawk,

My curse, my nephew — I will not let his name

Slip from my lips if I can help it he,

When I that knew him fierce and turbulent

Refused her to him, then his pride awoke;

And since the proud man often is the mean,

He sow'd a slander in the common ear, Affirming that his father left him gold,

And in my charge, which was not render'd to him;

Bribed with large promises the men who served

About my person, the more easily Because my means were somewhat

broken into Thro' open doors and hospitality;

Raised my own town against me in the night

Before my Enid's birthday, sack'd my house;

From mine own earldom foully ousted me;
Built that new fort to overawe my

friends, For truly there are those who love me

yet;
And keeps me in this ruinous castle
here.

Where doubtless he would put me soon to death,

But that his pride too much despise:
me:

And I myself sometimes despise myself;

For I have let men be, and have their way:

Am much too gentle, have not used my power:

Nor know I whether I be very base Or very manful, whether very wise Or very foolish; only this I know, That whatsoever evil happen to me,

I seem to suffer nothing heart or

limb, But can endure it all most patiently.' "Well said, true heart," replied Geraint, "but arms,

That if the sparrow-hawk, this nephew, fight

In next day's tourney I may break his pride."

And Yniol answer'd, "Arms, indeed, but old

And .rusty, old and rusty, Prince Geraint,

Are mine, and therefore at thine asking, thine.

But in this tournament can no man

tilt,

Except the lady he loves best be there.

Two forks are fixt into the meadow ground,

And over these is placed a silver wand,

And over that a golden sparrow-hawk,
The prize of beauty for the fairest
there.

And this, what knight soever be in field

Lays claim to for the lady at his side,

And tilts with my good nephew thereupon,

Who being apt at arms and big of bone

Has ever won it for the lady with

And toppling over all antagonism
Has earn'd himself the name of spar-

But thou, that hast no lady, canst not fight."

To whom Geraint with eyes all bright replied,

Leaning a little toward him, "Thy leave!

Let me lay lance in rest, O noble host, For this dear child, because I never saw,

Tho' having seen all beauties of our time,

Nor can see elsewhere, anything so fair.

And if I fall her name will yet remain

Untarnish'd as before; but if I live, So aid me Heaven when at mine utermost.

As I will make her truly my tru wife."

Then, howsoever patient, Yniol

heart
Danced in his bosom, seeing bette

And looking round he saw not Enithere,

(Who hearing her own name hastol'n away)

But that old dame, to whom full tenderly

And fondling all her hand in his l

said,
"Mother, a maiden is a tender thing

And best by her that bore her under stood.

Go thou to rest, but ere thou go

rest

Tell her, and prove her heart towar the Prince."

So spake the kindly-hearted Ear and she

With frequent smile and nod departing found,

Half disarray'd as to her rest, the gir Whom first she kiss'd on either chee and then

On either shining shoulder laid a han And kept her off and gazed upon h face,

And told her all their converse in thall,

Proving her heart: but never light a shade

Coursed one another more on op ground

Beneath a troubled heaven, than r and pale

Across the face of Enid hearing he While slowly falling as a scale the falls.

When weight is added only grain

Sank her sweet head upon her gen breast; or did she lift an eye nor speak a word,

apt in the fear and in the wonder of

moving without answer to her rest he found no rest, and ever fail'd to

he quiet night into her blood, but

lay

ontemplating her own unworthiness: nd when the pale and bloodless east began

o quicken to the sun, arose, and

raised

er mother too, and hand in hand they moved

own to the meadow where the jousts

were held.

nd waited there for Yniol and Geraint.

And thither came the twain, and when Geraint

sheld her first in field, awaiting him, e felt, were she the prize of bodily force,

imself beyond the rest pushing could

move ne chair of Idris. Yniol's rusted

arms ere on his princely person, but thro' these

incelike his bearing shone; and errant knights and ladies came, and by and by the

town

ow'd in, and settling circled all the lists.

id there they fixt the forks into the ground.

id over these they placed the silver wand,

d over that the golden sparrowhawk.

en Yniol's nephew, after trumpet blown,

ake to the lady with him and proclaim'd.

advance and take as fairest of the fair,

I these two years past have won it for thee,

The prize of beauty." Loudly spake the Prince.

"Forbear: there is a worthier," and the knight

With some surprise and thrice as much disdain

Turn'd, and beheld the four, and all his face

Glow'd like the heart of a great fire at Yule.

So burnt he was with passion, crying out,

"Do battle for it then," no more; and thrice

They clash'd together, and thrice they brake their spears.

Then each, dishorsed and drawing, lash'd at each

So often and with such blows, that all the crowd

Wonder'd, and now and then from distant walls

There came a clapping as of phantom hands.

So twice they fought, and twice they breathed, and still The dew of their great labor, and the

blood Of their strong bodies, flowing, drain'd

their force. But either's force was match'd till

Yniol's cry. "Remember that great insult done the Queen,"

Increased Geraint's, who heaved his blade aloft,

And crack'd the helmet thro', and bit the bone,

And fell'd him, and set foot upon his breast.

And said, "Thy name?" To whom the fallen man

Made answer, groaning, "Edyrn, son of Nudd!

Ashamed am I that I should tell it thee.

My pride is broken: men have seen my fall."

"Then, Edyrn, son of Nudd," replied Geraint,

"These two things shalt thou do, or else thou diest.

First, thou thyself, with damsel and with dwarf,

Shalt ride to Arthur's court, and coming there, Crave pardon for that insult done the

Queen.

And shalt abide her judgment on it;

Thou shalt give back their earldom to thy kin.

These two things shalt thou do, or thou shalt die."

And Edyrn answer'd, "These things will I do.

For I have never yet been overthrown, And thou hast overthrown me, and my pride

Is broken down, for Enid sees my fall!"

And rising up, he rode to Arthur's court. And there the Queen forgave him

easily. And being young, he changed and

came to loathe His crime of traitor, slowly drew him-

Bright from his old dark life, and fell

at last In the great battle fighting for the King.

But when the third day from the hunting-morn

Made a low splendor in the world, and wings

Moved in her ivy, Enid, for she

With her fair head in the dim-yellow light,

Among the dancing shadows of the birds.

Woke and bethought her of her promise given No later than last eve to Prince

Geraint -So bent he seem'd on going the third

day. He would not leave her, till her promise given -

To ride with him this morning to the court.

And there be made known to the stately Queen,

And there be wedded with all cere mony.

At this she cast her eyes upon her dress. And thought it never yet had look'd

so mean. For as a leaf in mid-November is

To what it was in mid-October, seem'd The dress that now she look'd on to the dress

She look'd on ere the coming of Geraint.

And still she look'd, and still the terror grew Of that strange bright and dreadfu

thing, a court,

All staring at her in her faded silk: And softly to her own sweet heart sh said:

"This noble prince who won ou earldom back,

So splendid in his acts and his attire Sweet heaven, how much I shall dis credit him!

Would he could tarry with us her awhile,

But being so beholden to the Prince It were but little grace in any of us, Bent as he seem'd on going this thir day,

To seek a second favor at his hands, Yet if he could but tarry a day or two Myself would work eye dim, and finge lame,

Far liefer than so much discredit him

And Enid fell in longing for a dre All branch'd and flower'd with gol a costly gift

Of her good mother, given her on tl night

Before her birth day, three sad yea

That night of fire, when Edyrn sack

their house, And scatter'd all they had to all t winds:

For while the mother show'd it, a the two

Vere turning and admiring it, the work

o both appear'd so costly, rose a cry hat Edyrn's men were on them, and they fled

7ith little save the jewels they had

Thich being sold and sold had bought them bread:

nd Edyrn's men had caught them in their flight.

nd placed them in this ruin; and she wish'd

he Prince had found her in her ancient home:

hen let her fancy flit across the past, nd roam the goodly places that she

knew:

.nd last bethought her how she used to watch,

fear that old home, a pool of golden carp;

.nd one was patch'd and blurr'd and

lustreless mong his burnish'd brethren of the

pool: and half asleep she made comparison f that and these to her own faded self and the gay court, and fell asleep

again; and dreamt herself was such a faded

form

mong her burnish'd sisters of the pool: dut this was in the garden of a king;

and the she lay dark in the pool, she knew

hat all was bright; that all about were birds

of sunny plume in gilded trellis-work; 'hat all the turf was rich in plots that look'd

lach like a garnet or a turkis in it; and lords and ladies of the high court

n silver tissue talking things of state; and children of the King in cloth of gold

llanced at the doors or gambol'd down

the walks;

and while she thought "They will not see me," came

A stately queen whose name was Guinevere,

And all the children in their cloth of gold

Ran to her, crying, "If we have fish at all

Let them be gold; and charge the gardeners now

To pick the faded creature from the

And cast it on the mixen that it die." And therewithal one came and seized on her,

And Enid started waking, with her heart

overshadow'd by the foolish

dream. And lo! it was her mother grasping

To get her well awake; and in her

hand A suit of bright apparel, which she

Flat on the couch, and spoke exultingly:

"See here, my child, how fresh the colors look,

How fast they hold like colors of a shell

That keeps the wear and polish of the wave.

Why not? It never yet was worn, I

Look on it, child, and tell me if ye know it."

And Enid look'd, but all confused at first.

Could scarce divide it from her foolish dream:

Then suddenly she knew it and reioiced.

And answer'd, "Yea, I know it; your good gift,

So sadly lost on that unhappy night; Your own good gift!" "Yea, surely," said the dame,

"And gladly given again this happy

For when the jousts were ended yesterday,

Went Yniol thro' the town, and everywhere

He found the sack and plunder of our house

All scatter'd thro' the houses of the town;

And gave command that all which once was ours
Should now be ours again: and yes-

Should now be ours again: and yester-eve, While ye were talking sweetly with

your Prince,

Came one with this and laid it in my hand,

For love or fear, or seeking favor of us, Because we have our earldom back

again.

And yester-eve I would not tell you

of it, But kept it for a sweet surprise at

But kept it for a sweet surprise at morn.

Yea, truly is it not a sweet surprise?
For I myself unwillingly have worn
My faded suit, as you, my child, have
yours,

And howsoever patient, Yniol his.

Ah, dear, he took me from a goodly house.

With store of rich apparel, sumptuous fare.

And page, and maid, and squire, and

seneschal, And pastime both of hawk and hound,

and all
That appertains to noble maintenance.
Yea, and he brought me to a goodly

house;
But since our fortune swerved from sun to shade,

And all thro' that young traitor, cruel need

Constrain'd us, but a better time has

So clothe yourself in this, that better fits

Our mended fortunes and a Prince's bride:

For tho' ye won the prize of fairest fair,

And tho' I heard him call you fairest fair.

Let never maiden think, however fair, She is not fairer in new clothes than old.

And should some great court-lady say, the Prince

Hath pick'd a ragged-robin from the hedge,

And like a madman brought her

to the court, Then were ye shamed, and, worse,

might shame the Prince To whom we are beholden; but I

know,
When my dear child is set forth at
her best,

That neither court nor country, tho' they sought

Thro' all the provinces like those of old

That lighted on Queen Esther, has her match."

Here ceased the kindly mother out of breath;

And Enid listen'd brightening as she

Then, as the white and glittering star of morn

Parts from a bank of snow, and by and by

Slips into golden cloud, the maiden rose,

And left her maiden couch, and robed herself,

Help'd by the mother's careful hand and eye, Without a mirror, in the gorgeous

gown; Who, after, turn'd her daughter round,

Tho, after, turn'd her daughter round and said,

She never yet had seen her half so fair;

And call'd her like that maiden in the tale,

Whom Gwydion made by glamour out of flowers,

And sweeter than the bride of Cassivelaun,

Flur, for whose love the Roman Cæsar first

Invaded Britain, "But we beat him back,

As this great Prince invaded us, and

Not beat him back, but welcomed him with joy.

And I can scarcely ride with you to court.

For old am I, and rough the ways and wild:

But Yniol goes, and I full oft shall dream

I see my princess as I see her now, Clothed with my gift, and gay among the gay."

But while the women thus rejoiced, Geraint

Woke where he slept in the high hall, and call'd

For Enid, and when Yniol made report Of that good mother making Enid

In such apparel as might well beseem His princess, or indeed the stately Queen.

He answer'd: "Earl, entreat her by my love,

Albeit I give no reason but my wish, That she ride with me in her faded silk."

Yniol with that hard message went;

Like flaws in summer laying lusty corn:

For Enid, all abash'd she knew not why,

Dared not to glance at her good mother's face.

But silently, in all obedience,

Her mother silent too, nor helping her, Laid from her limbs the costly-broider'd gift,

And robed them in her ancient suit again,

And so descended. Never man rejoiced

More than Geraint to greet her thus attired;

And glancing all at once as keenly at

As careful robins eye the delver's toil, Made her cheek burn and either eyelid fall,

But rested with her sweet face satisfied:

Then seeing cloud upon the mother's brow,

Her by both hands he caught, and sweetly said,

"O my new mother, be not wroth or grieved

At thy new son, for my petition to

When late I left Caerleon, our great Queen.

In words whose echo lasts, they were so sweet,

Made promise, that whatever bride I brought,

Herself would clothe her like the sun

in Heaven. Thereafter, when I reach'd this ruin'd

hall, Beholding one so bright in dark estate, I vow'd that could I gain her, our fair

Queen, No hand but hers, should make your Enid burst

Sunlike from cloud - and likewise thought perhaps,

That service done so graciously would

The two together; fain I would the two

Should love each other: how can Enid find

A nobler friend? Another thought was mine:

I came among you here so suddenly, That tho' her gentle presence at the lists

Might well have served for proof that I was loved.

I doubted whether daughter's tenderness.

Or easy nature, might not let itself Be moulded by your wishes for her

weal: Or whether some false sense in her own self

Of my contrasting brightness, over

bore Her fancy dwelling in this dusky hall;

And such a sense might make her long for court

And all its perilous glories: and I thought,

That could I someway prove such force in her

Link'd with such love for me, that at

(No reason given her) she could cast aside

A splendor dear to women, new to her,

And therefore dearer; or if not so new.

Yet therefore tenfold dearer by the power

Of intermitted usage; then I felt

That I could rest, a rock in ebbs and flows,

Fixt on her faith. Now, therefore, I do rest,

A prophet certain of my prophecy, That never shadow of mistrust can

cross

Between us. Grant me pardon for my thoughts:

And for my strange petition I will make

Amends hereafter by some gaudy-day, When your fair child shall wear your costly gift

Beside your own warm hearth, with,

on her knees,

Who knows? another gift of the high God,

Which, maybe, shall have learn'd to lisp you thanks."

He spoke: the mother smiled, but half in tears,

Then brought a mantle down and wrapt her in it,

And claspt and kiss'd her, and they rode away.

Now thrice that morning Guinevere had climb'd

The giant tower, from whose high crest, they say,

Men saw the goodly hills of Somerset, And white sails flying on the yellow sea: But not to goodly hill or yellow sea Look'd the fair Queen, but up the

vale of Usk,
By the flat meadow, till she saw them
come:

And then descending met them at the gates,

Embraced her with all welcome as a friend.

And did her honor as the Prince's bride,

And clothed her for her bridals like the sun:

And all that week was old Caerleon

For by the hands of Dubric, the high saint,

They twain were wedded with all ceremony.

And this was on the last year's Whitsuntide.

But Enid ever kept the faded silk, Remembering how first he came on her,

Drest in that dress, and how he loved her in it.

And all her foolish fears about the dress.

And all his journey toward her, as himself

Had told her, and their coming to the court.

And now this morning when he said to her.

"Put on your worst and meanest dress," she found

And took it, and array'd herself therein.

## II.

O purblind race of miserable men, How many among us at this very hour Do forge a life-long trouble for ourselves,

By taking true for false, or false for true:

Here, thro' the feeble twilight of this world

Groping, how many, until we pass and reach

That other, where we see as we are seen!

So fared it with Geraint, who issuing forth

That morning, when they both had got to horse,

Perhaps because he loved her passion-

And felt that tempest brooding round his heart,

Which, if he spoke at all, would break

perforce

Upon a head so dear in thunder, said:
"Not at my side. I charge thee ride before,

Ever a good way on before; and this I charge thee, on thy duty as a wife, Whatever happens, not to speak to

me, No, not a word!" and Enid was

aghast;
And forth they rode, but scarce three

paces on,
When crying out, "Effeminate as I

am, I will not fight my way with gilded

arms, All shall be iron;" he loosed a mighty

purse, Hung at his belt, and hurl'd it toward

the squire.
So the last sight that Enid had of home

Was all the marble threshold flashing, strown

With gold and scatter'd coinage, and the squire

Chafing his shoulder: then he cried again,

"To the wilds!" and Enid leading down the tracks

Thro' which he bade her lead him on, they past

The marches, and by bandit-haunted holds,

Gray swamps and pools, waste places of the hern,

And wildernesses, perilous paths, they rode:

Round was their pace at first, but slacken'd soon:

A stranger meeting them had surely thought

They rode so slowly and they look'd so pale,

That each had suffer'd some exceeding wrong.

For he was ever saying to himself,

"O I that wasted time to tend upon her,

To compass her with sweet observances,

To dress her beautifully and keep her

true"—

And there he broke the sentence in his heart

Abruptly, as a man upon his tongue May break it, when his passion masters him.

And she was ever praying the sweet heavens

To save her dear lord whole from any wound.

And ever in her mind she cast

For that unnoticed failing in herself, Which made him look so cloudy and so cold;

Till the great plover's human whistle amazed

Her heart, and glancing round the waste she fear'd

In every wavering brake an ambuscade.

Then thought again, "If there be such in me,

I might amend it by the grace of Heaven,

If he would only speak and tell me of it."

But when the fourth part of the day was gone,

Then Enid was aware of three tall knights

On horseback, wholly arm'd, behind a rock

rock In shadow, waiting for them, caitiffs

And heard one crying to his fellow, "Look,

Here comes a laggard hanging down his head,

Who seems no bolder than a beaten hound;

Come. we will slay him and will have his horse

And armor, and his damsel shall be ours."

Then Enid ponder'd in her heart, and said:

"I will go back a little to my lord, And I will tell him all their caitiff talk:

For, be he wroth even to slaying me, Far liefer by his dear hand had I die, Than that my lord should suffer loss

or shame."

Then she went back some paces of return.

Met his full frown timidly firm, and said;

"My lord, I saw three bandits by the rock

Waiting to fall on you, and heard them boast

That they would slay you, and possess your horse

And armor, and your damsel should be theirs."

He made a wrathful answer: "Did I wish

Your warning or your silence? one command

I laid upon you, not to speak to me,
And thus ye keep it! Well then, look
— for now,

Whether ye wish me victory or defeat, Long for my life, or hunger for my death.

Yourself shall see my vigor is not lost."

Then Enid waited pale and sorrowful,

And down upon him bare the bandit three.

And at the midmost charging, Prince Geraint Drave the long spear a cubit thro' his breast

And out beyond; and then against his brace

Of comrades, each of whom had broken on him

A lance that splinter'd like an icicle, Swung from his brand a windy buffet out

Once, twice, to right, to left, and stunn'd the twain

Or slew them, and dismounting like a man

That sking the wild beest after eleving

That skins the wild beast after slaying him,

Stript from the three dead wolves of woman born The three gay suits of armor which

they wore, And let the bodies lie, but bound the

suits Of armor on their horses, each on each, And tied the bridle-reins of all the

three
Together, and said to her, "Drive
them on

Before you;" and she drove them thro' the waste.

He follow'd nearer: ruth began to work

Against his anger in him, while he watch'd

The being he loved best in all the world,

With difficulty in mild obedience Driving them on: he fain had spoken

to her,
And loosed in words of sudden fire the

wrath And smoulder'd wrong that burnt him

all within;
But evermore it seem'd an easier thing
At once without removes to strike her

At once without remorse to strike her dead,
Than to cry "Halt," and to her own

Than to cry "Halt," and to her own bright face

Accuse her of the least immodesty:
And thus tongue-tied, it made him
wroth the more

That she could speak whom his own ear had heard

Call herself false: and suffering thus he made

Ainutes an age: but in scarce longer

Than at Caerleon the full-tided Usk, Before he turn to fall seaward again. Pauses, did Enid, keeping watch, be-

n the first shallow shade of a deep wood.

Before a gloom of stubborn-shafted oaks. Three other horsemen waiting, wholly

arm'd. Whereof one seem'd far larger than

her lord.

And shook her pulses, crying, "Look,

a prize!

Three horses and three goodly suits of arms,

And all in charge of whom? a girl: set on."

'Nay," said the second, "yonder

comes a knight." The third, "A craven; how he hangs

his head." The giant answer'd merrily, "Yea, but

Wait here, and when he passes fall upon him."

And Enid ponder'd in her heart and said.

I will abide the coming of my lord, And I will tell him all their villany. My lord is weary with the fight before, And they will fall upon him unawares. needs must disobey him for his

good: Iow should I dare obey him to his harm?

Veeds must I speak, and tho' he kill me for it.

save a life dearer to me than mine."

And she abode his coming, and said to him

Vith timid firmness, "Have I leave to speak?"

le said, "Ye take it, speaking," and she spoke.

"There lurk three villains vonder in the wood.

And each of them is wholly arm'd, and one

Is larger-limb'd than you are, and they

That they will fall upon you while ye pass."

To which he flung a wrathful answer back:

"And if there were an hundred in the wood,

And every man were larger-limb'd than I.

And all at once should sally out upon

I swear it would not ruffle me so much As you that not obey me. Stand aside.

And if I fall, cleave to the better man."

And Enid stood aside to wait the event,

Not dare to watch the combat, only breathe

Short fits of prayer, at every stroke a breath.

And he, she dreaded most, bare down upon him.

Aim'd at the helm, his lance err'd; but Geraint's,

A little in the late encounter strain'd, Struck thro' the bulky bandit's corselet home.

And then brake short, and down his enemy roll'd,

And there lay still; as he that tells the tale

Saw once a great piece of a promon-

That had a sapling growing on it, slide From the long shore-cliff's windy walls to the beach,

And there lie still, and yet the sapling grew:

So lay the man transfixt. His craven

pair Of comrades making slowlier at the Prince.

When now they saw their bulwark | fallen, stood,

On whom the victor, to confound them

Spurr'd with his terrible war-cry; for as one, That listens near a torrent mountain-

brook. All thro' the crash of the near cataract

hears The drumming thunder of the huger

At distance, were the soldiers wont to

His voice in battle, and be kindled by

it, And foemen scared, like that false pair who turn'd

Flying, but, overtaken, died the death Themselves had wrought on many an innocent.

Thereon Geraint, dismounting, pick'd the lance

That pleased him best, and drew from those dead wolves

Their three gay suits of armor, each from each,

And bound them on their horses, each on each, And tied the bridle-reins of all the

three Together, and said to her, "Drive

them on Before you," and she drove them thro'

the wood.

He follow'd nearer still: the pain she had

To keep them in the wild ways of the

wood. Two sets of three laden with jingling

Together, served a little to disedge The sharpness of that pain about her

heart: And they themselves, like creatures gently born

But into bad hands fall'n, and now so

By bandits groom'd, prick'd their light ears, and felt

Her low firm voice and tender government.

So thro' the green gloom of the wood they past,

And issuing under open heavens be held

A little town with towers, upon a rock, And close beneath, a meadow gemlike chased

In the brown wild, and mowers mow ing in it:

And down a rocky pathway from the place There came a fair-hair'd youth, that

in his hand Bare victual for the mowers; and

Geraint Had ruth again on Enid looking pale

Then, moving downward to the meadow ground,

He, when the fair-hair'd youth came by him, said,

"Friend, let her eat; the damsel is so faint."

"Yea, willingly," replied the youth " and thou,

My lord, eat also, tho' the fare i coarse,

And only meet for mowers;" then se His basket, and dismounting on the

sward They let the horses graze, and at

themselves.

And Enid took a little delicately, Less having stomach for it than desir To close with her lord's pleasure; bu Geraint

Ate all the mowers' victual unawares And when he found all empty, wa amazed;

And, "Boy," said he, "I have eate all, but take

A horse and arms for guerdon; choos

the best." He, reddening in extremity of deligh "My lord, you overpay me fifty-fold.

"Ye will be all the wealthier," crie the Prince.

"I take it as free gift, then," said th

boy,

Not guerdon; for myself can easily, Vhile your good damsel rests, return,

and fetch

resh victual for these mowers of our Earl:

or these are his, and all the field is his. nd I myself am his; and I will tell

him

ow great a man thou art: he loves to know

Then men of mark are in his territory:

nd he will have thee to his palace here. nd serve thee costlier than with

mowers' fare."

Then said Geraint, "I wish no better fare:

never ate with angrier appetite han when I left your mowers dinnerless.

nd into no Earl's palace will I go. know, God knows, too much of palaces!

nd if he want me, let him come to

ut hire us some fair chamber for the night,

nd stalling for the horses, and re-

7ith victual for these men, and let us know."

"Yea, my kind lord," said the glad youth, and went, feld his head high, and thought him-

self a knight,

nd up the rocky pathway disappear'd.

eading the horse, and they were left alone.

But when the Prince had brought his errant eyes

lome from the rock, sideways he let them glance

t Enid, where she droopt: his own false doom,

hat shadow of mistrust should never cross

Betwixt them, came upon him, and he sigh'd:

Then with another humorous ruth remark'd

The lusty mowers laboring dinnerless, And watch'd the sun blaze on the turning scythe,

after nodded sleepily in the And heat.

But she, remembering her old ruin'd hall.

And all the windy clamor of the daws About her hollow turret, pluck'd the grass

There growing longest by the meadow's edge,

And into many a listless annulet,

Now over, now beneath her marriage

Wove and unwove it, till the boy return'd

And told them of a chamber, and they went;

Where, after saying to her, "If ye will.

Call for the woman of the house," to which

She answer'd, "Thanks, my lord;" the two remain'd

Apart by all the chamber's width, and mute

As creatures voiceless thro' the fault of birth. Or two wild men supporters of a

shield, Painted, who stare at open space, nor

glance The one at other, parted by the shield.

On a sudden, many a voice along

the street, And heel against the pavement echo-

ing, burst

Their drowse; and either started while the door,

Push'd from without, drave backward to the wall.

And midmost of a rout of roisterers, Femininely fair and dissolutely pale, Her suitor in old years before Geraint, Enter'd, the wild lord of the place,

Limours.

He moving up with pliant courtliness,

Greeted Geraint full face, but stealthily,

In the mid-warmth of welcome and graspt hand,

Found Enid with the corner of his

And knew her sitting sad and solitary.
Then cried Geraint for wine and
goodly cheer

To feed the sudden guest, and sumptuously

According to his fashion, bade the host

Call in what men soever were his friends,

And feast with these in honor of their Earl:

"And care not for the cost; the cost is mine."

And wine and food were brought, and Earl Limours

Drank till he jested with all ease, and told

Free tales, and took the word and play'd upon it,

And made it of two colors; for his talk,

When wine and free companions kindled him, Was wont to glance and sparkle like

a gem
Of fifty facets; thus he moved the

Prince
To laughter and his comrades to ap-

plause.

Then, when the Prince was merry,

ask'd Limours,
"Your leave, my lord, to cross the

room, and speak
To your good damsel there who sits

apart,
And seems so lonely?" "My free

leave," he said;
"Get her to speak: she doth not speak

to me."
Then rose Limours, and looking at his

feet,
Like him who tries the bridge he fears

Like him who tries the bridge he lears may fail,

Crost and came near, lifted adoring eyes,

Bow'd at her side and utter'd whisperingly:

"Enid, the pilot star of my lone life, Enid, my early and my only love, Enid, the loss of whom hath turn'd me

wild —
What chance is this? how is it I see

you here?
Ye are in my power at last, are in my power.

Yet fear me not: I call mine own self wild.

But keep a touch of sweet civility
Here in the heart of waste and wilder-

ness.
I thought, but that your father came

between,
In former days you saw me favorably.

In former days you saw me favorably.

And if it were so do not keep it back:

Make me a little happier: let me
know it:

Owe you me nothing for a life halflost?

Yea, yea, the whole dear debt of all you are.

And, Enid, you and he, I see with joy, Ye sit apart, you do not speak to him, You come with no attendance, page or maid,

To serve you — doth he love you as of old?

For, call it lovers' quarrels, yet I know Tho' men may bicker with the things they love,

They would not make them laughable in all eyes,

Not while they loved them; and your wretched dress,

A wretched insult on you, dumbly speaks

Your story, that this man loves you

no more.
Your beauty is no beauty to him now
A common chance — right well I knov

it — pall'd —
For I know men: nor will ye win hin
back,

For the man's love once gone never returns.

But here is one who loves you as of old; With more exceeding passion than of old:

Good, speak the word: my followers

ring him round:

He sits unarm'd; I hold a finger up; They understand: nay; I do not mean blood:

Nor need ye look so scared at what I

sav:

My malice is no deeper than a moat, No stronger than a wall: there is the keep:

He shall not cross us more; speak but

the word:

Or speak it not; but then by Him that made me

The one true lover whom you ever own'd.

I will make use of all the power I have. O pardon me! the madness of that

When first I parted from thee, moves

me vet."

At this the tender sound of his own voice

And sweet self-pity, or the fancy of it Made his eye moist; but Enid fear'd his eyes,

Moist as they were, wine-heated from the feast;

And answer'd with such craft as women use.

Guilty or guiltless, to stave off a chance

That breaks upon them perilously, and said:

"Earl, if you love me as in former years,

And do not practise on me, come with morn,

And snatch me from him as by violence;

Leave me to-night: I am weary to the death."

Low at leave-taking, with his brandish'd plume

Brushing his instep, bow'd the allamorous Earl,

And the stout Prince bade him a loud good-night.

He moving homeward babbled to his men.

How Enid never loved a man but him, Nor cared a broken egg-shell for her lord.

But Enid left alone with Prince Geraint,

Debating his command of silence given.

And that she now perforce must violate it.

Held commune with herself, and while

she held He fell asleep, and Enid had no heart

To wake him, but hung o'er him, wholly pleased

To find him yet unwounded after fight, And hear him breathing low and equally.

Anon she rose, and stepping lightly, heap'd

The pieces of his armor in one place, All to be there against a sudden need; Then dozed awhile herself, but overtoil'd

By that day's grief and travel, ever-

Seem'd catching at a rootless thorn, and then Went slipping down horrible prec-

ipices, And strongly striking out her limbs

awoke; Then thought she heard the wild Earl

at the door,

With all his rout of random followers, Sound on a dreadful trumpet, summoning her:

Which was the red cock shouting to the light,

As the gray dawn stole o'er the dewy world.

And glimmer'd on his armor in the room.

And once again she rose to look at it, But touch'd it unawares: jangling, the casque

Fell, and he started up and stared at

Then breaking his command of silence given,

She told him all that Earl Limours had said,

Except the passage that he loved her not;

Nor left untold the craft herself had used;

But ended with apology so sweet,

Low-spoken, and of so few words, and seem'd

So justified by that necessity,

That tho' he thought "was it for him she wept

In Devon?" he but gave a wrathful groan,

Saying, "Your sweet faces make good

fellows fools
And traitors. Call the host and bid

him bring Charger and palfrey." So she glided

Among the heavy breathings of the

house,
And like a household Spirit at the
walls

Beat, till she woke the sleepers, and return'd:

Then tending her rough lord, tho' all unask'd.

In silence, did him service as a squire; Till issuing arm'd he found the host and cried.

"Thy reckoning, friend?" and ere he learnt it, "Take

Five horses and their armors"; and the host

Suddenly honest, answer'd in amaze, "My lord, I scarce have spent the worth of one!"

"Ye will be all the wealthier," said the Prince,

And then to Enid, "Forward! and to-day

I charge you, Enid, more especially, What thing soever ye may hear, or see, Or fancy (tho' I count it of small use To charge you) that ye speak not but obey."

And Enid answer'd, "Yea, my lord, I know Your wish, and would obey; but riding first,

I hear the violent threats you do not hear,

I see the danger which you cannot see: Then not to give you warning, that seems hard;

Almost beyond me: yet I would obey."

"Yea so," said he, "do it: be not too wise;

Seeing that ye are wedded to a man, Not all mismated with a yawning clown,

But one with arms to guard his head and yours.

With eyes to find you out however far,

And ears to hear you even in his dreams."

With that he turn'd and look'd as keenly at her

As careful robins eye the delver's toil;

And that within her, which a wanton fool,

Or hasty judger would have call'd her guilt, Made her cheek burn and either eye-

lid fall.

And Geraint look'd and was not satisfied

Then forward by a way which, beaten broad.

Led from the territory of false

To the waste earldom of another earl, Doorm, whom his shaking vassals call'd the Bull.

Went Enid with her sullen follower on.

Once she look'd back, and when she saw him ride

More near by many a rood than yestermorn,

It wellnigh made her cheerful; till Geraint

Waving an angry hand as who should say

"Ye watch me," sadden'd all her heart again.

But while the sun yet beat a dewy blade.

The sound of many a heavily-galloping hoof

Smote on her ear, and turning round she saw

Dust, and the points of lances bicker in it.

Then not to disobey her lord's behest, And yet to give him warning, for he rode

As if he heard not, moving back she

Her finger up, and pointed to the dust. At which the warrior in his obstinacy, Because she kept the letter of his

word,
Was in a manner pleased, and turning,
stood.

And in the moment after, wild Limours.

Borne on a black horse, like a thunder-cloud

Whose skirts are loosen'd by the breaking storm,

Half ridden off with by the thing he rode,

And all in passion uttering a dry shriek, Dash'd on Geraint, who closed with

him, and bore
Down by the length of lance and arm

beyond The crupper, and so left him stunn'd

or dead, And overthrew the next that follow'd

And blindly rush'd on all the rout

behind. But at the flash and motion of the

They vanish'd panic-stricken, like a shoal

shoal Of darting fish, that on a summer

Adown the crystal dykes at Camelot Come slipping o'er their shadows on the sand.

But if a man who stands upon the brink But lift a shining hand against the sun.

There is not left the twinkle of a fin Betwixt the cressy islets white in flower;

So, scared but at the motion of the man.

Fled all the boon companions of the Earl,

And left him lying in the public way; So vanish friendships only made in wine.

Then like a stormy sunlight smiled Geraint,

Who saw the chargers of the two that fell

Start from their fallen lords, and wildly fly,

Mixt with the flyers. "Horse and man," he said,

"All of one mind and all right-honest friends!

Not a hoof left: and I methinks till

Was honest — paid with horses and with arms;
I cannot steal or plunder, no nor beg:

And so what say ye, shall we strip him there Your lover? has your palfrey heart

enough
To bear his armor? shall we fast, or

dine?
No?—then do thou, being right hon-

est, pray
That we may meet the horsemen of

Earl Doorm,

I too would still be honest." Thus he said:

And sadly gazing on her bridle-reins, And answering not a word, she led the way.

But as a man to whom a dreadful loss

Falls in a far land and he knows it not.

not, But coming back he learns it, and the

So pains him that he sickens nigh to death;

So fared it with Geraint, who being prick'd

In combat with the follower of Limours.

Bled underneath his armor secretly, And so rode on, nor told his gentle

What ail'd him, hardly knowing it himself,

Till his eye darken'd and his helmet wagg'd:

And at a sudden swerving of the road, Tho' happily down on a bank of grass, The Prince, without a word, from his horse fell.

And Enid heard the clashing of his fall,

Suddenly came, and at his side all pale

Dismounting, loosed the fastenings of his arms,

Nor let her true hand falter, nor blue eye

Moisten, till she had lighted on his wound,

And tearing off her veil of faded silk Had bared her forehead to the blistering sun.

And swathed the hurt that drain'd her dear lord's life.

Chan after all was

Then after all was done that hand could do,

She rested, and her desolation came Upon her, and she wept beside the way.

And many past, but none regarded her,

For in that realm of lawless turbulence.

A woman weeping for her murder'd mate

Was cared as much for as a summer

One took him for a victim of Earl Doorm.

Nor dared to waste a perilous pity on him:

Another hurrying past, a man-at-arms, Rode on a mission to the bandit Earl;

Half whistling and half singing a coarse song,

He drove the dust against her veilless eyes:

Another, flying from the wrath of Doorm

Before an ever-fancied arrow, made The long way smoke beneath him in his fear;

At which her palfrey whinnying lifted heel

And scour'd into the coppices and was

While the great charger stood, grieved like a man.

But at the point of noon the huge Earl Doorm,

Broad-faced with under-fringe of russet beard,

Bound on a foray, rolling eyes of prey,

Came riding with a hundred lances up;

But ere he came, like one that hails a ship,

Cried out with a big voice, "What, is he dead?"

"No, no, not dead!" she answer'd in all haste.

"Would some of your kind people take him up,

And bear him hence out of this cruel sun?

Most sure am I, quite sure, he is not dead."

Then said Earl Doorm: "Well, if he be not dead,

Why wail ye for him thus? ye seem a child.

And be he dead, I count you for a fool;

Your wailing will not quicken him:

Ye mar a comely face with idiot tears.
Yet, since the face is comely—some
of you.

Here, take him up, and bear him to our hall:

An if he live, we will have him of our band:

And if he die, why earth has earth enough To hide him. See ye take the charger

too, A noble one."

He spake, and past away, But left two brawny spearmen, who

advanced. Each growling like a dog, when his

good bone

Seems to be pluck'd at by the village

Who love to vex him eating, and he

To lose his bone, and lays his foot upon it,

Gnawing and growling: so the ruffians growl'd,

Fearing to lose, and all for a dead Their chance of booty from the morn-

ing's raid,

Yet raised and laid him on a litter-

Such as they brought upon their forays For those that might be wounded; laid

him on it All in the hollow of his shield, and

took And bore him to the naked hall of

Doorm. (His gentle charger following him

unled) And cast him and the bier in which he lay

Down on an oaken settle in the hall,

And then departed, hot in haste to

Their luckier mates, but growling as before.

And cursing their lost time, and the dead man,

And their own Earl, and their own souls, and her. They might as well have blest her:

she was deaf To blessing or to cursing save from

one.

So for long hours sat Enid by her lord.

There in the naked hall, propping his head.

And chafing his pale hands, and calling to him.

Till at the last he waken'd from his swoon,

And found his own dear bride propping his head,

And chafing his faint hands, and calling to him;

And felt the warm tears falling on his face:

And said to his own heart, "She weeps for me":

And yet lay still, and feign'd himself as dead,

That he might prove her to the uttermost.

And say to his own heart, "She weeps for me."

But in the falling afternoon return'd The huge Earl Doorm with plunder to the hall.

His lusty spearmen follow'd him with noise:

Each hurling down a heap of things that rang

Against the pavement, cast his lance aside. And doff'd his helm: and then there

flutter'd in, Half-bold, half-frighted, with dilated

eves,

A tribe of women, dress'd in many hues, And mingled with the spearmen: and

Earl Doorm Struck with a knife's haft hard

against the board,

And call'd for flesh and wine to feed his spears.

And men brought in whole hogs and quarter beeves,

And all the hall was dim with steam of flesh:

And none spake word, but all sat

down at once. And ate with tumult in the naked hall.

Feeding like horses when you hear them feed:

Till Enid shrank far back into herself, To shun the wild ways of the lawless tribe.

But when Earl Doorm had eaten all he would.

He roll'd his eyes about the hall, and found

A damsel drooping in a corner of it. Then he remember'd her, and how she wept;

And out of her there came a power upon him;

And rising on the sudden he said, "Eat!

I never yet beheld a thing so pale.

God's curse, it makes me mad to see you weep. Eat! Look yourself. Good luck had

your good man,

For were I dead who is it would weep for me?

Sweet lady, never since I first drew breath

Have I beheld a lily like yourself.

And so there lived some color in your cheek.

There is not one among my gentlewomen

Were fit to wear your slipper for a glove.

But listen to me, and by me be ruled,

And I will do the thing I have not.

And I will do the thing I have not done,

For ye shall share my earldom with me, girl,

And we will live like two birds in one nest,

And I will fetch you forage from all

fields,
For I compel all creatures to my will."

He spoke: the brawny spearman let his cheek

Bulge with the unswallow'd piece, and turning stared;

While some, whose souls the old serpent long had drawn

Down, as the worm draws in the wither'd leaf

And makes it earth, hiss'd each at other's ear

What shall not be recorded — women they,

Women, or what had been those gracious things, But now desired the humbling of their

best,
Yea, would have help'd him to it: and

ea, would have help'd him to it: and all at once

They hated her, who took no thought of them, But answer'd in low voice, her meek

head yet
Drooping, "I pray you of your cour-

tesy,
He being as he is, to let me be."

being as he is, to let me se.

She spake so low he hardly heard her speak,

But like a mighty patron, satisfied With what himself had done so graciously,

Assumed that she had thank'd him, adding, "Yea,

Eat and be glad, for I account you mine."

She answer'd meekly, "How should I be glad Henceforth in all the world at any-

thing,
Until my lord arise and look upon

me ? "

Here the huge Earl cried out upon her talk,

As all but empty heart and weariness And sickly nothing; suddenly seized on her,

And bare her by main violence to the board,

And thrust the dish before her, crying, "Eat."

"No, no," said Enid, vext, "I will not eat

Till yonder man upon the bier arise, And eat with me." "Drink, then,' he answer'd. "Here!"

(And fill'd a horn with wine and held it to her.)

"Lo! I, myself, when flush'd with fight, or hot,

God's curse, with anger - often I myself,

Before I well have drunken, scarce can eat:

Drink therefore and the wine will change your will."

"Not so," she cried, "By Heaven, I will not drink

Till my dear lord arise and bid me do

And drink with me; and if he rise no more.

I will not look at wine until I die."

At this he turn'd all red and paced his hall,

Now gnaw'd his under, now his upper

And coming up close to her, said at last:

"Girl, for I see ye scorn my courtesies.

Take warning: yonder man is surely dead;

And I compel all creatures to my will.

Not eat nor drink? And wherefore wail for one,

Who put your beauty to this flout and scorn

By dressing it in rags? Amazed am I,

Beholding how ye butt against my wish, That I forbear you thus: cross me

no more.

At least put off to please me this poor

gown, This silken rag, this beggar-woman's

weed:
I love that beauty should go beautifully:

For see ye not my gentlewomen here, How gay, how suited to the house of

who loves that beauty should go beautifully?

Rise therefore; robe yourself in this: obey."

He spoke, and one among his gentle women

Display'd a splendid silk of foreign loom,

Where like a shoaling sea the lovely blue

Play'd into green, and thicker down

With jewels than the sward with drops of dew,

When all night long a cloud clings to the hill,

And with the dawn ascending lets the day

Strike where it clung: so thickly shone the gems.

But Enid answer'd, harder to be moved

Than hardest tyrants in their day of power,

With life-long injuries burning unavenged, And now their hour has come; and

Enid said:

"In this poor gown my dear lord found me first,

And loved me serving in my father's hall:

In this poor gown I rode with him to court, And there the Queen array'd me like

the sun: In this poor gown he bade me clothe

myself, When now we rode upon this fatal

quest
Of honor, where no honor can be
gain'd:

And this poor gown I will not cast aside

Until himself arise a living man,

And bid me cast it. I have griefs enough:

Pray you be gentle, pray you let me be:

I never loved, can never love but him: Yea, God, I pray you of your gentles

He being as he is, to let me be."

Then strode the brute Earl up and down his hall,

And took his russet beard between his teeth:

Last, coming up quite close, and in his

Crying, "I count it of no more avail, Dame, to be gentle than ungentle with

Take my salute," unknightly with flat

hand,

However lightly, smote her on the cheek.

Then Enid, in her utter helplessness, And since she thought, "He had not dared to do it,

Except he surely knew my lord was dead,"

deau,

Sent forth a sudden sharp and bitter cry,

As of a wild thing taken in the trap, Which sees the trapper coming thro' the wood.

This heard Geraint, and grasping at his sword,

(It lay beside him in the hollow shield),

Made but a single bound, and with a sweep of it

Shore thro' the swarthy neck, and like

The russet-bearded head roll'd on the floor.

So died Earl Doorm by him he counted dead.

And all the men and women in the hall .

Rose when they saw the dead man rise, and fled

Yelling as from a spectre, and the two Were left alone together, and he said:

"Enid, I have used you worse than that dead man;

Done you more wrong: we both have undergone

That trouble which has left me thrice your own:

Henceforward I will rather die than doubt.

And here I lay this penance on myself.

Not, the mine own ears heard you yestermorn —

You thought me sleeping, but I heard you say,

I heard you say, that you were no true wife:

I swear I will not ask your meaning in it:

I do believe yourself against yourself, And will henceforward rather die than doubt."

And Enid could not say one tender word,

She felt so blunt and stupid at the heart:

She only pray'd him, "Fly, they will return

And slay you; fly, your charger is without,

My palfrey lost." "Then, Enid, shall you ride

Behind me." "Yea," said Enid, "let us go."

And moving out they found the stately horse,

Who now no more a vassal to the thief,
But free to stretch his limbs in lawful

But free to stretch his limbs in lawfu fight,

Neigh'd with all gladness as they came, and stoop'd

With a low whinny toward the pair: and she

Kiss'd the white star upon his noble front,

Glad also; then Geraint upon the

Mounted, and reach'd a hand, and on his foot

She set her own and climb'd; he turn'd his face

And kiss'd her climbing, and she cast her arms

About him, and at once they rode away.

And never yet, since high in Para-

O'er the four rivers the first roses blew,

ame purer pleasure unto mortal kind 'han lived thro' her, who in that perilous hour

ut hand to hand beneath her hus-

band's heart, .nd felt him hers again: she did not

weep. ut o'er her meek eyes came a happy

mist ike that which kept the heart of

Eden green efore the useful trouble of the rain:

et not so misty were her meek blue

s not to see before them on the path, ight in the gateway of the bandit hold.

knight of Arthur's court, who laid

his lance n rest, and made as if to fall upon

him. 'hen, fearing for his hurt and loss of

blood,

he, with her mind all full of what had chanced,

hriek'd to the stranger "Slay not a dead man!"

The voice of Enid," said the knight;

but she.

leholding it was Edyrn son of Nudd, Vas moved so much the more, and shriek'd again,

O cousin, slay not him who gave you life."

and Edyrn moving frankly forward spake: My lord Geraint, I greet you with

all love: took you for a bandit knight of

Doorm:

and fear not, Enid, I should fall upon

Vho love you, Prince, with something of the love

Vherewith we love the Heaven that chastens us.

'or once, when I was up so high in pride

'hat I was half-way down the slope to Hell.

ly overthrowing me you threw me higher.

Now, made a knight of Arthur's Table Round,

And since I knew this Earl, when I myself

Was half a bandit in my lawless hour. I come the mouthpiece of our King to Doorm

(The King is close behind me) bidding him

Disband himself, and scatter all his powers,

Submit, and hear the judgment of the King."

"He hears the judgment of the King of kings,"

Cried the wan Prince; "and lo, the powers of Doorm

Are scatter'd," and he pointed to the field.

Where, huddled here and there on mound and knoll,

Were men and women staring and aghast,

While some yet fled; and then he plainlier told

How the huge Earl lay slain within his hall.

But when the knight besought him, "Follow me,

Prince, to the camp, and in the King's own ear

Speak what has chanced; ve surely have endured Strange chances here alone;" that

other flush'd. And hung his head, and halted in

reply, Fearing the mild face of the blameless

King, And after madness acted question

ask'd: Till Edyrn crying, "If ye will not go

To Arthur, then will Arthur come to you."

"Enough," he said, "I follow," and they went.

But Enid in their going had two fears, One from the bandit scatter'd in the field.

And one from Edyrn. Every now and then.

When Edyrn rein'd his charger at her side,

She shrank a little. In a hollow land, From which old fires have broken, men may fear

Fresh fire and ruin. He, perceiving,

said:

"Fair and dear cousin, you that most had cause

To fear me, fear no longer, I am changed.

Yourself were first the blameless cause to make

My nature's prideful sparkle in the blood

Break into furious flame; being repulsed

By Yniol and yourself, I schemed and wrought

Until I overturn'd him; then set up (With one main purpose ever at my heart)

My haughty jousts, and took a paramour:

Did her mock-honor as the fairest

And, toppling over all antagonism, So wax'd in pride, that I believed myself

Unconquerable, for I was wellnigh

mad: And, but for my main purpose in

these jousts, I should have slain your father, seized yourself.

I lived in hope that sometime you would come

To these my lists with him whom best

you loved;
And there, poor cousin, with your meek blue eyes,

The truest eyes that ever answer'd

Heaven, Behold me overturn and trample on

him.

Then, had you cried, or knelt, or

pray'd to me,
I should not less have kill'd him.
And you came,—

But once you came, — and with your own true eyes

Beheld the man you loved (I speak a one

Speaks of a service done him) over throw

My proud self, and my purpose three years old,

And set his foot upon me, and give

me life.

There was I broken down; there was

I saved:
Tho' thence I rode all-shamed, hating

the life
He gave me, meaning to be rid of it.
And all the penance the Queen laid

was but to rest awhile within he

court; Where first as sullen as a beast new

And waiting to be treated like wolf.

Because I knew my deeds were known
I found,

Instead of scornful pity or pure scorn Such fine reserve and noble reticence Manners so kind, yet stately, such

grace
Of tenderest courtesy, that I began
To glance behind me at my forme
life.

And find that it had been the wolf indeed:

And oft I talk'd with Dubric, the hig saint.

Who, with mild heat of holy orator, Subdued me somewhat to that gentle

Which, when it weds with manhood makes a man.

And you were often there about the Queen,

But saw me not, or mark'd not if yo saw;

saw; Nor did I care or dare to speak wit

But kept myself aloof till I was changed;

And fear not, cousin; I am change indeed."

He spoke, and Enid easily believe Like simple noble natures, credulou f what they long for, good in friend or foe, here most in those who most have

done them ill.

nd when they reach'd the camp the King himself

dvanced to greet them, and beholding her

no' pale, yet happy, ask'd her not a word.

ut went apart with Edyrn, whom he held

converse for a little, and return'd, nd, gravely smiling, lifted her from horse.

nd kiss'd her with all pureness,

brother-like,

nd show'd an empty tent allotted her,

nd glancing for a minute, till he saw her

ass into it turn'd to the Prince, and said:

"Prince, when of late ye pray'd me for my leave

o move to your own land, and there

our marches, I was prick'd with some reproof,

s one that let foul wrong stagnate and be.

y having look'd too much thro' alien eves.

nd wrought too long with delegated hands,

ot used mine own: but now behold me come

o cleanse this common sewer of all my realm,

ith Edyrn and with others: have ye look'd

t Edyrn? have ye seen how nobly changed?

his work of his is great and wonderful.

is very face with change of heart is changed,

ne world will not believe a man repents:

ad this wise world of ours is mainly right.

Full seldom doth a man repent, or use Both grace and will to pick the vicious quitch

Of blood and custom wholly out of him,

And make all clean, and plant himself afresh.

Edyrn has done it, weeding all his heart

As I will weed this land before 1 gc.
I, therefore, made him of our Table
Round.

Not rashly, but have proved him

everyway

One of our noblest, our most valorous, Sanest and most obedient: and indeed This work of Edyrn wrought upon himself

After a life of violence, seems to me A thousand-fold more great and won-

derful
Than if some knight of mine, risking
his life,

My subject with my subjects under him,

Should make an onslaught single on a realm

Of robbers, tho' he slew them one by one,

And were himself nigh wounded to the death."

So spake the King; low bow'd the Prince, and felt

His work was neither great nor wonderful,

And past to Enid's tent; and thither came

The King's own leech to look into his hurt;

And Enid tended on him there; and there Her constant motion round him, and

the breath

Of her sweet tendance hovering over him,

Fill'd all the genial courses of his blood

With deeper and with ever deeper love,

As the south-west that blowing Bar lake Fills all the sacred Dee. So past the days.

But while Geraint lay healing of his hurt,

The blameless King went forth and cast his eves

On each of all whom Uther left in charge

Long since, to guard the justice of the King:

He look'd and found them wanting; and as now

Men weed the white horse on the Berkshire hills

To keep him bright and clean as heretofore,

He rooted out the slothful officer Or guilty, which for bribe had wink'd

at wrong, And in their chairs set up a stronger

race With hearts and hands, and sent a thousand men

To till the wastes, and moving every-

Clear'd the dark places and let in the law.

And broke the bandit holds and cleansed the land.

Then, when Geraint was whole again, they past

With Arthur to Caerleon upon Usk. There the great Queen once more embraced her friend,

And clothed her in apparel like the day.

And tho' Geraint could never take

again That comfort from their converse

which he took Before the Queen's fair name was

breathed upon, He rested well content that all was

Thence after tarrying for a space they

rode. And fifty knights rode with them to

the shores Of Severn, and they past to their own land.

And there he kept the justice of the King So vigorously yet mildly, that all

hearts

Applauded, and the spiteful whisper died:

And being ever foremost in the chase, And victor at the tilt and tournament, They call'd him the great Prince and man of men.

But Enid, whom the ladies loved to call

Enid the Fair, a grateful people named

Enid the Good; and in their halls

The cry of children, Enids and Geraints

Of times to be; nor did he doubt her more.

But rested in her feälty, till he crown'd

A happy life with a fair death, and

Against the heathen of the Northern

In battle, fighting for the blameless King.

## MERLIN AND VIVIEN.

A STORM was coming, but the winds were still,

And in the wild woods of Broceliande, Before an oak, so hollow, huge and old

It look'd a tower of ruin'd masonwork, At Merlin's feet the wily Vivien lay.

Whence came she? One that bare in bitter grudge

The scorn of Arthur and his Table Mark

The Cornish King, had heard a wan dering voice,

A minstrel of Caerleon by strong storn Blown into shelter at Tintagil, say That out of naked knightlike purity

Sir Lancelot worshipt no unmarrie girl

ut the great Queen herself, fought in her name,

ware by her - vows like theirs, that

high in heaven ove most, but neither marry, nor are

marriage, angels of our Lord's report.

He ceased, and then — for Vivien sweetly said

she sat beside the banquet nearest Mark),

And is the fair example follow'd, Sir,

Arthur's household?"—answer'd innocently:

"Ay, by some few-ay, trulyyouths that hold

more beseems the perfect virgin knight

) worship woman as true wife beyond ll hopes of gaining, than as maiden

ney place their pride in Lancelot and

the Queen.

passionate for an utter purity eyond the limit of their bond, are

these. or Arthur bound them not to single-

ave hearts and clean! and yet-

God guide them - young."

Then Mark was half in heart to hurl his cup

raight at the speaker, but forbore: he rose

leave the hall, and, Vivien following him,

rn'd to her: "Here are snakes within the grass;

id you methinks, O Vivien, save ye fear

e monkish manhood, and the mask of pure

orn by this court, can stir them till they sting."

And Vivien answer'd, smiling scorn-

"Why fear? because that foster'd at thy court

I savor of thy - virtues? fear them?

As Love, if Love be perfect, casts out

So Hate, if Hate be perfect, casts out fear.

My father died in battle against the King,

My mother on his corpse in open field; She bore me there, for born from death was I

Among the dead and sown upon the wind -

And then on thee! and shown the truth betimes.

That old true filth, and bottom of the well.

Where Truth is hidden. Gracious lessons thine

And maxims of the mud! 'This Arthur pure!

Great Nature thro' the flesh herself hath made Gives him the lie! There is no being

pure, My cherub; saith not Holy Writ the

same?'-If I were Arthur, I would have thy blood.

Thy blessing, stainless King! I bring thee back.

When I have ferreted out their burrowings,

The hearts of all this Order in mine hand -

Ay — so that fate and craft and folly close.

Perchance, one curl of Arthur's golden beard.

To me this narrow grizzled fork of thine

Is cleaner-fashion'd - Well, I loved thee first.

That warps the wit."

Loud laugh'd the graceless Mark. But Vivien into Camelot stealing, lodged

Low in the city, and on a festal day When Guinevere was crossing the great hall

Cast herself down, knelt to the Queen, and wail'd.

and wan d.

"Why kneel ye there? What evil have ye wrought?

Rise!" and the damsel bidden rise arose

And stood with folded hands and downward eyes

Of glancing corner, and all meekly said,

"None wrought, but suffer'd much, an orphan maid!

My father died in battle for thy King, My mother on his corpse—in open field,

The sad sea-sounding wastes of Lyon-

Poor wretch — no friend! — and now by Mark the King

For that small charm of feature mine, pursued —

If any such be mine—I fly to thee. Save, save me thou— Woman of women—thine

The wreath of beauty, thine the crown

of power, Be thine the balm of pity, O Heaven's own white

Earth-angel, stainless bride of stainless King —

Help, for he follows! take me to thyself!

O yield me shelter for mine innocency Among thy maidens!"

Here her slow sweet eyes Fear-tremulous, but humbly hopeful, rose

Fixt on her hearer's, while the Queen

who stood All glittering like May sunshine on

May leaves
In green and gold, and plumed with
green replied,

"Peace, child! of overpraise and overblame

We choose the last. Our noble Arthur, him

Ye scarce can overpraise, will hear and know.

Nay — we believe all evil of thy
Mark —

Well, we shall test thee farther; but this hour

We ride a-hawking with Sir Lancelot. He hath given us a fair falcon which he train'd;

We go to prove it. Bide ye here the while."

She past; and Vivien murmur'd after "Go!

I bide the while." Then thro' the portal-arch
Peering askance, and muttering

broken-wise,
As one that labors with an evil dream
Beheld the Queen and Lancelot get to

horse.

"Is that the Lancelot? goodly ay, but gaunt: Courteous—amends for gauntness—

takes her hand—
That glance of theirs, but for the

street, had been
A clinging kiss — how hand lingers

in hand!

Let go at last!—they ride away—

to hawk

For waterfowl. Royaller game i

For waterfowl. Royaller game mine.

For such a supersensual sensual bone
As that gray cricket chirpt of at ou
hearth—

Touch flax with flame—a glance will serve—the liars!

Ah little rat that borest in the dyke Thy hole by night to let the boundles deep

Down upon far-off cities while the dance —

Or dream — of thee they dream'd no — nor of me

These — ay, but each of either: rid and dream

The mortal dream that never yet warmine —

Ride, ride and dream until ye wake - to me!

hen, narrow court and lubber King, farewell!

or Lancelot will be gracious to the rat,

and our wise Queen, if knowing that I know,

Vill hate, loathe, fear - but honor me the more."

Yet while they rode together down the plain,

'heir talk was all of training, terms of art,

Diet and seeling, jesses, leash and lure. She is too noble" he said "to check at pies,

for will she rake: there is no base-

ness in her."

lere when the Queen demanded as by

Know ye the stranger woman?" "Let her be,"

aid Lancelot and unhooded casting

he goodly falcon free; she tower'd: her bells.

one under tone, shrill'd; and they lifted up

heir eager faces, wondering at the strength,

oldness and royal knighthood of the

ho pounced her quarry and slew it. Many a time

s once - of old - among the flowers - they rode.

But Vivien half-forgotten of the Queen

mong her damsels broidering sat, heard, watch'd

nd whisper'd: thro' the peaceful court she crept

nd whisper'd: then as Arthur in the highest

eaven'd the world, so Vivien in the lowest,

rriving at a time of golden rest, nd sowing one ill hint from ear to

hile all the heathen lay at Arthur's feet.

And no quest came, but all was joust and play,

Leaven'd his hall. They heard and let her be.

Thereafter as an enemy that has left Death in the living waters, and withdrawn,

The wily Vivien stole from Arthur's court.

She hated all the knights, and heard in thought

Their lavish comment when her name was named.

For once, when Arthur walking all alone,

Vext at a rumor issued from herself Of some corruption crept among his knights,

Had met her, Vivien, being greeted fair.

Would fain have wrought upon his cloudy mood

With reverent eyes mock-loyal, shaken voice.

And flutter'd adoration, and at last With dark sweet hints of some who prized him more

Than who should prize him most; at which the King

Had gazed upon her blankly and gone bv:

But one had watch'd, and had not heid his peace:

It made the laughter of an afternoon Vivien should attempt the blameless King.

And after that, she set herself to gain Him, the most famous man of all those times,

Merlin, who knew the range of all their arts.

Had built the King his havens, ships, and halls,

Was also Bard, and knew the starry heavens:

The people call'd him Wizard; whom at first

She play'd about with slight and sprightly talk.

And vivid smiles, and faintly-venom'd points

Of slander, glancing here and grazing there;

And yielding to his kindlier moods, the Seer

Would watch her at her petulance, and play,

Ev'n when they seem'd unloveable, and laugh

As those that watch a kitten; thus he grew

Tolerant of what he half disdain'd, and she,

Perceiving that she was but half disdain'd,

Began to break her sports with graver fits,

Turn red or pale, would often when they met

Sigh fully, or all-silent gaze upon him With such a fixt devotion, that the old man,

Tho' doubtful, felt the flattery, and at times

Would flatter his own wish in age for love.

And half believe her true: for thus at

He waver'd; but that other clung to him,

Fixt in her will, and so the seasons went.

Then fell on Merlin a great melancholy;

He walk'd with dreams and darkness,

A doom that ever poised itself to fall, An ever-moaning battle in the mist, World-war of dying flesh against the

life,
Death in all life and lying in all love,
The meanest having power upon the
highest,

And the high purpose broken by the worm.

So leaving Arthur's court he gain'd the beach;

There found a little boat, and stept into it;

And Vivien follow'd, but he mark'd her not.

She took the helm and he the sail the boat

Drave with a sudden wind across the deeps,
And touching Breton sands, they dis

embark'd. And then she follow'd Merlin all the

way, Ev'n to the wild woods of Broceliande For Merlin once had told her of a charm.

The which if any wrought on anyon With woven paces and with waving arms.

The man so wrought on ever seem'd

Closed in the four walls of a hollow tower,

From which was no escape for ever

And none could find that man for evermore,

Nor could he see but him who wrough the charm

Coming and going, and he lay as dea And lost to life and use and nam and fame.

And Vivien ever sought to work the charm
Upon the great Enchanter of the

Time,
As fancying that her glory would h

great
According to his greatness whom sh

quench'd.

There lay she all her length an kiss'd his feet,

As if in deepest reverence and in lov A twist of gold was round her hair; robe

Of samite without price, that mo exprest

Than hid her, clung about her lisson limbs,

In color like the satin-shining palm
On sallows in the windy gleams
March:

And while she kiss'd them, cryin "Trample me,

Dear feet, that I have follow'd thro' the world,

And I will pay you worship; tread me down

And I will kiss you for it;" he was mute:

So dark a forethought roll'd about his brain,

As on a dull day in an Ocean cave

The blind wave feeling round his long sea-hall

In silence: wherefore, when she lifted up

A face of sad appeal, and spake and said.

"O Merlin, do ye love me?" and again,

"O Merlin, do ye love me?" and once more.

"Great Master, do ye love me?" he was mute.

And lissome Vivien, holding by his heel,

Writhed toward him, slided up his knee and sat,

Behind his ankle twined her hollow feet

Together, curved an arm about his neck,

Clung like a snake; and letting her left hand

Droop from his mighty shoulder, as a leaf,

Made with her right a comb of pearl

to part
The lists of such a beard as youth gone

out
Had left in ashes: then he spoke and

said, Not looking at her, "Who are wise in

Love most, say least," and Vivien

answer'd quick,
I saw the little elf-god eyeless once

In Arthur's arras hall at Camelot: But neither eyes nor tongue—O

stupid child!
Yet you are wise who say it; let me
think

Silence is wisdom: I am silent then, And ask no kiss;" then adding all at once "And lo, I clothe myself with wisdom," drew

The vast and shaggy mantle of his beard

Across her neck and bosom to her knee,

And call'd herself a gilded summer fly Caught in a great old tyrant spider's web,

Who meant to eat her up in that wild wood

Without one word. So Vivien call'd herself,

But rather seem'd a lovely baleful star Veil'd in gray vapor; till he sadly smiled:

"To what request for what strange boon," he said,

"Are these your pretty tricks and fooleries,

O Vivien, the preamble? yet my thanks,

For these have broken up my melancholy."

And Vivien answer'd smiling saucily,

"What, O my Master, have ye found your voice?

I bid the stranger welcome. Thanks at last!

But yesterday you never open'd lip, Except indeed to drink: no cup had we:

In mine own lady palms I cull'd the spring That gather'd trickling dropwise from

the cleft,
And made a pretty cup of both my

hands And offer'd you it kneeling: then you

drank

And knew no more, nor gave me one poor word;

O no more thanks than might a goat have given

With no more sign of reverence than a beard.

And when we halted at that other well,

And I was faint to swooning, and you lay

Foot-gilt with all the blossom-dust of | those

Deep meadows we had traversed, did

you know That Vivien bathed your feet before her own?

And yet no thanks: and all thro' this wild wood

And all this morning when I fondled you:

Boon, ay, there was a boon, one not so strange -

How had I wrong'd you? surely ye are wise.

But such a silence is more wise than kind."

And Merlin lock'd his hand in hers and said:

"O did ye never lie upon the shore,

And watch the curl'd white of the coming wave

Glass'd in the slippery sand before it breaks?

Ev'n such a wave, but not so pleasurable.

Dark in the glass of some presageful mood,

Had I for three days seen, ready to fall.

And then I rose and fled from Arthur's

court To break the mood. You follow'd me

unask'd; And when I look'd, and saw you following still,

My mind involved yourself the nearest thing

In that mind-mist: for shall I tell you

truth? You seem'd that wave about to break

upon me And sweep me from my hold upon the

world, My use and name and fame. Your pardon, child.

Your pretty sports have brighten'd all

again. And ask your boon, for boon I owe

you thrice, Once for wrong done you by confusion, next

For thanks it seems till now neglected, last

these your dainty gambols: For wherefore ask;

And take this boon so strange and not so strange."

And Vivien answer'd smiling mournfully:

"O not so strange as my long asking

Not yet so strange as you yourself are strange,

Nor half so strange as that dark mood of yours.

I ever fear'd ye were not wholly mine:

And see, yourself have own'd ye did me wrong.

The people call you prophet: let it be:

But not of those that can expound themselves.

Take Vivien for expounder; she will

That three-days-long presageful gloom of yours

No presage, but the same mistrustful mood

That makes you seem less noble than vourself,

Whenever I have ask'd this very boon. Now ask'd again: for see you not

dear love, That such a mood as that, which

lately gloom'd Your fancy when ye saw me follow

ing you,

Must make me fear still more you are not mine,

Must make me yearn still more to prove you mine,

And make me wish still more to lear this charm

Of woven paces and of waving hands As proof of trust. O Merlin, teach i

The charm so taught will charm u both to rest.

For, grant me some slight power upo your fate,

i, feeling that you felt me worthy trust,

Should rest and let you rest, knowing you mine.

And therefore be as great as ye are named,

Not muffled round with selfish reticence.

How hard you look and how denyingly!

), if you think this wickedness in me, That I should prove it on you unawares,

That makes me passing wrathful; then our bond

Had best be loosed for ever: but think or not,

By Heaven that hears I tell you the clean truth.

As clean as blood of babes, as white as milk:

O Merlin, may this earth, if ever I, if these unwitty wandering wits of

mine, Ev'n in the jumbled rubbish of a dream,

Have tript on such conjectural treachery—

May this hard earth cleave to the Nadir hell

Down, down, and close again, and nip me flat.

f I be such a traitress. Yield my boon,

fill which I scarce can yield you all I am;

And grant my re-reiterated wish, the great proof of your love: because I think,

lowever wise, ye hardly know me yet."

And Merlin loosed his hand from hers and said,

I never was less wise, however wise, loo curious Vivien, tho' you talk of trust,

han when I told you first of such a charm.

Cea, if ye talk of trust I tell you this, oo much I trusted when I told you that,

And stirr'd this vice in you which ruin'd man

Thro' woman the first hour; for howsoe'er

In children a great curiousness be well,

Who have to learn themselves and all the world,

In you, that are no child, for still I find

Your face is practised when I spell the lines,

I call it, — well, I will not call it vice:
But since you name yourself the
summer fly,

I well could wish a cobweb for the gnat,

That settles, beaten back, and beaten back

Settles, till one could yield for weariness:

But since I will not yield to give you power

Upon my life and use and name and fame,

Why will ye never ask some other boon?

Yea, by God's rood, I trusted you too much."

And Vivien, like the tenderesthearted maid

That ever bided tryst at village stile, Made answer, either eyelid wet with tears:

"Nay, Master, be not wrathful with your maid;

Caress her: let her feel herself forgiven

Who feels no heart to ask another boon.

I think ye hardly know the tender rhyme

Of 'trust me not at all or all in all.'

I heard the great Sir Lancelot sing it once,

And it shall answer for me. Listen to it.

'In Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours,

Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers:

Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

'It is the little rift within the lute, That by and by will make the music mute.

And ever widening slowly silence all.

'The little rift within the lover's

Or little pitted speck in garner'd fruit, That rotting inward slowly moulders all.

'It is not worth the keeping: let it

But shall it? answer, darling, answer,

And trust me not at all or all in all.'

O Master, do ye love my tender rhyme?"

And Merlin look'd and half believed her true, So tender was her voice, so fair her

face, So sweetly gleam'd her eyes behind

her tears
Like sunlight on the plain behind a

shower:
And yet he answer'd half indignantly:

"Far other was the song that once

I heard By this huge oak, sung nearly where

we sit:
For here we met, some ten or twelve

of us,

To chase a creature that was current

then In these wild woods, the hart with

golden horns. It was the time when first the ques-

tion rose About the founding of a Table Round, That was to be, for love of God and

And noble deeds, the flower of all the world.

And each incited each to noble deeds And while we waited, one, the youngest of us.

We could not keep him silent, out he flash'd,

And into such a song, such fire for fame,

Such trumpet-blowings in it, coming down

To such a stern and iron-clashing close.

That when he stopt we long'd to hurl together,

And should have done it; but the beauteous beast

Scared by the noise upstarted at our feet,

And like a silver shadow slipt away Thro' the dim land; and all day long

Thro' the dim land; and all day long
we rode
Thro' the dim land against a rushing

wind,
That glorious roundel echoing in our

ears,
And chased the flashes of his golden

horns
Until they vanish'd by the fairy well

That laughs at iron — as our warriors did—

Where children cast their pins and nails, and cry,

'Laugh, little well!' but touch it with a sword, It buzzes fiercely round the point; and

there We lost him: such a noble song was

But, Vivien, when you sang me that

sweet rhyme,
I felt as tho' you knew this cursed

charm,
Were proving it on me, and that I

And felt them slowly ebbing, name and fame."

And Vivien answer'd smiling

mournfully:
"O mine have ebb'd away for evermore.

And all thro' following you to this wild wood,

Because I saw you sad, to comfort | you.

Lo now, what hearts have men! they never mount

As high as woman in her selfless mood.

And touching fame, howe'er ye scorn my song,

Take one verse more—the lady speaks it—this:

"'My name, once mine, now thine, is closelier mine,

For fame, could fame be mine, that fame were thine.

And shame, could shame be thine,

that shame were mine. So trust me not at all or all in all.'

"Says she not well? and there is more — this rhyme

Is like the fair pearl-necklace of the Queen.

That burst in dancing, and the pearls were spilt:

Some lost, some stolen, some as relics kept.

But nevermore the same two sister pearls

Ran down the silken thread to kiss each other

On her white neck—so is it with this rhyme:

It lives dispersedly in many hands, And every minstrel sings it differently;

Yet is there one true line, the pearl of pearls:

Man dreams of Fame while woman wakes to love.'

Tea! Love, tho' Love were of the grossest, carves

I portion from the solid present, eats and uses, careless of the rest; but Fame.

'he Fame that follows death is nothing to us;

and what is Fame in life but half-disfame,

and counterchanged with darkness?

Know well that Envy calls you Devil's son,

And since ye seem the Master of all Art,

They fain would make you Master of all vice."

And Merlin lock'd his hand in hers and said,

"I once was looking for a magic weed, And found a fair young squire who sat alone,

Had carved himself a knightly shield of wood,

And then was painting on it fancied arms,

Azure, an Éagle rising or, the Sun

In dexter chief; the scroll 'I follow fame.' And speaking not, but leaning over

And speaking not, but leaning over him,

I took his brush and blotted out the bird,

And made a Gardener putting in

graff, With this for motto, 'Rather use than

You should have seen him blush; but afterwards

He made a stalwart knight. O Vivien, For you, methinks you think you love me well:

For me, I love you somewhat; rest:

Should have some rest and pleasure in himself.

Not ever be too curious for a boon,

Too prurient for a proof against the

Of him ye say ye love: but Fame with men,

Being but ampler means to serve mankind,

Should have small rest or pleasure in herself,

But work as vassal to the larger love, That dwarfs the petty love of one to one.

Use gave me Fame at first, and Fame again

Increasing gave me use. Lo, there my boon!

What other? for men sought to prove me vile,

Because I fain had given them greater

And then did Envy call me Devil's The sick weak beast seeking to help

herself

By striking at her better miss'd, and brought

Her own claw back, and wounded her own heart.

Sweet were the days when I was all unknown,

But when my name was lifted up, the storm

Brake on the mountain and I cared not for it.

Right well know I that Fame is halfdisfame,

Yet needs must work my work. That other fame,

To one at least, who hath not children, vague,

The cackle of the unborn about the grave.

I cared not for it: a single misty star, Which is the second in a line of stars That seem a sword beneath a belt of three,

I never gazed upon it but I dreamt Of some vast charm concluded in that

To make fame nothing. Wherefore, if I fear,

Giving you power upon me thro' this charm.

That you might play me falsely, hav-

ing power, However well ye think ye love me now (As sons of kings loving in pupilage Have turn'd to tyrants when they came to power)

I rather dread the loss of use than

fame: If you - and not so much from

wickedness, As some wild turn of anger, or a mood Of overstrain'd affection, it may be,

To keep me all to your own self, - or else

A sudden spurt of woman's jealousy,-

Should try this charm on whom ye say ve love."

And Vivien answer'd smiling as in "Have I not sworn? I am not trusted.

Good! Well, hide it, hide it; I shall find it

And being found take heed of Vivien. A woman and not trusted, doubtless I Might feel some sudden turn of anger

born Of your misfaith; and your fine epithet

Is accurate too, for this full love of mine

Without the full heart back may merit well

Your term of overstrain'd. So used as I.

My daily wonder is, I love at all. And as to woman's jealousy, O why

O to what end, except a jealous one, And one to make me jealous if I love, Was this fair charm invented by your self?

I well believe that all about this world Ye cage a buxom captive here and there.

Closed in the four walls of a hollow tower

From which is no escape for ever more."

Then the great Master merrily an swer'd her:

"Full many a love in loving yout was mine;

I needed then no charm to keep then mine

But youth and love; and that fu heart of yours

Whereof ye prattle, may now assur you mine;

So live uncharm'd. For those wh wrought it first,

The wrist is parted from the han

that waved, The feet unmortised from their ankl bones

Who paced it, ages back: but will ye hear

The legend as in guerdon for your rhyme?

"There lived a king in the most Eastern East,

Less old than I, yet older, for my

Hath earnest in it of far springs to be. A tawny pirate anchor'd in his port, Whose bark had plunder'd twenty nameless isles;

And passing one, at the high peep of

dawn,

He saw two cities in a thousand boats All fighting for a woman on the sea. And pushing his black craft among

them all, He lightly scatter'd theirs and brought

her off,

With loss of half his people arrow-

slain;
A maid so smooth, so white, so wonderful.

They said a light came from her when she moved:

And since the pirate would not yield her up,

The King impaled him for his piracy; Then made her Queen: but those islenurtured eyes

Waged such unwilling tho' successful war

On all the youth, they sicken'd; coun-

cils thinn'd,
And armies waned, for magnet-like

The rustiest iron of old fighters'

hearts; And beasts themselves would worship;

camels knelt Unbidden, and the brutes of mountain back

That carry kings in castles, bow'd black knees

Of homage, ringing with their serpent hands,

To make her smile, her golden anklebells.

What wonder, being jealous, that he sent

His horns of proclamation out thro'

The hundred under-kingdoms that he sway'd

To find a wizard who might teach the King

Some charm, which being wrought upon the Queen

Might keep her all his own: to such a one

He promised more than ever king has given,

A league of mountain full of golden mines,

A province with a hundred miles of coast,

A palace and a princess, all for him:

But on all those who tried and fail'd, the King

Pronounced a dismal sentence, meaning by it

To keep the list low and pretenders back,

Or like a king, not to be trifled with— Their heads should moulder on the city gates.

And many tried and fail'd, because the charm

Of nature in her overbore their own:
And many a wizard brow bleach'd on
the walls:

And many weeks a troop of carrion crows

Hung like a cloud above the gateway towers."

And Vivien breaking in upon him, said:

"I sit and gather honey; yet, methinks,

Thy tongue has tript a little: ask thyself.

The lady never made unwilling war

With those fine eyes: she had her pleasure in it,

And made her good man jealous with good cause.

good cause.

And lived there neither dame nor damsel then

Wroth at a lover's loss? were all as tame.

I mean, as noble, as their Queen was fair?

Not one to flirt a venom at her eyes, Or pinch a murderous dust into her drink.

Or make her paler with a poison'd

Well, those were not our days: but did they find

A wizard? Tell me, was he like to thee?"

She ceased, and made her lithe arm round his neck

Tighten, and then drew back, and let her eyes

Speak for her, glowing on him, like a bride's

On her new lord, her own, the first of men.

He answer'd laughing, "Nay, not like to me.

At last they found — his foragers for charms —

A little glassy-headed hairless man, Who lived alone in a great wild on grass;

Read but one book, and ever reading

So grated down and filed away with thought.

50 lean his eyes were monstrous; while the skin

Clung but to crate and basket, ribs and spine.

And since he kept his mind on one sole aim,

Nor ever touch'd fierce wine, nor tasted flesh,

Nor own'd a sensual wish, to him the wall

That sunders ghosts and shadow-casting men

Became a crystal, and he saw them thro' it,

And heard their voices talk behind the wall,

And learnt their elemental secrets, powers

And forces; often o'er the sun's bright

Drew the vast eyelid of an inky cloud, And lash'd it at the base with slanting storm:

Or in the noon of mist and driving

When the lake whiten'd and the pinewood roar'd,

And the cairn'd mountain was a shadow, sunn'd

The world to peace again: here was the man.

And so by force they dragg'd him to the King.

And then he taught the King to charm the Queen

In such-wise, that no man could see her more,

Nor saw she save the King, who wrought the charm,

Coming and going, and she lay as dead,

And lost all use of life: but when the King

Made proffer of the league of golden mines,

The province with a hundred miles of

coast,
The palace and the princess, that old

man Went back to his old wild, and lived

on grass, And vanish'd, and his book came

down to me."

And Vivien answer'd smiling sau-

cily:
"Ye have the book: the charm is

"Ye have the book: the charm is written in it:
Good: take my counsel: let me know

it at once: For keep it like a puzzle chest in

chest, With each chest lock'd and padlock'd

thirty-fold,
And whelm all this beneath as vast a

mound

As after furious battle turfs the

On some wild down above the windy deep,

I yet should strike upon a sudden means

eye

o dig, pick, open, find and read the

hen, if I tried it, who should blame me then?"

And smiling as a master smiles at one

hat is not of his school, nor any school

ut that where blind and naked Ignorance

elivers brawling judgments, unashamed,

n all things all day long, he answer'd her:

"Thou read the book, my pretty Vivien!

ay, it is but twenty pages long, ut every page having an ample

marge, nd every marge enclosing in the

midst square of text that looks a little

blot, he text no larger than the limbs of

fleas; nd every square of text an awful

charm, Irit in a language that has long gone

long, that mountains have arisen since

7ith cities on their flanks — thou read the book!

nd every margin scribbled, crost, and cramm'd

7ith comment, densest condensation, hard

o mind and eye; but the long sleepless nights

f my long life have made it easy to me.

nd none can read the text, not even I;

nd none can read the comment but myself;

nd in the comment did I find the charm.

, the results are simple; a mere child

ight use it to the harm of any one,

And never could undo it: ask no more:

For the you should not prove it upon me,

But keep that oath ye sware, ye might, perchance,

Assay it on some one of the Table Round,

And all because ye dream they babble of you."

And Vivien, frowning in true anger, said:

"What dare the full-fed liars say of me?

They ride abroad redressing human wrongs!

They sit with knife in meat and wine in horn!

They bound to holy vows of chastity!
Were I not woman, I could tell a tale.
But you are man, you well can understand

The shame that cannot be explain'd for shame.

Not one of all the drove should touch me: swine!"

Then answer'd Merlin careless of her words:

"You breathe but accusation vast and vague, Spleen-born, I think, and proofless.

If ye know, Set up the charge ye know, to stand

or fall!"

And Vivien answer'd frowning wrathfully:

"O ay, what say ye to Sir Valence, him

Whose kinsman left him watcher o'er his wife

And two fair babes, and went to distant lands;

Was one year gone, and on returning found

Not two but three? there lay the reckling, one

But one hour old! What said the happy sire?

A seven-months' babe had been a truer gift.

Those twelve sweet moons confused his fatherhood."

Then answer'd Merlin, "Nay, I know the tale.

Sir Valence wedded with an outland dame:

Some cause had kept him sunder'd from his wife:

One child they had: it lived with her: she died:

His kinsman travelling on his own affair

Was charged by Valence to bring home the child.

He brought, not found it therefore: take the truth."

"O ay," said Vivien, "overtrue a tale.

What say ye then to sweet Sir Sagramore,

That ardent man? 'to pluck the flower in season,'

So says the song, 'I trow it is no treason.'

O Master, shall we call him overquick To crop his own sweet rose before the hour?"

And Merlin answer'd, "Overquick art thou

To catch a loathly plume fall'n from the wing

Of that foul bird of rapine whose whole prey

Is man's good name: he never wrong'd his bride.

I know the tale. An angry gust of wind

Puff'd out his torch among the myriadroom'd

And many-corridor'd complexities
Of Arthur's palace: then he found a
door.

And darkling felt the sculptured ornament

That wreathen round it made it seem his own;

And wearied out made for the couch and slept,

A stainless man beside a stainless maid;

And either slept, nor knew of other there;
Till the high dawn piercing the royal

rose In Arthur's casement glimmer'd chastely down,

Blushing upon them blushing, and at once

He rose without a word and parted

from her:
But when the thing was blazed about
the court.

The brute world howling forced them into bonds,

And as it chanced they are happy, being pure."

"O ay," said Vivien, "that were likely too.

What say ye then to fair Sir Percivale
And of the horrid foulness that he
wrought,

The saintly youth, the spotless lamb of Christ,

Or some black wether of St. Satan's fold.

What, in the precincts of the chapelyard, Among the knightly brasses of the

graves,
And by the cold Hic Jacets of the
dead!"

And Merlin answer'd careless of her charge,

"A sober man is Percivale and pure; But once in life was fluster'd with new

Then paced for coolness in the chapelyard;

Where one of Satan's shepherdesses caught

And meant to stamp him with her master's mark;

And that he sinn'd is not believable; For, look upon his face! — but if he sinn'd. The sin that practice burns into the blood,

And not the one dark hour which

brings remorse,

Will brand us, after, of whose fold we be:

Or else were he, the holy king, whose hymns

Are chanted in the minster, worse than all.

But is your spleen froth'd out, or have ye more?"

And Vivien answer'd frowning yet in wrath:

'O ay; what say ye to Sir Lancelot, friend

Craitor or true? that commerce with the Queen.

ask you, is it clamor'd by the child,

or whisper'd in the corner? do ye know it?"

To which he answer'd sadly, "Yea, I know it.

Sir Lancelot went ambassador, at first,

To fetch her, and she watch'd him from her walls.

rumor runs, she took him for the

King,

so fixt her fancy on him: let them be.

3ut have ye no one word of loyal
praise

for Arthur, blameless King and stainless man?"

She answer'd with a low and chuckling laugh:

Man! is he man at all, who knows and winks?

ees what his fair bride is and does, and winks?

blind himself,

and blinds himself and all the Table
Round

o all the foulness that they work.

Myself

Could call him (were it not for womanhood)

The pretty, popular name such manhood earns,

Could call him the main cause of all their crime;

Yea, were he not crown'd King, coward, and fool."

Then Merlin to his own heart, loathing, said:

"O true and tender! O my liege and King!

O selfless man and stainless gentleman,

Who wouldst against thine own eyewitness fain

Have all men true and leal, all women pure;

How, in the mouths of base interpreters,

From over-fineness not intelligible

To things with every sense as false and foul

As the poach'd filth that floods the middle street,

Is thy white blamelessness accounted blame!"

But Vivien, deeming Merlin overborne

By instance, recommenced, and let her tongue

Rage like a fire among the noblest names,

Polluting, and imputing her whole self,

Defaming and defacing, till she left Not even Lancelot brave, nor Galahad clean.

Her words had issue other than she will'd.

He dragg'd his eyebrow bushes down, and made

A snowy penthouse for his hollow eyes.

And mutter'd in himself, "Tell her the charm!

So, if she had it, would she rail on me To snare the next, and if she have it not

So will she rail. What did the wanton say? 'Not mount as high;' we scarce can sink as low:

For men at most differ as Heaven and earth,

But women, worst and best, as Heaven and Hell. I know the Table Round, my friends

of old; All brave, and many generous, and

some chaste. She cloaks the scar of some repulse

with lies;
I well believe she tempted them and

fail'd, Being so bitter: for fine plots may

fail,
Tho' harlots paint their talk as well
as face

With colors of the heart that are not theirs.

I will not let her know: nine tithes of

times Face-flatterer and backbiter are the

same.

And they, sweet soul, that most impute a crime

Are pronest to it, and impute themselves,

Wanting the mental range; or low desire

Not to feel lowest makes them level all;

Yea, they would pare the mountain to the plain,

To leave an equal baseness; and in this

Are harlots like the crowd, that if they find Some stain or blemish in a name of

note, Not grieving that their greatest are so

small, Inflate themselves with some insane

delight, And judge all nature from her feet of

clay,
Without the will to lift their eyes, and

see Her godlike head crown'd with spir-

itual fire,

And touching other worlds. I am
weary of her."

He spoke in words part heard, in whispers part,

Half-suffocated in the hoary fell

And many-winter'd fleece of throat and chin.

But Vivien, gathering somewhat of his mood, And hearing "harlot" mutter'd twice

And hearing "harlot" mutter'd twic

Leapt from her session on his lap, and stood Stiff as a viper frozen; loathsome

sight,
How from the rosy lips of life and

love, Flash'd the bare-grinning skeleton of

death!
White was her cheek; sharp breaths

of anger puff'd

Her fairy nostril out; her hand halfclench'd

Went faltering sideways downward to her belt.

her belt, And feeling; had she found a dagger

there
(For in a wink the false love turns
to hate)

She would have stabb'd him; but she found it not:

His eye was calm, and suddenly she

To bitter weeping like a beaten child, A long, long weeping, not consolable.

Then her false voice made way, broken with sobs:

"O crueller than was ever told in tale,

Or sung in song! O vainly lavish'd love!

O cruel, there was nothing wild or strange,

Or seeming shameful—for what shame in love,

So love be true, and not as yours is nothing

Poor Vivien had not done to win his

Who call'd her what he call'd her — all her crime,

All—all—the wish to prove him wholly hers."

She mused a little, and then clapt her hands

Together with a wailing shriek, and said:

"Stabb'd through the heart's affections to the heart!

Seethed like the kid in its own mother's milk!

Kill'd with a word worse than a life of blows!

I thought that he was gentle, being great:

O God, that I had loved a smaller man! I should have found in him a greater heart.

O, I, that flattering my true passion,

The knights, the court, the King, dark in your light,

Who loved to make men darker than

they are, Because of that high pleasure which

I had To seat you sole upon my pedestal

Of worship—I am answer'd, and henceforth

The course of life that seem'd so flowery to me

With you for guide and master, only you,

Becomes the sea-cliff pathway broken short,

And ending in a ruin—nothing left, But into some low cave to crawl, and there, If the wolf spare me, weep my life

away, Kill'd with inutterable unkindliness."

She paused, she turn'd away, she hung her head,

The snake of gold slid from her hair, the braid

Slipt and uncoil'd itself, she wept afresh,

And the dark wood grew darker toward the storm

In silence, while his anger slowly died Within him, till he let his wisdom go For ease of heart, and half believed her true:

Call'd her to shelter in the hollow oak,

"Come from the storm," and having no reply,

Gazed at the heaving shoulder, and the face

Hand-hidden, as for utmost grief or shame;

Then thrice essay'd, by tenderesttouching terms,

To sleek her ruffled peace of mind, in

vain.
At last she let herself be conquer'd by him,

And as the cageling newly flown returns.

The seeming-injured, simple-hearted

Came to her old perch back, and settled there.

There while she sat, half-falling from his knees.

Half-nestled at his heart, and since he

The slow tear creep from her closed eye-lid yet,

About her, more in kindness than in love.

The gentle wizard cast a shielding arm.

But she dislink'd herself at once and rose,
Her arms upon her breast across, and

stood,
A virtuous gentlewoman deeply

wrong'd,
Upright and flush'd before him: then
she said:

"There must be now no passages of love

Betwixt us twain henceforward evermore:

Since, if I be what I am grossly call'd, What should be granted which your

own gross heart
Would reckon worth the taking?

Would reckon worth the taking? I will go.

In truth, but one thing now — better have died

Thrice than have ask'd it once — could make me stay —

That proof of trust—so often ask'd in vain!

How justly, after that vile term of yours,

I find with grief! I might believe you then.

Who knows? once more. Lo! what was once to me

Mere matter of the fancy, now hath grown
The vast necessity of heart and life.

Farewell; think gently of me, for I fear

My fate or folly, passing gayer youth For one so old, must be to love thee still.

But ere I leave thee let me swear once

That if I schemed against thy peace in this.

May yon just heaven, that darkens o'er me, send

One flash, that, missing all things else, may make

My scheming brain a cinder, if I lie."

Scarce had she ceased, when out of heaven a bolt

(For now the storm was close above them) struck,

Furrowing a giant oak, and javelining With darted spikes and splinters of the wood

The dark earth round. He raised his eyes and saw

The tree that shone white-listed thro' the gloom.

But Vivien, fearing heaven had heard her oath, And dazzled by the livid-flickering

fork,

And deafen'd with the stammering cracks and claps

That follow'd, flying back and crying out,

"O Merlin, tho' you do not love me, save,

Yet save me!" clung to him and hugg'd him close;

And call'd him dear protector in her fright,

Nor yet forgot her practice in her fright,

But wrought upon his mood and hugg'd him close.

The pale blood of the wizard at her touch

Took gayer colors, like an opal warm'd. She blamed herself for telling hearsay

tales:
She shook from fear, and for her faul she wept

Of petulancy; she call'd him lord and

liege, Her seer, her bard, her silver star of

eve, Her God, her Merlin, the one passionate love

Of her whole life; and ever overhead Bellow'd the tempest, and the rotten

branch Snapt in the rushing of the river-rain Above them; and in change of glare

and gloom Her eyes and neck glittering went and

came;
Till now the storm, its burst of passion

Moaning and calling out of other lands,

Had left the ravaged woodland yet once more

To peace; and what should not have been had been,

For Merlin, overtalk'd and overworn, Had yielded, told her all the charm, and slept.

Then, in one moment, she put forth the charm

Of woven paces and of waving hands, And in the hollow oak he lay as dead, And lost to life and use and name and fame.

Then crying "I have made his glory mine," And shricking out "O fool!" the har-

lot leapt Adown the forest, and the thicket

closed
Behind her, and the forest echo'd
"fool."

## LANCELOT AND ELAINE.

ELAINE the fair, Elaine the loveable, Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat,

High in her chamber up a tower to the east

Guarded the sacred shield of Lance-

Which first she placed where morning's earliest ray

Might strike it, and awake her with the gleam;

Then fearing rust or soilure fashion'd for it

A case of silk, and braided thereupon All the devices blazon'd on the shield In their own tinct, and added, of her

A border fantasy of branch and flower, And yellow-throated nestling in the nest.

Nor rested thus content, but day by day,

Leaving her household and good father, climb'd

That eastern tower, and entering barr'd her door.

Stript off the case, and read the naked shield,

Now guess'd a hidden meaning in his arms. Now made a pretty history to herself

Of every dint a sword had beaten in And every scratch a lance had made

upon it, Conjecturing when and where: this

cut is fresh; That ten years back; this dealt him

at Caerlyle; That at Caerleon; this at Camelot:

And ah God's mercy, what a stroke was there! And here a thrust that might have

kill'd, but God Broke the strong lance and roll'd his

enemy down, And saved him: so she lived in fantasy.

How came the lily maid by that good shield

Of Lancelot, she that knew not ev'n his name?

He left it with her, when he rode to

For the great diamond in the diamond jousts,

Which Arthur had ordain'd, and by that name

Had named them, since a diamond was the prize.

For Arthur, long before they crown'd him King,

Roving the trackless realms of Lyonnesse.

Had found a glen, gray boulder and black tarn.

A horror lived about the tarn, and

Like its own mists to all the mountain

For here two brothers, one a king, had met

And fought together: but their names were lost:

And each had slain his brother at a blow: And down they fell and made the glen

abhorr'd:

And there they lay till all their bones were bleach'd,

And lichen'd into color with the crags: And he, that once was king, had on a crown

Of diamonds, one in front, and four aside.

And Arthur came, and laboring up the

All in a misty moonshine, unawares Had trodden that crown'd skeleton, and the skull

Brake from the nape, and from the skull the crown

Roll'd into light, and turning on its

rims Fled like a glittering rivulet to the

tarn:

And down the shingly scaur he plunged, and caught,

And set it on his head, and in his heart Heard murmurs, "Lo, thou likewise shalt be King."

Thereafter, when a King, he had the

Pluck'd from the crown, and show'd them to his knights,

Saying "These jewels, whereupon I chanced

Divinely, are the kingdom's, not the King's —

For public use: henceforward let there be,

Once every year, a joust for one of these:

For so by nine years' proof we needs must learn

Which is our mightiest, and ourselves shall grow

In use of arms and manhood, till we

The heathen, who, some say, shall rule the land

Hereafter, which God hinder." Thus he spoke:

And eight years past, eight jousts had been, and still

Had Lancelot won the diamond of the

With purpose to present them to the Queen,

When all were won; but meaning all at once

To snare her royal fancy with a boon Worth half her realm, had never spoken word.

Now for the central diamond and the last

And largest, Arthur, holding then his court

Hard on the river nigh the place which now

Is this world's hugest, let proclaim a joust

At Camelot, and when the time drew nigh

Spake (for she had been sick) to Guinevere,

"Are you so sick, my Queen, you cannot move

To these fair jousts?" "Yea, lord," she said, "ye know it."

"Then will ye miss," he answer'd, "the great deeds

Of Lancelot, and his prowess in the lists,

A sight ye love to look on." And the Queen

Lifted her eyes, and they dwelt languidly On Lancelot, where he stood beside

On Lancelot, where he stood beside the King. He thinking that he read her meaning

there,
"Stay with me, I am sick; my love is

more
Than many diamonds," yielded; and

a heart
Love-loyal to the least wish of the

Queen (However much he yearn'd to make

complete
The tale of diamonds for his destined

boon)
Urged him to speak against the truth,

and say,

"Sir King, mine ancient wound is

hardly whole,
And lets me from the saddle;" and

the King
Glanced first at him, then her, and

went his way.

No sooner gone than suddenly she

began:

"To blame, my lord Sir Lancelot, much to blame!

Why go ye not to these fair jousts?
the knights

Are half of them our enemies, and the crowd
Will murmur, 'Lo the shameless

ones, who take
Their pastime now the trustful King

is gone!'"
Then Lancelot vext at having lied in

vain:

"Are ye so wise? ye were not once

"Are ye so wise? ye were not once so wise,

My Queen, that summer, when ye loved me first.

Then of the crowd ye took no more account

Than of the myriad cricket of the mead,

Vhen its own voice clings to each blade of grass,

and every voice is nothing. As to knights,

hem surely can I silence with all

ease. ut now my loyal worship is allow'd

f all men: many a bard, without offence.

as link'd our names together in his

ancelot, the flower of bravery, Guinevere,

he pearl of beauty: and our knights

at feast ave pledged us in this union, while

the King

Tould listen smiling. How then? is there more?

as Arthur spoken aught? or would yourself.

ow weary of my service and devoir. enceforth be truer to your faultless lord?"

She broke into a little scornful laugh:

Arthur, my lord, Arthur, the fault-

less King. hat passionate perfection, my good

ut who can gaze upon the Sun in heaven?

e never spake word of reproach to

e never had a glimpse of mine un-

truth.

e cares not for me: only here to-day here gleam'd a vague suspicion in his eyes:

ome meddling rogue has tamper'd with him - else

apt in this fancy of his Table Round, nd swearing men to vows impossible, o make them like himself: but,

friend, to me

e is all fault who hath no fault at all:

or who loves me must have a touch of earth: he low sun makes the color: I am

yours,

Not Arthur's, as ye know, save by the bond.

And therefore hear my words: go to the jousts:

The tiny-trumpeting gnat can break our dream

When sweetest: and the vermin voices here

May buzz so loud - we scorn them, but they sting."

Then answer'd Lancelot, the chief of knights:

"And with what face, after my pretext made.

Shall I appear, O Queen, at Camelot,

Before a King who honors his own work.

As if it were his God's?"

"Yea," said the Queen, "A moral child without the craft to

rule. Else had he not lost me: but listen to

me, If I must find you wit: we hear it said

That men go down before your spear at a touch,

But knowing you are Lancelot; your great name,

This conquers: hide it therefore: go unknown: Win! by this kiss you will: and our

true King Will then allow your pretext, O my

knight,

As all for glory; for to speak him true,

Ye know right well, how meek soe'er he seem,

No keener hunter after glory breathes. He loves it in his knights more than himself:

They prove to him his work: win and return."

Then got Sir Lancelot suddenly to horse.

Wroth at himself. Not willing to be known,

He left the barren-beaten thorough-

Chose the green path that show'd the rarer foot,

And there among the solitary downs, Full often lost in fancy, lost his way;

Fill as he traced a faintly-shadow'd track.

That all in loops and links among the dales

Ran to the Castle of Astolat, he saw Fired from the west, far on a hill, the towers.

Thither he made, and blew the gateway horn.

Then came an old, dumb, myriadwrinkled man,

Who let him into lodging and disarm'd.

And Lancelot marvell'd at the wordless man;

And issuing found the lord of Astolat With two strong sons, Sir Torre and Sir Lavaine,

Moving to meet him in the castle court;

And close behind them stept the lily maid

Elaine, his daughter: mother of the house

There was not: some light jest among them rose

With laughter dying down as the great knight

Approach'd them: then the Lord of
Astolat:

"Whence comest thou, my guest, and by what name

Livest between the lips? for by thy state

And presence I might guess thee chief of those,

After the King, who eat in Arthur's halls.

Him have I seen: the rest, his Table Round,

Known as they are, to me they are unknown."

Then answer'd Lancelot, the chief of knights:

"Known am I, and of Arthur's hall, and known,

What I by mere mischance have brought, my shield.

But since I go to joust as one unknown At Camelot for the diamond, ask me

not, Hereafter ye shall know me — and

the shield —
I pray you lend me one, if such you have.

Blank, or at least with some device not mine."

Then said the Lord of Astolat, "Here is Torre's:

Hurt in his first tilt was my son, Sir

And so, God wot, his shield is blank enough.

His ye can have." Then added plain Sir Torre,

"Yea, since I cannot use it, ye may have it."

Here laugh'd the father saying, "Fie, Sir Churl,

Is that an answer for a noble knight? Allow him! but Lavaine, my younger

here,
He is so full of lustihood, he will ride,
Joust for it, and win, and bring it in
an hour.

And set it in this damsel's golden hair.

To make her thrice as wilful as before."

"Nay, father, nay good father shame me not

Before this noble knight," said young Lavaine,

"For nothing. Surely I but play'd on Torre:

He seem'd so sullen, vext he could not go:

A jest, no more! for, knight, the maiden dreamt

That some one put this diamond in her hand,

And that it was too slippery to be held,

And slipt and fell into some pool or stream,

The castle-well, belike; and then I

That if I went and if I fought and

won it (But all was jest and joke among our-

selves)

Then must she keep it safelier. All was jest.
But, father, give me leave, an if he

will,

To ride to Camelot with this noble knight:

Win shall I not, but do my best to win:

Young as I am, yet would I do my best."

"So ye will grace me," answer'd Lancelot,

Smiling a moment, "with your fellowship

O'er these waste downs whereon I lost myself,

Then were I glad of you as guide and

friend:

And you shall win this diamond,—
as I hear

It is a fair large diamond, if you

It is a fair large diamond,—if ye may,

And yield it to this maiden, if ye

will."

"A fair large diamond," added plain

Sir Torre,

"Such be for queens, and not for simple maids."

Then she, who held her eyes upon the

ground,
Elaine, and heard her name so tost

about,

Flush'd slightly at the slight dispar-

agement

Before the stranger knight, who, look-

ing at her,
Full courtly, yet not falsely, thus

return'd:
"If what is fair be but for what is

"If what is fair be but for what is fair,

And only queens are to be counted so, Rash were my judgment then, who deem this maid Might wear as fair a jewel as is on earth,

Not violating the bond of like to like."

He spoke and ceased: the lily maid Elaine,

Won by the mellow voice before she look'd,

Lifted her eyes, and read his lineaments.

The great and guilty love he bare the Queen,

In battle with the love he bare his lord,

Had marr'd his face, and mark'd it ere his time.

Another sinning on such heights with

The flower of all the west and all the world,

Had been the sleeker for it: but in

him His mood was often like a fiend, and

And drove him into wastes and soli-

tudes
For agony, who was yet a living soul.

Marr'd as he was, he seem'd the goodliest man
That ever among ladies ate in hall,

And noblest, when she lifted up her

eyes. However marr'd, of more than twice her years,

Seam'd with an ancient swordcut on the cheek,

And bruised and bronzed, she lifted up her eyes

And loved him, with that love which was her doom.

Then the great knight, the darling of the court,

Loved of the loveliest, into that rude

hall Stept with all grace, and not with half

disdain Hid under grace, as in a smaller time, But kindly man moving among his

But kindly man moving among his kind:
Whom they with meats and vintage

of their best

And talk and minstrel melody entertain'd.

And much they ask'd of court and Table Round,

And ever well and readily answer'd he:

But Lancelot, when they glanced at Guinevere.

Suddenly speaking of the wordless man,

Heard from the Baron that, ten years before,

The heathen caught and reft him of his tongue.

"He learnt and warn'd me of their fierce design

Against my house, and him they caught and maim'd;

But I, my sons, and little daughter fled

From bonds or death, and dwelt among the woods

By the great river in a boatman's hut.

Dull days were those, till our good Arthur broke

The Pagan yet once more on Badon hill."

"O there, great lord, doubtless," Lavaine said, rapt

By all the sweet and sudden passion of youth

Toward greatness in its elder, "you have fought.

O tell us—for we live apart—you know Of Arthur's glorious wars." And

Lancelot spoke

And answer'd him at full, as having been

With Arthur in the fight which all day long

Rang by the white mouth of the violent Glem;

And in the four loud battles by the

Of Duglas; that on Bassa; then the

That thunder'd in and out the gloomy skirts

Of Celidon the forest; and again

By castle Gurnion, where the glorious
King

Had on his cuirass worn our Lady's Head,

Carved of one emerald center'd in a sun
Of silver rays, that lighton'd as he

Of silver rays, that lighten'd as he breathed;

And at Caerleon had he helped his lord,
When the strong neighings of the wild

white Horse Set every gilded parapet shuddering;

And up in Agned-Cathregonion too, And down the waste sand-shores of

Trath Treroit,
Where many a heathen fell; "and on

the mount
Of Badon I myself beheld the King

Charge at the head of all his Table Round, And all his legions crying Christ and

And all his legions crying Christ and him,
And break them; and I saw him, after.

stand
High on a heap of slain, from spur to

plume
Red as the rising sun with heathen

blood, And seeing me, with a great voice he

cried,
'They are broken, they are broken!'

for the King, However mild he seems at home, nor

For triumph in our mimic wars, the jousts —

For if his own knight cast him down, he laughs

Saying, his knights are better men than he—

Yet in this heathen war the fire of God

Fills him: I never saw his like: there

No greater leader."

While he utter'd this, Low to her own heart said the lily maid,

"Save your great self, fair lord;" and when he fell

From talk of war to traits of pleasantry —

Being mirthful he, but in a stately kind —

She still took note that when the living smile

Died from his lips, across him came a cloud

Of melancholy severe, from which again,

Whenever in her hovering to and fro

The lily maid had striven to make him cheer,

There brake a sudden-beaming tenderness

Of manners and of nature: and she thought

Chat all was nature, all, perchance, for her.

And all night long his face before her lived,

As when a painter, poring on a face, Divinely thro' all hindrance finds the

Behind it, and so paints him that his face.

The shape and color of a mind and life,

ives for his children, ever at its best and fullest; so the face before her lived,

Dark-splendid, speaking in the silence, full

of noble things, and held her from her sleep.

ill rathe she rose, half-cheated in the thought

the needs must bid farewell to sweet Lavaine.

irst as in fear, step after step, she stole

own the long tower-stairs, hesitating:

non, she heard Sir Lancelot cry in the court,

This shield, my friend, where is it?" and Lavaine

ast inward, as she came from out the tower.

here to his proud horse Lancelot turn'd, and smooth'd The glossy shoulder, humming to himself.

Half-envious of the flattering hand, she drew

Nearer and stood. He look'd, and more amazed

Than if seven men had set upon him, saw

The maiden standing in the dewy light.

He had not dream'd she was so beautiful.

Then came on him a sort of sacred fear,

For silent, tho' he greeted her, she stood

Rapt on his face as if it were a God's. Suddenly flash'd on her a wild desire, That he should wear her favor at the tilt.

She braved a riotous heart in asking for it.

"Fair lord, whose name I know not — noble it is,

I well believe, the noblest — will you wear

My favor at this tourney?" "Nay," said he,

"Fair lady, since I never yet have worn

Favor of any lady in the lists.

Such is my wont, as those, who know me, know."

"Yea, so," she answer'd; "then in wearing mine

Needs must be lesser likelihood, noble lord,

That those who know should know you." And he turn'd

Her counsel up and down within his mind,

And found it true, and answer'd "True, my child.

Well, I will wear it: fetch it out to me:

What is it?" and she told him "A red sleeve

Broider'd with pearls," and brought it: then he bound

Her token on his helmet, with a smile Saying, "I never yet have done so much For any maiden living," and the blood Sprang to her face and fill'd her with delight;

But left her all the paler, when

Lavaine

Returning brought the yet-unblazon'd shield. His brother's; which he gave to

Lancelot. Who parted with his own to fair

Elaine: "Do me this grace, my child, to have

my shield In keeping till I come." "A grace to

me.' She answer'd, "twice to-day. I am

your squire!" Whereat Lavaine said, laughing,

" Lily maid,

For fear our people call you lily maid In earnest, let me bring your color back;

Once, twice, and thrice: now get you

hence to bed:" So kiss'd her, and Sir Lancelot his ewn hand,

And thus they moved away: she

stav'd a minute, Then made a sudden step to the gate,

and there -Her bright hair blown about the

serious face Yet rosy-kindled with her brother's

kiss -Paused by the gateway, standing near

the shield In silence, while she watch'd their arms far-off

Sparkle, until they dipt below the

downs. Then to her tower she climb'd, and took the shield,

There kept it, and so lived in fantasy.

Meanwhile the new companions past away

Far o'er the long backs of the bushless downs,

To where Sir Lancelot knew there lived a knight

Not far from Camelot, now for forty vears

A hermit, who had pray'd, labor'd and pray'd,

And ever laboring had scoop'd him-

In the white rock a chapel and a hali On massive columns, like a shorecliff

And cells and chambers: all were fair and dry;

The green light from the meadows underneath

Struck up and lived along the milky roofs; And in the meadows tremulous aspen-

And poplars made a noise of falling

showers. And thither wending there that night they bode.

But when the next day broke from underground,

And shot red fire and shadows thro' the cave.

They rose, heard mass, broke fast, and rode away:

Then Lancelot saying, "Hear, but hold my name

Hidden, you ride with Lancelot of the Lake." Abash'd Lavaine, whose instant rev-

erence. Dearer to true young hearts than their

own praise, But left him leave to stammer, "Is it indeed?"

And after muttering "The great Lancelot," At last he got his breath and answer'd,

"One, One have I seen-that other, our

liege lord,

The dread Pendragon, Britain's King of kings,

Of whom the people talk mysteriously, He will be there - then were I stricken blind

That minute, I might say that I had seen."

So spake Lavaine, and when they reach'd the lists

By Camelot in the meadow, let his eyes

Run thro' the peopled gallery which half round

Lay like a rainbow fall'n upon the

grass, Until they found the clear-faced King,

who sat
Robed in red samite, easily to be

known,
Since to his crown the golden dragon

clung,
And down his robe the dragon writhed
in gold,

And from the carven-work behind

him crept

Two dragons gilded, sloping down to make

Arms for his chair, while all the rest of them

Thro' knots and loops and folds innumerable

Fled ever thro' the woodwork, till they

The new design wherein they lost themselves,

Yet with all ease, so tender was the work:

And, in the costly canopy o'er him set,

Blazed the last diamond of the nameless king.

Then Lancelot answer'd young Lavaine and said,

"Me you call great: mine is the firmer seat,

The truer lance: but there is many a youth

Now crescent, who will come to all I

And overcome it; and in me there

dwells
No greatness, save it be some far-off
touch

Of greatness to know well I am not great:

There is the man." And Lavaine gaped upon him

As on a thing miraculous, and anon The trumpets blew; and then did either side. They that assail'd, and they that held the lists,

Set lance in rest, strike spur, suddenly move,

Meet in the midst, and there so furiously

Shock, that a man far-off might well perceive,

If any man that day were left afield,

The hard earth shake, and a low thunder of arms.

And Lancelot bode a little, till he saw Which were the weaker; then he hurl'd into it

Against the stronger: little need to speak

Of Lancelot in his glory! King, duke, earl,

Count, baron — whom he smote, he overthrew.

But in the field were Lancelot's kith and kin,

Ranged with the Table Round that held the lists,

Strong men, and wrathful that a stranger knight Should do and almost overdo the

deeds
Of Lancelot; and one said to the

other, "Lo!
What is he? I do not mean the force

alone —
The grace and versatility of the man!
Is it not Lancelot?" "When has

Lancelot worn
Favor of any lady in the lists?

Not such his wont, as we, that know

him, know."
"How then? who then?" a fury

"How then? who then?" a fury seized them all,

A fiery family passion for the name Of Lancelot, and a glory one with theirs.

They couch'd their spears and prick'd their steeds, and thus,

Their plumes driv'n backward by the wind they made

In moving, all together down upon

Bare, as a wild wave in the wide North-sea, Green-glimmering toward the summit, bears, with all

Its stormy crests that smoke against the skies,

Down on a bark, and overbears the bark.

And him that helms it, so they overbore

Sir Lancelot and his charger, and a spear Down-glancing lamed the charger, and

a spear Prick'd sharply his own cuirass, and

the head

Pierced thro' his side and there spant.

Pierced thro' his side, and there snapt, and remain'd.

Then Sir Lavaine did well and worshipfully;

He bore a knight of old repute to the earth,

And brought his horse to Lancelot where he lay.

He up the side, sweating with agony, got,

But thought to do while he might yet endure,

And being lustily holpen by the rest, His party, — tho' it seem'd halfmiracle

To those he fought with, — drave his kith and kin,

And all the Table Round that held the lists,

Back to the barrier; then the trumpets blew

Proclaiming his the prize, who wore the sleeve Of scarlet, and the pearls; and all the

knights, His party, cried "Advance and take

thy prize
The diamond;" but he answer'd,

"Diamond me
No diamonds! for God's love, a little

No diamonds! for God's love, a little

Prize me no prizes, for my prize is death!

Hence will I, and I charge you, follow me not."

He spoke, and vanish'd suddenly from the field

With young Lavaine into the poplar

There from his charger down he slid, and sat,

Gasping to Sir Lavaine, "Draw the lance-head:"

"Ah my sweet lord Sir Lancelot," said Lavaine,

"I dread me, if I draw it, you will die."

But he, "I die already with it: draw —
Draw," — and Lavaine drew, and Sir
Lancelot gave
A marvellous great shriek and ghastly

groan,

And half his blood burst forth, and down he sank

For the pure pain, and wholly swoon'd away.

Then came the hermit out and bare him in.

There stanch'd his wound; and there, in daily doubt

Whether to live or die, for many a week

Hid from the wide world's rumor by the grove

Of poplars with their noise of falling showers,

And ever-tremulous aspen-trees, he lay.

But on that day when Lancelot fled the lists, is party, knights of utmost North

His party, knights of utmost North and West,

Lords of waste marches, kings of desolate isles,

Came round their great Pendragon, saying to him,

"Lo, Sire, our knight, thro' whom we won the day,

Hath gone sore wounded, and hath left his prize

Untaken, crying that his prize is death."

"Heaven hinder," said the King, "that such an one,

So great a knight as we have seen to-day—

He seem'd to me another Lancelot-

Yea, twenty times I thought him Lancelot—

He must not pass uncared for.
Wherefore, rise,
O Gawain, and ride forth and find the

knight.

Wounded and wearied needs must he be near.

. I charge you that you get at once to horse.

And, knights and kings, there breathes not one of you

Will deem this prize of ours is rashly given:

His prowess was too wondrous. We will do him

No customary honor: since the knight Came not to us, of us to claim the prize,

Ourselves will send it after. Rise and take

This diamond, and deliver it, and return,

And bring us where he is, and how he fares,

And cease not from your quest until ye find."

So saying, from the carven flower above,

To which it made a restless heart, he took,

And gave, the diamond: then from where he sat

At Arthur's right, with smiling face arose,

With smiling face and frowning heart, a Prince

In the mid might and flourish of his May,

Gawain, surnamed The Courteous, fair and strong,

And after Lancelot, Tristram, and Geraint

And Gareth, a good knight, but therewithal

Sir Modred's brother, and the child of Lot, Nor otten loyal to his word, and now

Wroth that the King's command to sally forth

In quest of whom he knew not, made him leave

The banquet, and concourse of knights and kings.

So all in wrath he got to horse and went;

While Arthur to the barquet, dark in mood,

Past, thinking "Is it Lancelot who hath come

Despite the wound he spake of, all for gain

Of glory, and hath added wound to wound,
And ridd'n away to die?" So fear'd

the King,
And, after two days' tarriance there,

return'd.

Then when he saw the Queen, em-

bracing ask'd,
"Love, are you yet so sick?" "Nay,

lord," she said.
"And where is Lancelot?" Then the

Queen amazed, "Was he not with you? won he not

your prize?"
"Nay, but one like him." "Why that

like was he."
And when the King demanded how

she knew, · Said, "Lord, no sooner had ye parted

from us,
Than Lancelot told me of a common

That men went down before his spear at a touch,

But knowing he was Lancelot; his great name

Conquer'd; and therefore would he hide his name

From all men, ev'n the King, and to

Had made the pretext of a hindering wound,

That he might joust unknown of all, and learn

and learn

If his old prowess were in aught decay'd;

And added, 'Our true Arthur, when he learns,

Will well allow my pretext, as for gain Of purer glory."

Then replied the King: "Far lovelier in our Lancelot had it been.

In lieu of idly dallying with the truth, To have trusted me as he hath trusted

Surely his King and most familiar friend

Might well have kept his secret. True,

indeed, Albeit I know my knights fantastical, So fine a fear in our large Lancelot

Must needs have moved my laughter:

But little cause for laughter: his own kin —

Ill news, my Queen, for all who love him, this!—

His kith and kin, not knowing, set upon him;

So that he went sore wounded from the field:

Yet good news too: for goodly hopes are mine

That Lancelot is no more a lonely heart.

He wore, against his wont, upon his helm

A sleeve of scarlet, broider'd with great pearls,

Some gentle maiden's gift."

"Yea, lord," she said,
"Thy hopes are mine," and saying
that, she choked,

And sharply turn'd about to hide her face.

Past to her chamber, and there flung herself

Down on the great King's couch, and writhed upon it,

And clench'd her fingers till they bit the palm,

And shriek'd out "Traitor" to the unhearing wall,

Then flash'd into wild tears, and rose again,

And moved about her palace, proud and pale.

Gawain the while thro' all the region round

Rode with his diamond, wearied of the quest,

Touch'd at all points, except the poplar grove,

And came at last, tho' late, to Astolat Whom glittering in enamell'd arms the maid

Glanced at, and cried, "What news from Camelot, lord?

What of the knight with the red sleeve?" "He won."

"I knew it," she said. "But parted from the jousts

Hurt in the side," whereat she caught her breath;

Thro' her own side she felt the sharp lance go;

Thereon she smote her hand: wellnigh she swoon'd:

And, while he gazed wonderingly at her, came

The Lord of Astolat out, to whom the Prince Reported who he was, and on what

quest
Sent, that he bore the prize and could
not find

The victor, but had ridd'n a random round

To seek him, and had wearied of the search. To whom the Lord of Astolat, "Bide

with us, And ride no more at random, noble

Prince! Here was the knight, and here he left

a shield;
This will he send or come for: fur-

thermore
Our son is with him; we shall hear

anon, Needs must we hear." To this the

courteous Prince
Accorded with his wonted courtesy,

Courtesy with a touch of traitor in it.

And stay'd; and cast his eyes on fair

Where could be found face daintier? then her shape

From forehead down to foot, perfect

— again

From foot to forehead exquisitely turn'd:

"Well — if I bide, lo! this wild flower for me!"

And oft they met among the garden yews,

And there he set himself to play upon

With sallying wit, free flashes from a height

Above her, graces of the court, and songs,

Sighs, and slow smiles, and golden eloquence

And amorous adulation, till the maid

rebell'd against it, saying to him, reprince,

O loyal nephew of our noble King, Why ask you not to see the shield he left,

Whence you might learn his name?
Why slight your King,

And lose the quest he sent you on, and prove

No surer than our falcon yesterday, Who lost the hern we slipt her at, and went

To all the winds?" "Nay, by mine head," said he,

"I lose it, as we lose the lark in heaven,

O damsel, in the light of your blue eyes;
But an we will it lot me ass the

But an ye will it let me see the shield."

And when the shield was brought, and Gawain saw Sir Lancelot's azure lions, crown'd

with gold,
Ramp in the field, he smote his thigh,
and mock'd:

"Right was the King! our Lancelot!

"And right was I," she answer'd merrily, "I,

Who dream'd my knight the greatest knight of all."

\*And if I dream'd," said Gawain, "that you love

This greatest knight, your pardon! lo, ye know it! Speak therefore: shall I waste myself

in vain?"
Full simple was her answer, "What know I?

My brethren have been all my fellowship;

And I, when often they have talk'd

of love,
Wish'd it had been my mother, for
they talk'd,

Meseem'd, of what they knew not; so myself —

I know not if I know what true love is, But if I know, then, if I love not him, I know there is none other I can love."

"Yea, by God's death," said he, "ye

love him well,
But would not, knew ye what all
others know,

And whom he loves." "So be it," cried Elaine,

And lifted her fair face and moved away:

But he pursued her, calling, "Stay a little!

One golden minute's grace! he wore your sleeve:

Would he break faith with one I may not name? Must our true man change like a leaf

at last?
Nay—like enow: why then, far be it

from me To cross our mighty Lancelot in his

loves!
And, damsel, for I deem you know

full well Where your great knight is hidden,

let me leave
My quest with you; the diamond also;

here!
For if you love, it will be sweet to give it;

And if he love, it will be sweet to have it

From your own hand; and whether he love or not,

A diamond is a diamond. Fare you well

A thousand times!—a thousand times farewell!

Yet, if he love, and his love hold, we two

May meet at court hereafter: there, I think,

So ye will learn the courtesies of the court.

We two shall know each other."

Then he gave, And slightly kiss'd the hand to which

he gave, The diamond, and all wearied of the

Leapt on his horse, and carolling as he went.

A true-love ballad, lightly rode away.

Thence to the court he past; there told the King

What the King knew, "Sir Lancelot is the knight."

And added, "Sire, my liege, so much I learnt:

But fail'd to find him, tho' I rode all round

The region: but I lighted on the maid Whose sleeve he wore; she loves him; and to her.

Deeming our courtesy is the truest law,

I gave the diamond: she will render it; For by mine head she knows his hiding-place."

The seldom-frowning King frown'd, and replied,

"Too courteous truly! ye shall go no more

On quest of mine, seeing that ye for-

Obedience is the courtesy due to kings."

He spake and parted. Wroth, but all in awe,

For twenty strokes of the blood, without a word,

Linger'd that other, staring after him; Then shook his hair, strode off, and buzz'd abroad

About the maid of Astolat, and her love.

All ears were prick'd at once, all tongues were loosed:

"The maid of Astolat loves Sir Lancelot,

Sir Lancelot loves the maid of Asto

Some read the King's face, some the Queen's, and all Had marvel what the maid might be,

but most

Predoom'd her as unworthy. One old dame

Came suddenly on the Queen with the sharp news.

She, that had heard the noise of it before,

But sorrowing Lancelot should have stoop'd so low,

Marr'd her friend's aim with pale tranquillity.

So ran the tale like fire about the court,

Fire in dry stubble a nine-days' wonder flared:

Till ev'n the knights at banquet twice or thrice

Forgot to drink to Lancelot and the Queen,
And pledging Lancelot and the lily

maid Smiled at each other, while the Queen,

who sat With lips severely placid, felt the

knot Climb in her throat, and with her feet unseen

Crush'd the wild passion out against the floor

Beneath the banquet, where the meats

As wormwood, and she hated all who pledged.

But far away the maid in Astolat, Her guiltless rival, she that ever kept

The one-day-seen Sir Lancelot in her heart,

Crept to her father, while he mused alone,

Sat on his knee, stroked his gray face and said,

'Father, you call me wilful, and the fault

Is yours who let me have my will, and now,

Sweet father, will you let me lose my wits?"

"Nay," said he, "surely." "Wherefore, let me hence," She answer'd, "and find out our dear

Lavaine."
"Ye will not lose your wits for dear

Lavaine:
Bide," answer'd he: "we needs must

hear anon

Of him, and of that other." "Ay," she said,

"And of that other, for I needs must hence

And find that other, wheresoe'er he be.

And with mine own hand give his diamond to him,

Lest I be found as faithless in the quest

As you proud Prince who left the quest to me.

Sweet father, I behold him in my dreams

Gaunt as it were the skeleton of himself,

Death-pale, for lack of gentle maiden's aid. The gentler-born the maiden, the

more bound, My father, to be sweet and service-

To noble knights in sickness, as ye

When these have worn their tokens: let me hence

pray you." Then her father nodding said,

Ay, ay, the diamond: wit ye well, my child,

light fain were I to learn this knight were whole,

leing our greatest: yea, and you must give it—

and sure I think this fruit is hung

'or any mouth to gape for save a queen's —

Nay, I mean nothing: so then, get you gone,

Being so very wilful you must go."

Lightly, her suit allow'd, she slipt away,

And while she made her ready for her ride,

Her father's latest word humm'd in her ear,

"Being so very wilful you must go,"

And changed itself and echo'd in her heart,

"Being so very wilful you must die."
But she was happy enough and shook
it off,

As we shake off the bee that buzzes at us:

And in her heart she answer'd it and said,

"What matter, so I help him back to life?"

Then far away with good Sir Torre for guide

Rode o'er the long backs of the bushless downs

To Camelot, and before the city-gates Came on her brother with a happy face

Making a roan horse caper and curvet For pleasure all about a field of

flowers:
Whom when she saw, "Lavaine," she cried, "Lavaine,

How fares my lord Sir Lancelot?"
He amazed,

"Torre and Elaine! why here? Sir Lancelot!

How know ye my lord's name is Lancelot?"

But when the maid had told him all her tale,

Then turn'd Sir Torre, and being in his moods

Left them, and under the strangestatued gate,

Where Arthur's wars were render'd mystically,

Past up the still rich city to his kin,

His own far blood, which dwelt at Camelot: And her, Lavaine across the poplar grove

Led to the caves: there first she saw

the casque

Of Lancelot on the wall: her scarlet sleeve,

Tho' carved and cut, and half the pearls away, Stream'd from it still; and in her

heart she laugh'd, Because he had not loosed it from his

helm,
But meant once more perchance to

tourney in it.

And when they gain'd the cell wherein

he slept, His battle-writhen arms and mighty

hands
Lay naked on the wolfskin, and a
dream

Of dragging down his enemy made them move.

Then she that saw him lying unsleek,

unshorn, Gaunt as it were the skeleton of him-

self, Utter'd a little tender dolorous cry. The sound not wonted in a place so

still Woke the sick knight, and while he

roll'd his eyes
Yet blank from sleep, she started to
him, saying,

"Your prize the diamond sent you by the King:"

His eyes glisten'd: she fancied "Is it for me?"

And when the maid had told him all the tale

Of King and Prince, the diamond sent, the quest

Assign'd to her not worthy of it, she

Full lowly by the corners of his bed, And laid the diamond in his open hand.

Her face was near, and as we kiss the child

That does the task assign'd, he kiss'd her face.

At once she slipt like water to the floor.

"Alas," he said, "your ride hath wearied you. Rest must you have." "No rest for

me," she said;
"Nay, for near you, fair lord, I am at

rest."

What might she mean by that? his

large black eyes, Yet larger thro' his leanness, dwel

upon her, Till all her heart's sad secret blazed

itself
In the heart's colors on her simple

face; And Lancelot look'd and was perplex

in mind, And being weak in body said no more But did not love the color; woman's

love,
Save one, he not regarded, and so
turn'd

Sighing, and feign'd a sleep until he sleet.

Then rose Elaine and glided thro

And past beneath the weirdly-sculp tured gates

Far up the dim rich city to her kin; There bode the night: but woke with dawn, and past

Down thro' the dim rich city to th the fields,

Thence to the cave: so day by da she past In either twilight ghost-like to and fr

Gliding, and every day she tende him,

And likewise many a night: an
Lancelot

Would, the 'he call'd his wound little hurt

Whereof he should be quickly whole at times

Brain-feverous in his heat and agony seem

Uncourteous, even he: but the mee

Sweetly forbore him ever, being t

Meeker than any child to a roug

Milder than any mother to a sick child, And never woman yet, since man's first fall.

Did kindlier unto man, but her deep love

Upbore her; till the hermit, skill'd in all

The simples and the science of that time,

Told him that her fine care had saved his life.

And the sick man forgot her simple blush,

Would call her friend and sister, sweet Elaine,

Would listen for her coming and regret

Her parting step, and held her tenderly.

And loved her with all love except

Of man and woman when they love their best,

Closest and sweetest, and had died the death

In any knightly fashion for her sake.

And peradventure had he seen her
first

She might have made this and that other world

Another world for the sick man; but

The shackles of an old love straiten'd him,

His honor rooted in dishonor stood, And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.

Yet the great knight in his mid-sickness made

Full many a holy vow and pure resolve.

These, as but born of sickness, could not live:

for when the blood ran lustier in him again,

'ull often the bright image of one face,

Taking a treacherous quiet in his heart,

Dispersed his resolution like a cloud.

Then if the maiden, while that ghostly grace

Beam'd on his fancy, spoke, he answer'd not,
Or short and coldly, and she knew

Or short and coldly, and she knew right well

What the rough sickness meant, but what this meant

She knew not, and the sorrow dimm'd her sight,

And drave her ere her time across the fields

Far into the rich city, where alone

She murmur'd, "Vain, in vain: it cannot be.

He will not love me: how then? must I die?"

Then as a little helpless innocent bird, That has but one plain passage of few

notes,
Will sing the simple passage o'er and
o'er

For all an April morning, till the ear Wearies to hear it, so the simple maid Went half the night repeating, "Must I die?"

And now to right she turn'd, and now to left,

And found no ease in turning or in rest;

And "Him or death," she mutter'd, "death or him,"

Again and like a burthen, "Him or death."

But when Sir Lancelot's deadly hurt was whole,

To Astolat returning rode the three. There morn by morn, arraying her sweet self

In that wherein she deem'd she look'd her best,

She came before Sir Lancelot, for she

"If I be loved, these are my festal

robes, If not, the victim's flowers before he

fall."
And Lancelot ever prest upon the

That she should ask some goodly gift of him For her own self or hers; "and do not shun

To speak the wish most near to your true heart;

Such service have ye done me, that I

make My will of yours, and Prince and Lord

In mine own land, and what I will I

Then like a ghost she lifted up her

But like a ghost without the power to

speak.
And Lancelot saw that she withheld

her wish,
And bode among them yet a little
space

Till he should learn it; and one morn

it chanced

He found her in among the garden yews, And said, "Delay no longer, speak

your wish, Seeing I go to-day": then out she

brake:
"Going? and we shall never see you

more.

And I must die for want of one bold

word."
"Speak: that I live to hear," he said,

"Speak: that I live to near, he said,
"is yours."

Then suddenly and passionately she spoke:
"I have gone mad. I love you: let

me die."
"Ah, sister," answer'd Lancelot,

"what is this?"
And innocently extending her white

arms,
"Your love," she said, "your love—

to be your wife." And Lancelot answer'd, "Had I chosen

to wed,
I had been wedded earlier, sweet
Elaine:

But now there never will be wife of mine."

"No, no," she cried, "I care not to be wife.

But to be with you still, to see your face,

To serve you, and to follow you thro' the world."

And Lancelot answer'd, "Nay, the

world, the world, All ear and eye, with such a stupid

heart

To interpret ear and eye, and such a tongue

To blare its own interpretation — nay, Full ill then should I quit your brother's love,

And your good father's kindness."

And she said,
"Not to be with you, not to see your

face — Alas for me then, my good days are

done."
"Nay, noble maid," he answer'd, "ten

times nay!
This is not love: but love's first flash in youth,

Most common: yea, I know it of mine own self:

And you yourself will smile at your own self

Hereafter, when you yield your flower of life

To one more fitly yours, not thrice your age:

And then will I, for true you are and sweet Beyond mine old belief in woman-

hood,
More specially should your good

knight be poor, Endow you with broad land and ter ritory

Even to the half my realm beyond the seas,

So that would make you happy furthermore,

Ev'n to the death, as tho' ye were my blood,

blood, In all your quarrels will I be you knight.

This will I do, dear damsel, for you sake,

And more than this I cannot."

While he spok sh'd nor shook, bu

She neither blush'd nor shook, bu deathly-pale

Stood grasping what was nearest, then replied:

"Of all this will I nothing;" and so fell.

And thus they bore her swooning to her tower.

Then spake, to whom thro' those black walls of yew Their talk had pierced, her father:

"Ay, a flash, I fear me, that will strike my blossom

I fear me, that will strike my blossom dead. Too courteous are ye, fair Lord Lance-

lot.
I pray you, use some rough dis-

courtesy
To blunt or break her passion."

Lancelot said, "That were against me: what I can

I will;"
And there that day remain'd, and toward even

Sent for his shield: full meekly rose the maid.

Stript off the case, and gave the naked shield;

Then, when she heard his horse upon the stones.

Inclasping flung the casement back, and look'd

Down on his helm, from which her sleeve had gone.

and Lancelot knew the little clinking sound;

nd she by tact of love was well aware 'hat Lancelot knew that she was looking at him.

nd yet he glanced not up, nor waved his hand,

or bade farewell, but sadly rode away. his was the one discourtesy that he used.

So in her tower alone the maiden sat:

is very shield was gone; only the case,

er own poor work, her empty labor, left.

But still she heard him, still his picture form'd

And grew between her and the pictured wall.

Then came her father, saying in low tones,

"Have comfort," whom she greeted quietly.

Then came her brethren saying.

Then came her brethren saying,
"Peace to thee,
Sweet sister," whom she answer'd with

all calm.

But when they left her to herself

But when they left her to herself again,

Death, like a friend's voice from a distant field

Approaching thro' the darkness, call'd; the owls

Wailing had power upon her, and she
mixt
Her fancies with the sallow-rifted

glooms
Of evening, and the moanings of the

wind.

And in those days she made a little song,

And call'd her song "The Song of Love and Death,"

And sang it: sweetly could she make and sing.

"Sweet is true love tho' given in vain, in vain;

And sweet is death who puts an end to pain:

I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

"Love, art thou sweet? then bitter death must be:

Love, thou art bitter; sweet is death to me.

O Love, if death be sweeter, let me die.

"Sweet love, that seems not made to fade away,

Sweet death, that seems to make us loveless clay,

I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

"I fain would follow love, if that could be:

I needs must follow death, who calls for me;

Call and I follow, I follow! let me die."

High with the last line scaled her voice, and this,

All in a flery dawning wild with wind That shook the tower, the brothers heard, and thought

With shuddering, "Hark the Phantom of the house

That ever shrieks before a death,"

and call'd The father, and all three in hurry and

Ran to her, and lo! the blood-red light of dawn

Flared on her face, she shrilling, "Let me die!"

As when we dwell upon a word we know,

Repeating, till the word we know so well

Becomes a wonder, and we know not why.

So dwelt the father on her face, and thought

"Is this Elaine?" till back the maiden fell,

Then gave a languid hand to each, and lay,

Speaking a still good-morrow with her eyes.

At last she said, "Sweet brothers, yester-night

I seem'd a curious little maid again, As happy as when we dwelt among

the woods,

And when ye used to take me with
the flood

Up the great river in the boatman's

Only ye would not pass beyond the

That has the poplar on it: there ye fixt

Your limit, oft returning with the tide,

And yet I cried because ye would not

Beyond it, and far up the shining flood

Until we found the palace of the King.

And yet ye would not: but this night

I dream'd

That I was all alone upon the flood,

And then I said, 'Now shall I have my will:'

And there I woke, but still the wish remain'd.

So let me hence that I may pass at last

Beyond the poplar and far up the flood,

Until I find the palace of the King.

There will I enter in among them all And no man there will dare to mock at me;

But there the fine Gawain will wonder at me,

And there the great Sir Lancelot muse at me;

Gawain, who bade a thousand fare wells to me,

Lancelot, who coldly went, nor bade me one:

And there the King will know me and my love,

And there the Queen herself will pity me, And all the gentle court will welcom

me,
And after my long voyage I shal

And after my long voyage 1 sna rest!"

"Peace," said her father, "O m child, ye seem

Light-headed, for what force is your to go

So far, being sick? and wherefor would ye look

On this proud fellow again, wh scorns us all?"

Then the rough Torre began theave and move,

And bluster into stormy sobs an say,

"I never loved him: an I meet with

I care not howsoever great he be,

Then will I strike at him and strike him down.

Give me good fortune, I will strike him dead.

For this discomfort he hath done the house."

To whom the gentle sister made reply,

"Fret not yourself, dear brother, nor be wroth,

Seeing it is no more Sir Lancelot's fault

Not to love me, than it is mine to love

Him of all men who seems to me the highest."

"Highest?" the father answer'd, echoing "highest?"

(He meant to break the passion in her) "nay,

Daughter, I know not what you call the highest;

But this I know, for all the people know it. He loves the Queen, and in an open

shame: And she returns his love in open

shame: If this be high, what is it to be low?"

Then spake the lily maid of Astolat:

'Sweet father, all too faint and sick

For anger: these are slanders: never

Was noble man but made ignoble talk. He makes no friend who never made a foe.

But now it is my glory to have loved One peerless, without stain: so let me pass,

My father, howsoe'er I seem to you, Not all unhappy, having loved God's

And greatest, tho' my love had no return:

Yet, seeing you desire your child to live,

Thanks, but you work against your own desire;

For if I could believe the things you

I should but die the sooner; wherefore

Sweet father, and bid call the ghostly

Hither, and let me shrive me clean, and die."

So when the ghostly man had come and gone,

She with a face, bright as for sin forgiven.

Besought Lavaine to write as she devised

A letter, word for word; and when he ask'd

"Is it for Lancelot, is it for my dear lord?

Then will I bear it gladly;" she replied,

"For Lancelot and the Queen and all the world,

But I myself must bear it." Then he wrote

The letter she devised; which being

And folded, "O sweet father, tender and true,

Deny me not," she said — "ye never Denied my fancies — this, however

strange, My latest: lay the letter in my hand

A little ere I die, and close the hand Upon it; I shall guard it even in death.

And when the heat is gone from out my heart.

Then take the little bed on which I

For Lancelot's love, and deck it like the Queen's

For richness, and me also like the Queen

In all I have of rich, and lay me on it.

And let there be prepared a chariotbier

To take me to the river, and a barge Be ready on the river, clothed in black. I go in state to court, to meet the Oueen.

There surely I shall speak for mine own self.

And none of you can speak for me so well.

And therefore let our dumb old man

Go with me, he can steer and row, and he

Will guide me to that palace, to the doors."

She ceased: her father promised; whereupon

She grew so cheerful that they deem'd her death

Was rather in the fantasy than the

But ten slow mornings past, and on the eleventh

Her father laid the letter in her hand, And closed the hand upon it, and she died.

So that day there was dole in Astolat.

But when the next sun brake from underground,

Then, those two brethren slowly with bent brows

Accompanying, the sad chariot-bier Past like a shadow thro' the field, that shone

Full-summer, to that stream whereon the barge, Pall'd all its length in blackest samite,

Pall'd all its length in blackest samite lay.

There sat the lifelong creature of the house,

L pyal, the dumb old servitor, on deck, Winking his eyes, and twisted all his face.

So those two brethren from the chariot took

And on the black decks laid her in her bed,

Set in her hand a lily, o'er her hung

The silken case with braided blazonings,

And kiss'd her quiet brows, and saying to her

"Sister, farewell for ever," and again "Farewell, sweet sister," parted all in tears.

Then rose the dumb old servitor, and the dead,

Oar'd by the dumb, went upward with the flood— In her right hand the lily, in her left

The letter—all her bright hairstreaming down—

And all the coverlid was cloth of gold Drawn to her waist, and she herself in white

All but her face, and that clear-featured face

Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead,

But fast asleep, and lay as tho' she smiled.

That day Sir Lancelot at the palace craved

Audience of Guinevere, to give at last The price of half a realm, his costly gift,

Hard-won and hardly won with bruise and blow,

With deaths of others, and almost his own,

The nine-years-fought-for diamonds:
for he saw

One of her house, and sent him to the Queen

Bearing his wish, whereto the Queen agreed

With such and so unmoved a majesty She might have seem'd her statue, but that he,

Low-drooping till he wellnigh kiss'd her feet

For loyal awe, saw with a sidelong

The shadow of some piece of pointed lace.

In the Queen's shadow, vibrate on the walls,

And parted, laughing in his courtly heart.

All in an oriel on the summer side, Vine-clad, of Arthur's palace toward the stream,

They met, and Lancelot kneeling utter'd, "Queen,

Lady, my liege, in whom I have my joy, Take, what I had not won except for

you, These jewels, and make me happy,

making them

An armlet for the roundest arm on

Or necklace for a neck to which the swan's

Is tawnier than her cygnet's: these are words:

Your beauty is your beauty, and I

In speaking, yet O grant my worship

of it Words, as we grant grief tears. Such

sin in words Perchance, we both can pardon: but,

my Queen. I hear of rumors flying thro' your

court. Our bond, as not the bond of man and

wife. Should have in it an absoluter trust To make up that defect: let rumors

When did not rumors fly? these, as I

trust That you trust me in your own nobleness,

I may not well believe that you believe."

While thus he spoke, half turn'd away, the Queen

Brake from the vast oriel-embowering vine

Leaf after leaf, and tore, and cast them off.

Till all the place whereon she stood was green;

Then, when he ceased, in one cold passive hand Received at once and laid aside the

gems

There on a table near her, and replied:

"It may be, I am quicker of belief Than you believe me, Lancelot of the Lake.

Our bond is not the bond of man and wife.

This good is in it, whatsoe'er of ill, It can be broken easier. I for you

This many a year have done despite and wrong

To one whom ever in my heart of hearts

I did acknowledge nobler. What are these?

Diamonds for me! they had been thrice their worth

Being your gift, had you not lost your own.

To loyal hearts the value of all gifts

Must vary as the giver's. Not for me!

For her! for your new fancy. Only

Grant me, I pray you: have your joys apart.

I doubt not that however changed. you keep So much of what is graceful: and

myself Would shun to break those bounds of

courtesy In which as Arthur's Queen I move

and rule:

So cannot speak my mind. An end to this! A strange one! yet I take it with

Amen. So pray you, add my diamonds to her

pearls: Deck her with these; tell her, she

shines me down: An armlet for an arm to which the

Queen's

Is haggard, or a necklace for a neck O as much fairer - as a faith once fair Was richer than these diamonds hers not mine —

Nay, by the mother of our Lord himself,

Or hers or mine, mine now to work mv will -

She shall not have them."

Saying which she seized, And, thro' the casement standing wide for heat.

Flung them, and down they flash'd, and smote the stream.

Then from the smitten surface flash'd, as it were,

Diamonds to meet them, and they past away.

Then while Sir Lancelot leant, in half disdain

At love, life, all things, on the window ledge,
Close underneath his eyes, and right

across
Where these had fallen, slowly past

the barge Whereon the lily maid of Astolat

Lay smiling, like a star in blackest night.

But the wild Queen, who saw not, burst away

To weep and wail in secret; and the barge,

On to the palace-doorway sliding, paused.

There two stood arm'd, and kept the door; to whom,

All up the marble stair, tier over tier.

Were added mouths that gaped, and eyes that ask'd

"What is it?" but that oarsman's haggard face,

As hard and still as is the face that men

Shape to their fancy's eye from broken rocks

On some cliff-side, appall'd them, and they said,

"He is enchanted, cannot speak—
and she,
Look how she sleeps—the Fairy

Queen, so fair!
Yea, but how pale! what are they?

flesh and blood?

Or come to take the King to Fairy-land?

For some do hold our Arthur cannot die,

But that he passes into Fairyland."

While thus they babbled of the King, the King

Came girt with knights: then turn'd the tongueless man

From the half-face to the full eye, and rose

And pointed to the damsel, and the doors.

So Arthur bade the meek Sir Percivale

And pure Sir Galahad to uplift the maid;

And reverently they bore her into hall.

Then came the fine Gawain and wonder'd at her,

And Lancelot later came and mused at her,

And last the Queen herself, and pitied her:
But Arthur spied the letter in her

hand, Stoopt, took, brake seal, and read it; this was all:

"Most noble lord, Sir Lancelot of the Lake,

I, sometime call'd the maid of Astolat, Come, for you left me taking no farewell.

Hither, to take my last farewell of you.

I loved you, and my love had no return,

And therefore my true love has been my death.

And therefore to our Lady Guinevere, And to all other ladies, I make moan. Pray for my soul, and yield me burial. Pray for my soul thou too, Sir Lancelot,

As thou art a knight peerless."

Thus he read;

And ever in the reading, lords and dames Wept, looking often from his face who

read
The here which lay so silent and 8

To hers which lay so silent, and at times,

So touch'd were they, half-thinking that her lips,

Who had devised the letter, moved again.

Then freely spoke Sir Lancelot to them all:

" My lord liege Arthur, and all ye that hear.

Know that for this most gentle maiden's death

Right heavy am I; for good she was and true,

But loved me with a love beyond all love

In women, whomsoever I have known. Yet to be loved makes not to love again;

Not at my years, however it hold in youth.

I swear by truth and knighthood that I gave

No cause, not willingly, for such a love:

To this I call my friends in testimony, Her brethren, and her father, who himself

Besought me to be plain and blunt, and use,

To break her passion, some discourtesy Against my nature: what I could, I did.

I left her and I bade her no farewell; Tho', had I dreamt the damsel would have died.

I might have put my wits to some rough use,

And help'd her from herself."

Then said the Queen (Sea was her wrath, yet working after storm)

"Ye might at least have done her so much grace,

Fair lord, as would have help'd her from her death."

He raised his head, their eyes met and hers fell,

He adding,

"Queen, she would not be content Save that I wedded her, which could not be.

Then might she follow me thro' the world, she ask'd.

It could not be. I told her that her love

Was but the flash of youth, would darken down

To rise hereafter in a stiller flame

Toward one more worthy of her then would I,

More specially were he, she wedded,

Estate them with large land and territory

In mine own realm beyond the narrow

To keep them in all joyance: more than this

I could not; this she would not, and she died."

He pausing, Arthur answer'd, "O my knight.

It will be to thy worship, as my knight,

And mine, as head of all our Table Round.

To see that she be buried worshipfully."

So toward that shrine which then in all the realm

Was richest, Arthur leading, slowly went

The marshall'd Order of their Table Round.

And Lancelot sad beyond his wont, to see,

The maiden buried, not as one unknown. Nor meanly, but with gorgeous obse-

auies. And mass, and rolling music, like a

And when the knights had laid her comely head

Low in the dust of half-forgotten kings,

Then Arthur spake among them, "Let her tomb

Be costly, and her image thereupon, And let the shield of Lancelot at her

feet Be carven, and her lily in her hand. And let the story of her dolorous voyage

For all true hearts be blazon'd on her tomb
In letters gold and azure!" which was

wrought

Thereafter; but when now the lords and dames

And people, from the high door streaming, brake

Disorderly, as homeward each, the Queen,

Who mark'd Sir Lancelot where he moved apart,
Drew near, and sigh'd in passing,

"Lancelot,

Forgive me; mine was jealousy in love."

He answer'd with his eyes upon the ground,
"That is love's curse; pass on, my

Queen, forgiven."
But Arthur, who beheld his cloudy

brows, Approach'd him, and with full affec-

tion said,

"Lancelot, my Lancelot, thou in whom I have

Most joy and most affiance, for I know

What thou hast been in battle by my side,

And many a time have watch'd thee at the tilt

Strike down the lusty and long practised knight,

And let the younger and unskill'd

To win his honor and to make his name,

And loved thy courtesies and thee, a

man

Made to be loved; but now I would

to God, Seeing the homeless trouble in thine

Thou couldst have loved this maiden, shaped, it seems,

By God for thee alone, and from her face.

If one may judge the living by the dead,

Delicately pure and marvellously fair, Who might have brought thee, now a lonely man

Wifeless and heirless, noble issue, sons Born to the glory of thy name and fame.

My knight, the great Sir Lancelot of the Lake."

Then answer'd Lancelot, "Fair she was, my King,

Pure, as you ever wish your knights to be.

To doubt her fairness were to want an eye,

To doubt her pureness were to want a heart —

Yea, to be loved, if what is worthy love Could bind him, but free love will not be bound."

"Free love, so bound, were freest," said the King.

"Let love be free; free love is for the best:

And, after heaven, on our dull side of death,

What should be best if not so pure a

What should be best, if not so pure a love
Clothed in so pure a loveliness? yet

thee She fail'd to bind, tho' being, as I

think,

Unbound as yet, and gentle, as I know."

And Lancelot answer'd nothing, but he went,

And at the inrunning of a little brook Sat by the river in a cove, and

watch'd
The high reed wave, and lifted up his

And saw the barge that brought her moving down,

Far-off, a blot upon the stream, and said

Low in himself, "Ah simple heart and sweet,

Ye loved me, damsel, surely with a love

Far tenderer than my Queen's. Pray for thy soul?

Ay, that will I. Farewell too - now at last -

Farewell, fair lily. 'Jealousy in love?'

Not rather dead love's harsh heir, jealous pride?

Queen, if I grant the jealousy as of love,

May not your crescent fear for name and fame

Speak, as it waxes, of a love that wanes?

Why did the King dwell on my name to me?

Mine own name shames me, seeming a reproach,

Lancelot, whom the Lady of the Lake Caught from his mother's arms the wondrous one

Who passes thro' the vision of the night —

She chanted snatches of mysterious hymns

Heard on the winding waters, eve and morn

She kiss'd me saying, 'Thou art fair, my child,

As a king's son,' and often in her arms
She bare me, pacing on the dusky
mere.

Would she had drown'd me in it, where'er it be!

For what am I? what profits me my name

Of greatest knight? I fought for it, and have it:

Pleasure to have it, none; to lose it, pain;

Now grown a part of me: but what use in it?

To make men worse by making my sin known?

Or sin seem less, the sinner seeming great?

Alas for Arthur's greatest knight, a man

Not after Arthur's heart! I needs must break These bonds that so defame me: not without

She wills it: would I, if she will'd it?

Who knows? but if I would not, then may God,
I pray him, send a sudden Angel down

To seize me by the hair and bear me far,

And fling me deep in that forgotten mere,

Among the tumbled fragments of the hills."

So groan'd Sir Lancelot in remorseful pain,

Not knowing he should die a holy man.

## THE HOLY GRAIL.

From noiseful arms, and acts of prowess done

In tournament or tilt, Sir Percivale, Whom Arthur and his knighthood call'd The Pure,

Had pass'd into the silent life of prayer,

Praise, fast, and alms; and leaving for the cowl

The helmet in an abbey far away
From Camelot, there, and not long
after, died.

And one, a fellow-monk among the rest,

Ambrosius, loved him much beyond the rest,

And honor'd him, and wrought into his heart

A way by love that waken'd love within,

To answer that which came: and as they sat

Beneath a world-old yew-tree, darkening half

The cloisters, on a gustful April morn That puff'd the swaying branches into smoke

Above them, ere the summer when he died,

The monk Ambrosius question'd Percivale:

"O brother, I have seen this yew-tree smoke,

Spring after spring, for half a hundred years:

For never have I known the world without,

Nor ever stray'd beyond the pale: but thee, When first thou camest — such a

courtesy

Spake thro' the limbs and in the voice —
I knew

For one of those who eat in Arthur's hall:

For good ye are and bad, and like to coins,

Some true, some light, but every one of you

Stamp'd with the image of the King; and now

Tell me, what drove thee from the Table Round,

My brother? was it earthly passion crost?"

"Nay," said the knight; "for no such passion mine

But the sweet vision of the Holy Grail

Drove me from all vainglories, rival-

And earthly heats that spring and sparkle out

Among us in the jousts, while women watch

Who wins, who falls; and waste the spiritual strength
Within us better offer'd up to

Within us, better offer'd up to Heaven."

To whom the monk: "The Holy Grail!—I trust

We are green in Heaven's eyes; but here too much

We moulder — as to things without I mean —

Yet one of your own knights, a guest of ours,

Told us of this in our refectory, But spake with such a sadness and so

low
We heard not half of what he said.

What is it?
The phantom of a cup that comes

and goes?"

"Nay, monk! what phantom?" answer'd Percivale.

"The cup, the cup itself, from which our Lord Drank at the last sad supper with his

own.
This, from the blessed land of Aro-

mat — After the day of darkness, when the

dead

Went wandering o'er Moriah — the

good saint
Arimathæan Joseph, journeving

Arimathæan Joseph, journeying brought

To Glastonbury, where the winter thorn Blossoms at Christmas, mindful of

our Lord.

And there awhile it bode; and if a

man Could touch or see it, he was heal'd

at once, By faith, of all his ills. But then the

times
Grew to such evil that the holy cup

Was caught away to Heaven, and disappear'd."

To whom the monk: "From our old books I know

That Joseph came of old to Glastonbury,

And there the heathen Prince, Arviragus,

Gave him an isle of marsh whereon to build;

And there he built with wattles from the marsh

A little lonely church in days of yore, For so they say, these books of ours, but seem

Mute of this miracle, far as I have read. But who first saw the holy thing today?" "A woman," answer'd Percivale,

And one no further off in blood from

Than sister; and if ever holy maid With knees of adoration wore the

A holy maid; tho' never maiden glow'd,

But that was in her earlier maidenhood.

With such a fervent flame of human love.

Which being rudely blunted, glanced and shot

Only to holy things; to prayer and praise

She gave herself, to fast and alms.

And yet,

Nun as she was, the scandal of the Court,

Sin against Arthur and the Table

Round,
And the strange sound of an adulterous race,

Across the iron grating of her cell Beat, and she pray'd and fasted all the more.

"And he to whom she told her sins, or what

Her all but utter whiteness held for sin,

A man wellnigh a hundred winters old,

Spake often with her of the Holy Grail,
A legend handed down thro' five or six,
And each of these a hundred winters
old,

From our Lord's time. And when King Arthur made

His Table Round, and all men's hearts
became

Clean for a season, surely he had thought

That now the Holy Grail would come again:

But sin broke out. Ah, Christ, that it would come,

And heal the world of all their wickedness!

'O Father!' ask'd the maiden, 'might it come

To me by prayer and fasting?' 'Nay,' said he,

'I know not, for thy heart is pure as snow.'

And so she pray'd and fasted, till the sun

Shone, and the wind blew, thro' her. and I thought

She might have risen and floated wher

"For on a day she sent to speak with me.

And when she came to speak, behold her eyes

Beyond my knowing of them, beautiful,

Beyond all knowing of them, wonderful,

Beautiful in the light of holiness.

And 'O my brother Percivale,' she said,

'Sweet brother, I have seen the Holy Grail:

For, waked at dead of night, I heard a sound

As of a silver horn from o'er the hills Blown, and I thought, "It is not Arthur's use

To hunt by moonlight;" and the slender sound

As from a distance beyond distance grew

Coming upon me - O never harp nor horn,

Nor aught we blow with breath, or touch with hand,

Was like that music as it came; and then

Stream'd thro' my cell a cold and silver beam,

And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail,

Rose-red with beatings in it, as if alive,

Till all the white walls of my cell were dyed

With rosy colors leaping on the wall; And then the music faded, and the Grail

Past, and the beam decay'd, and from the walls The rosy quiverings died into the night.

So now the Holy Thing is here again Among us, brother, fast thou too and pray,

And tell thy brother knights to fast

and pray,

be heal'd.'

That so perchance the vision may be seen

By thee and those, and all the world

"Then leaving the pale nun, I spake of this

To all men; and myself fasted and

pray'd Always, and many among us many a

week
Fasted and pray'd even to the uttermost,

Expectant of the wonder that would be.

"And one there was among us, ever moved

Among us in white armor, Galahad.
'God make thee good as thou art beautiful,'

Said Arthur, when he dubb'd him knight; and none,

In so young youth, was ever made a knight

Till Galahad; and this Galahad, when he heard

My sister's vision, fill'd me with amaze; His eyes became so like her own, they seem'd

Hers, and himself her brother more than I.

"Sister or brother none had he; but some

Call'd him a son of Lancelot, and some said

Begotten by enchantment—chatterers they,

Life birds of passage piping up and down,

That gape for flies — we know not whence they come;

For when was Lancelot wanderingly iewd?

"But she, the wan sweet maiden, shore away

Clean from her forehead all that wealth of hair

Which made a silken mat-work for her feet;

And out of this she plaited broad and long

A strong sword-belt, and wove with silver thread

And crimson in the belt a strange device,

A crimson grail within a silver beam; And saw the bright boy-knight, and bound it on him,

Saying, 'My knight, my love, my knight of heaven,

O thou, my love, whose love is one with mine,

I, maiden, round thee, maiden, bind my belt.

Go forth, for thou shalt see what I have seen,

And break thro' all, till one will crown thee king

Far in the spiritual city: and as she spake

She sent her deathless passion in her eyes

Thro' him, and made him hers, and laid her mind

On him, and he believed in her belief.

"Then came a year of miracle: O brother,
In our great hall there stood a vacant

chair, Fashion'd by Merlin ere he past away,

And carven with strange figures; and in and out

The figures, like a serpent, ran a scroll Of letters in a tongue no man could read.

And Merlin call'd it 'The Siege perilous.'

Perilous for good and ill; '1or there,' he said,

'No man could sit but he should lose himself:'

And once by misadvertence Merlin sat In his own chair, and so was lost; but he. Galahad, when he heard of Merlin's doom,

Cried, 'If I lose myself, I save myself!'

"Then on a summer night it came to pass,

While the great banquet lay along the

naii,

That Galahad would sit down in Merlin's chair.

"And all at once, as there we sat, we heard

A cracking and a riving of the roofs, And rending, and a blast, and over-

head

Thunder, and in the thunder was a cry.

And in the blast there smote along the
hall

A beam of light seven times more clear than day:

And down the long beam stole the

Holy Grail
All over cover'd with a luminous cloud,
And none might see who bare it, and

it past. But every knight beheld his fellow's

face

As in a glory, and all the knights arose, And staring each at other like dumb men

Stood, till I found a voice and sware a vow.

"I sware a vow before them all, that I,

Because I had not seen the Grail, would ride

A twelvemonth and a day in quest of it.

Until I found and saw it, as the nun My sister saw it; and Galahad sware the vow,

And good Sir Bors, our Lancelot's

cousin, sware,
And Lancelot sware, and many among

the knights,

And Gawain sware, and louder than
the rest."

Then spake the monk Ambrosius, asking him,

"What said the King? Did Arthutake the vow?"

"Nay, for my lord," said Percivale, "the King,

Was not in hall: for early that same day,

Scaped thro' a cavern from a bandit hold,

An outraged maiden sprang into the hall

Crying on help: for all her shining
hair
Was smear'd with earth and either

Was smear'd with earth, and either milky arm

Red-rent with hooks of bramble, and all she wore

Torn as a sail that leaves the rope is torn

In tempest: so the King arose and went

To smoke the scandalous hive of those wild bees

That made such honey in his realm. Howbeit

Some little of this marvel he too saw, Returning o'er the plain that then began

To darken under Camelot; whence the King

Look'd up, calling aloud, 'Lo, there!
the roofs
Of our great hall are rell'd in thunder

Of our great hall are roll'd in thundersmoke!

Pray Heaven, they be not smitten by the bolt.'

For dear to Arthur was that hall of ours,

As having there so oft with all his knights

Feasted, and as the stateliest under heaven.

"O brother, had you known our mighty hall,

Which Merlin built for Arthur long ago!

For all the sacred mount of Camelot, And all the dim rich city, roof by roof,

Tower after tower, spire beyond spire,

By grove, and garden-lawn, and rushing brook,

Climbs to the mighty hall that Merlin

And four great zones of sculpture, set betwixt

With many a mystic symbol, gird the hall:

And in the lowest beasts are slaying

men,
And in the second men are slaying

beasts, And on the third are warriors, perfect

men, And on the fourth are men with grow-

ing wings,
And over all one statue in the mould

Of Arthur, made by Merlin, with a

And peak'd wings pointed to the Northern Star.

And eastward fronts the statue, and the crown

And both the wings are made of gold, and flame

At sunrise till the people in far fields, Wasted so often by the heathen

hordes,
Behold it, crying, 'We have still a

King.'

"And, brother, had you known our hall within,

Broader and higher than any in all the lands!

Where twelve great windows blazon
Arthur's wars,
And all the light that falls upon the

board

Streams thro' the twelve great battles of our King.

Nay, one there is, and at the eastern end,
Wealthy with wandering lines of

mount and mere, Where Arthur finds the brand Excali-

Where Arthur finds the brand Excallbur.

And also one to the west, and counter to it.

And blank: and who shall blazon it?

O there, perchance, when all our wars are done,

The brand Excalibur will be cast away.

"So to this hall full quickly rode the King,

In horror lest the work by Merlin wrought, Dreamlike, should on the sudden van-

ish, wrapt
In unremorseful folds of rolling fire.

And in he rode, and up I glanced, and saw
The golden dragen sparkling ever all a

The golden dragon sparkling over all:
And many of those who burnt the
hold, their arms

Hack'd, and their foreheads grimed with smoke, and sear'd,

Follow'd, and in among bright faces, ours,

Full of the vision, prest: and then the King

Spake to me, being nearest, 'Percivale,'
(Because the hall was all in tumult—

some
Vowing, and some protesting), 'what
is this?'

"O brother, when I told him what had chanced,

My sister's vision, and the rest, his face

Darken'd, as I have seen it more than once,

When some brave deed seem'd to be done in vain, Darken; and 'Woe is me, my knights,'

he cried,

'Had I been here, ye had not sworn the vow.'

Bold was mine answer, 'Had thyself been here,

My King, thou wouldst have sworn.'
'Yea, yea,' said he,

'Art thou so bold and hast not seen the Grail?'

"Nay, lord, I heard the sound, I saw the light,

But since I did not see the Holy Thing,

I sware a vow to follow it till I saw.'

"Then when he ask'd us, knight by knight, if any

Had seen it, all their answers were as

Nay, lord, and therefore have we sworn our yows.'

"'Lo now,' said Arthur, 'have ye seen a cloud?

What go ye into the wilderness to see?'

"Then Galahad on the sudden, and in a voice

Shrilling along the hall to Arthur, call'd,

But I, Sir Arthur, saw the Holy

Grail, I saw the Holy Grail and heard a cry —

'O Galahad, and O Galahad, follow me."

"'Ah, Galahad, Galahad,' said the King, 'for such

As thou art is the vision, not for these.

Thy holy nun and thou have seen a

sign —
Holier is none, my Percivale, than
she —

A sign to maim this Order which I

made.
But ye, that follow but the leader's bell'

Brother, the King was hard upon his

knights)
Taliessin is our fullest throat of song,
And one hath sung and all the dumb
will sing.

Lancelot is Lancelot, and hath overborne

Five knights at once, and every younger knight,

Inproven, holds himself as Lancelot, fill overborne by one, he learns — and

What are ye? Galahads?—no, nor Percivales' (For thus it pleased the King to range me close

After Sir Galahad); 'nay,' said he,
'but men

With strength and will to right the wrong'd, of power

To lay the sudden heads of violence flat.

Knights that in twelve great battles splash'd and dyed

The strong White Horse in his own heathen blood —

But one hath seen, and all the blind will see.

Go, since your vows are sacred, being made:

Yet — for ye know the cries of all my realm

Pass thro' this hall — how often, O my knights,

Your places being vacant at my side,

This chance of noble deeds will come and go

Unchallenged, while ye follow wandering fires

Lost in the quagmire! Many of you, yea most,

Return no more: ye think I show my-

Too dark a prophet: come now, let us meet The morrow morn once more in one

full field
Of gracious pastime, that once more

the King,
Before ye leave him for this Quest,

may count
The yet-unbroken strength of all his
knights,

Rejoicing in that Order which he made.

"So when the sun broke next from under ground,

All the great table of our Arthur closed

And clash'd in such a tourney and so full,

So many lances broken — never yet Had Camelot seen the like, since Arthur came; And I myself and Galahad, for a strength

Was in us from the vision, overthrew So many knights that all the people cried,

And almost burst the barriers in their heat,

Shouting, 'Sir Galahad and Sir Percivale!'

"But when the next day brake from under ground —

O brother, had you known our Camelot,

Built by old kings, age after age, so

The King himself had fears that it would fall,

So strange, and rich, and dim; for where the roofs

Totter'd toward each other in the sky,

Met foreheads all along the street of

Who watch'd us pass; and lower, and where the long

Rich galleries, lady-laden, weigh'd the necks

Of dragons clinging to the crazy walls, Thicker than drops from thunder, showers of flowers

Fell as we past; and men and boys astride

On wyvern, lion, dragon, griffin, swan, At all the corners, named us each by name,

Calling 'God speed!' but in the ways below

below

The knights and ladies wept, and rich

and poor
Wept, and the King himself could
hardly speak

For grief, and all in middle street the Queen,

Who rode by Lancelot, wail'd and shriek'd aloud,

'This madness has come on us for our sins.'

So to the Gate of the three Queens we came,

Where Arthur's wars are render'd mystically,

And thence departed every one his way.

"And I was lifted up in heart, and thought

Of all my late-shown prowess in the lists,

How my strong lance had beaten down the knights,

So many and famous names; and never yet Had heaven appear'd so blue, nor

earth so green,
For all my blood danced in me, and I

That I should light upon the Holy Grail.

"Thereafter, the dark warning of our King,

That most of us would follow wandering fires,

Came like a driving gloom across my mind.

Then every evil word I had spoken

once,
And every evil thought I had thought

And every evil thought I had though of old,

And every evil deed I ever did,

Awoke and cried, 'This Quest is not for thee.'

And lifting up mine eyes, I found myself Alone, and in a land of sand and

thorns,

And I was thirsty even unto death;

And I, too, cried, 'This Quest is not for thee.'

"And on I rode, and when I thought my thirst

Would slay me, saw deep lawns, and then a brook,

then a brook,
With one sharp rapid, where the crisping white

Play'd ever back upon the sloping wave.

And took both ear and eye; and o'er the brook

Were apple-trees, and apples by the

Fallen, and on the lawns. 'I will rest here,'

I said, 'I am not worthy of the Quest;' But even while I drank the brook, and

The goodly apples, all these things at once

Fell into dust, and I was left alone, And thirsting, in a land of sand and thorns.

"And then behold a woman at a door

Spinning; and fair the house whereby she sat,

And kind the woman's eyes and innocent.

And all her bearing gracious; and she

Opening her arms to meet me, as who should say,

'Rest here;' but when I touch'd her, lo! she, too,

Fell into dust and nothing, and the house

Became no better than a broken shed. And in it a dead babe; and also this Fell into dust, and I was left alone.

"And on I rode, and greater was my thirst.

Then flash'd a yellow gleam across the world,

And where it smote the plowshare in the field,

The plowman left his plowing, and fell down

Before it; where it glitter'd on her pail,

The milkmaid left her milking, and fell down

Before it, and I knew not why, but thought

'The sun is rising,' tho' the sun had

Then was I ware of one that on me moved

In golden armor with a crown of gold About a casque all jewels; and his horse

In golden armor jewell'd everywhere:

And on the splendor came, flashing me blind;

And seem'd to me the Lord of all the world.

Being so huge. But when I thought he meant

To crush me, moving on me, lo! he,

Open'd his arms to embrace me as he came,

And up I went and touch'd him, and he, too,

Fell into dust, and I was left alone

And wearying in a land of sand and thorns.

"And I rode on and found a mighty hill.

And on the top, a city wall'd: the spires

Prick'd with incredible pinnacles into heaven.

And by the gateway stirr'd a crowd; and these

Cried to me climbing, 'Welcome, Percivale!

Thou mightiest and thou purest among men!'

And glad was I and clomb, but found at top

No man, nor any voice. And thence I past

Far thro' a ruinous city, and I saw That man had once dwelt there; but there I found

Only one man of an exceeding age. 'Where is that goodly company,' said I,

'That so cried out upon me?' and he had

Scarce any voice to answer, and yet gasp'd,

'Whence and what art thou?' and even as he spoke

Fell into dust, and disappear'd, and I Was left alone once more, and cried

in grief, 'Lo. if I find the Holy Grail itself

And touch it, it will crumble into dust.'

"And thence I dropt into a lowly vale.

Low as the hill was high, and where the vale

Was lowest, found a chapel, and thereby

A holy hermit in a hermitage,

To whom I told my phantoms, and he said:

"'O son, thou hast not true humility, The highest virtue, mother of them all; For when the Lord of all things made Himself

Naked of glory for His mortal change, "Take thou my robe," she said, "for all is thine,"

And all land,

And all her form shone forth with sudden light

So that the angels were amazed, and she

Follow'd Him down, and like a flying star

Led on the gray-hair'd wisdom of the east;

But her thou hast not known: for what is this

Thou thoughtest of thy prowess and thy sins?

Thou hast not lost thyself to save thyself
As Galahad.' When the hermit made

an end, In silver armor suddenly Galahad

shone Before us, and against the chapel door

Laid lance, and enter'd, and we knelt in prayer. And there the hermit slaked my burn-

ing thirst,

And at the sacring of the mass I saw The holy elements alone; but he, 'Saw ye no more? I, Galahad, saw

the Grail,
The Holy Grail, descend upon the

shrine:
I saw the fiery face as of a child

That smote itself into the bread, and went:

And hither am I come; and never yet Hath what thy sister taught me first to see,

This Holy Thing, fail'd from my side,

Cover'd, but moving with me night and day,

Fainter by day, but always in the night Blood-red, and sliding down the blacken'd marsh

Blood-red, and on the naked mountain top

Blood-red, and in the sleeping mere below

Blood-red. And in the strength of this I rode,

Shattering all evil customs everywhere, And past thro' Pagan realms, and

made them mine, And clash'd with Pagan hordes, and

bore them down, And broke thro'all, and in the strength

of this
Come victor. But my time is hard at

hand,
And hence I go; and one will crown

me king
Far in the spiritual city; and come

thou, too,
For thou shalt see the vision when I

go.'

"While thus he spake, his eye, dwelling on mine,

Drew me, with power upon me, till I grew

One with him, to believe as he believed.

Then, when the day began to wane, we went.

"There rose a hill that none but man could climb,

Scarr'd with a hundred wintry watercourses —

Storm at the top, and when we gain'd it, storm

Round us and death; for every moment glanced

His silver arms and gloom'd: so quick and thick

and thick
The lightnings here and there to left

and right
Struck, till the dry old trunks about
us, dead,

Yea, rotten with a hundred years of death,

Sprang into fire and at the base we found

On either hand, as far as eye could see, A great black swamp and of an evil smell.

Part black, part whiten'd with the bones of men,

Not to be crost, save that some ancient king

Had built a way, where, link'd with many a bridge,

A thousand piers ran into the great Sea.

And Galahad fled along them bridge by bridge,

And every bridge as quickly as he

crost Sprang into fire and vanish'd, tho' I

yearn'd To follow; and thrice above him all

the heavens Open'd and blazed with thunder such

as seem'd Shoutings of all the sons of God: and

first
At once I saw him far on the great

In silver-shining armor starry-clear; And o'er his head the Holy Vessel

hung
Clothed in white samite or a luminous cloud.

And with exceeding swiftness ran the boat,

If boat it were — I saw not whence it came.

And when the heavens open'd and blazed again

Roaring, I saw him like a silver star—And had he set the sail, or had the boat

Become a living creature clad with wings?

And o'er his head the Holy Vessel hung

Redder than any rose, a joy to me, For now I knew the veil had been withdrawn.

Then in a moment when they blazed again

Opening, I saw the least of little stars Down on the waste, and straight beyond the star I saw the spiritual city and all her

saw the spiritual city and all her spires

And gateways in a glory like one pearl—

No larger, the 'the goal of all the saints—

Strike from the sea; and from the star there shot

A rose-red sparkle to the city, and

there Dwelt, and I know it was the Holy

Grail, Which never eyes on earth again

shall see.
Then fell the floods of heaven drown-

ing the deep.

And how my feet recreat the death.

And how my feet recrost the deathful ridge

No memory in me lives; but that I touch'd

The chapel-doors at dawn I know; and thence

Taking my war-horse from the holy man,
Glad that no phantom vext me more,

return'd
To whence I came, the gate of Arthur's

wars."
"O brother," ask'd Ambrosius,—

"for in sooth
These ancient books — and they would
win thee — teem,

Only I find not there this Holy Grail, With miracles and marvels like to these,

Not all unlike; which oftentime I read, Who read but on my breviary with ease,

Till my head swims; and then go forth and pass

Down to the little thorpe that lies so close.

And almost plaster'd like a martin's

To these old walls — and mingle with our folk:

And knowing every honest face of theirs As well as ever shepherd knew his sheep,

And every homely secret in their hearts.

Delight myself with gossip and old wives,

And ills and aches, and teethings, lyings-in,

And mirthful sayings, children of the place.

That have no meaning half a league away:

Or lulling random squabbles when they rise,

Chafferings and chatterings at the market-cross,

Rejoice, small man, in this small world of mine,

Yea, even in their hens and in their eggs —

O brother, saving this Sir Galahad, Came ye on none but phantoms in your quest,

No man, no woman?"

Then Sir Percivale:

"All men, to one so bound by such a
yow.

And women were as phantoms. O, my brother,

Why wilt thou shame me to confess

to thee How far I falter'd from my quest and

vow?
For after I had lain so many nights,
A bedmate of the snail and eft and

snake,
In grass and burdock, I was changed

And meagre, and the vision had not come:

And then I chanced upon a goodly

With one great dwelling in the middle of it:

Thither I made, and there was I disarm'd

By maidens each as fair as any flower: But when they led me into hall, behold.

The Princess of that castle was the one.

Brother, and that one only, who had ever

Made my heart leap; for when I moved of old

A slender page about her father's hall, And she a slender maiden, all my heart

Went after her with longing: yet we twain

Had never kiss'd a kiss, or vow'd a vow.

And now I came upon her once again, And one had wedded her, and he was dead,

And all his land and wealth and state were hers.

were hers.
And while I tarried, every day she

A banquet richer than the day before By me; for all her longing and her

Was toward me as of old; till one fair morn.

I walking to and fro beside a stream That flash'd across her orchard underneath

Her castle-walls, she stole upon my walk,

And calling me the greatest of all knights,

Embraced me, and so kiss'd me the first time,

And gave herself and all her wealth

to me.
Then I remember'd Arthur's warning

word, That most of us would follow wan-

dering fires,
And the Quest faded in my heart.

Anon, The heads of all her people drew to

me, With supplication both of knees and

tongue:

'We have heard of thee: thou art our greatest knight,

Our Lady says it, and we well believe: Wed thou our Lady, and rule over us, And thou shalt be as Arthur in our land.'

O me, my brother! but one night my vow

Burnt me within, so that I rose and fled.

But wail'd and wept, and hated mine own self,

And ev'n the Holy Quest, and all but

her;

Then after I was join'd with Galahad Cared not for her, nor anything upon earth."

Then said the monk, "Poor men, when yule is cold,

Must be content to sit by little fires.
And this am I, so that ye care for me
Ever so little; yea, and blest be
Heaven

That brought thee here to this poor

house of ours

Where all the brethren are so hard, to warm

My cold heart with a friend: but O the pity

To find thine own first love once

more — to hold, Hold her a wealthy bride within thine

arms, Or all but hold, and then — cast her

aside, Foregoing all her sweetness, like a

weed. For we that want the warmth of

double life, We that are plagued with dreams of

something sweet Beyond all sweetness in a life so

rich, — Ah, blessed Lord, I speak too earthly-

wise, Seeing I never stray'd beyond the cell, But live like an old badger in his

earth,
With earth about him everywhere,
despite

All fast and penance. Saw ye none beside.

None of your knights?"

"Yea so," said Percivale:
"One night my pathway swerving east, I saw

The pelican on the casque of our Sir Bors All in the middle of the rising moon: And toward him spurr'd, and hail'd him, and he me, , And each made joy of either; then

he ask'd,

'Where is he? hast thou seen him -

Lancelot? — Once,'

Said good Sir Bors, 'he dash'd across me — mad,

And maddening what he rode: and when I cried,

"Ridest thou then so hotly on a quest So holy," Lancelot shouted, "Stay me not!

I have been the sluggard, and I ride apace.

For now there is a lion in the way." So vanish'd.

"Then Sir Bors had ridden on Softly, and sorrowing for our Lancelot.

Because his former madness, once the

And scandal of our table, had return'd:

For Lancelot's kith and kin so worship him

That ill to him is ill to them; to Bors Beyond the rest: he well had been content

Not to have seen, so Lancelot might have seen,

The Holy Cup of healing; and, indeed, Being so clouded with his grief and love,

Small heart was his after the Holy Quest:

If God would send the vision, well: if not,

The Quest and he were in the hands of Heaven.

"And then, with small adventure met, Sir Bors

Rode to the loneliest tract of all the realm,

And found a people there among their crags,

Our race and blood, a remnant that were left Paynim amid their circles, and the stones

They pitch up straight to heaven:

Were strong in that old magic which can trace

The wandering of the stars, and scoff'd at him

And this high Quest as at a simple thing:

Told him he follow'd—almost Arthur's words—

A mocking fire: 'what other fire than

he,
Whereby the blood beats, and the

Whereby the blood beats, and the blossom blows,

And the sea rolls, and all the world is warm'd?'

And when his answer chafed them, the rough crowd,

Hearing he had a difference with their priests,

Seized him, and bound and plunged him into a cell

Of great piled stones; and lying bounden there
In darkness thro' innumerable

hours
He heard the bellow ringing heavens

He heard the hollow-ringing heavens sweep

Over him till by miracle — what else? —

Heavy as it was, a great stone slipt and fell,

Such as no wind could move: and thro' the gap

Glimmer'd the streaming scud: then came a night

Still as the day was loud; and thro' the gap

The seven clear stars of Arthur's

Table Round —

For, brother, so one night, because

they roll

Thro' such a round in heaven, we named the stars,

Rejoicing in ourselves and in our King — And these, like bright eyes of familiar

friends,
In on him shone: 'And then to me

In on him shone: 'And then to me, to me,'

Said good Sir Bors, 'beyond all hopes of mine, Who scarce had pray'd or ask'd it for

myself —
Across the seven clear stars — 0

grace to me—

In color like the fingers of a hand Before a burning taper, the sweet Grail

Glided and past, and close upon it peal'd A sharp quick thunder.' Afterwards, a maid,

Who kept our holy faith among her kin

In secret, entering, loosed and let him go."

To whom the monk: "And I remember now

That pelican on the casque: Sir Bors it was

Who spake so low and sadly at our board;

And mighty reverent at our grace was he:

A square-set man and honest; and his eyes,

An out-door sign of all the warmth within.

Smiled with his lips — a smile beneath a cloud,

But heaven had meant it for a sunny one:

Ay, ay, Sir Bors, who else? But when ye reach'd

The city, found ye all your knights return'd,

Or was there sooth in Arthur's prophecy,

Tell me, and what said each, and what the King?"

Then answer'd Percivale: "And that can I,

Brother, and truly; since the living words

Of so great men as Lancelot and our King

Pass not from door to door and out again.

But sit within the house. O, when we reach'd

The city, our horses stumbling as they trode

On heaps of ruin, hornless unicorns, Crack'd basilisks, and splinter'd cockatrices,

And shatter'd talbots, which had left the stones

Raw, that they fell from, brought us to the hall.

"And there sat Arthur on the daïsthrone.

And those that had gone out upon the

Quest,
Wasted and worn, and but a tithe of
them.

And those that had not, stood before the King.

Who, when he saw me, rose, and bade me hail.

Saying, 'A welfare in thine eye reproves

Our fear of some disastrous chance for thee

On hill, or plain, at sea, or flooding ford.

So fierce a gale-made havoc here of late

Among the strange devices of our kings;

Yea, shook this newer, stronger hall of ours,

And from the statue Merlin moulded for us

Half-wrench'd a golden wing; but now — the Quest,

This vision — hast thou seen the Holy Cup,

That Joseph brought of old to Glastonbury?"

"So when I told him all thyself hast heard,

Ambrosius, and my fresh but fixt resolve

To pass away into the quiet life, He answer'd not, but, sharply turn-

He answer'd not, but, sharply turn ing, ask'd

Of Gawain, 'Gawain, was this Quest for thee?'

"'Nay, lord,' said Gawain, 'not for such as I.

Therefore I communed with a saintly man,

Who made me sure the Quest was not for me;

For I was much awearied of the Quest:

But found a silk pavilion in a field,

And merry maidens in it; and then this gale

Tore my pavilion from the tenting-

pin,
And blow my merry maidens all

And blew my merry maidens all about

With all discomfort; yea, and but for this,

My twelvemonth and a day were pleasant to me.'

"He ceased; and Arthur turn'd to whom at first

He saw not, for Sir Bors, on entering,

push'd
Athwart the throng to Lancelot,
caught his hand,

Held it, and there, half-hidden by him, stood.

Until the King espied him, saying to him,

'Hail, Bors! if ever loyal man and true

Could see it, thou hast seen the Grail;' and Bors,

'Ask me not, for I may not speak of it:

I saw it;' and the tears were in his eyes.

"Then there remain'd but Lancelot, for the rest

Spake but of sundry perils in the storm;

Perhaps, like him of Cana in Holy Writ,

Our Arthur kept his best until the last;

'Thou, too, my Lancelot,' ask'd the King, 'my friend,

Our mightiest, hath this Quest avail'd for thee?

"'Our mightiest!' answer'd Lancelot, with a groan;

O King!'—and when he paused, methought I spied

A dying fire of madness in his eyes—
'O King, my friend, if friend of thine
I be.

Happier are those that welter in their

Swine in the mud, that cannot see for slime,

Slime of the ditch: but in me lived a

So strange, of such a kind, that all of pure,

Noble, and knightly in me twined and clung

Round that one sin, until the whole-

And poisonous grew together, each as each,

Not to be pluck'd asunder; and when thy knights

Sware, I sware with them only in the

That could I touch or see the Holy
Grail

They might be pluck'd asunder. Then I spake

To one most holy saint, who wept and said,

That save they could be pluck'd asunder, all

My quest were but in vain; to whom I vow'd

That I would work according as he will'd.

And forth I went, and while I yearn'd and strove

To tear the twain asunder in my heart,

My madness came upon me as of old, And whipt me into waste fields far away;

There was I beaten down by little men,

Mean knights, to whom the moving of my sword

And shadow of my spear had been enow

To scare them from me once; and then I came All in my folly to the naked shore, Wide flats, where nothing but coarse

grasses grew;
But such a blast, my King, began to

blow,
So loud a blast along the shore and

sea, Ye could not hear the waters for the

blast,
Tho' heapt in mounds and ridges all
the sea

Drove like a cataract, and all the sand Swept like a river, and the clouded heavens

Were shaken with the motion and the sound.

sound.
And blackening in the sea-foam

sway'd a boat, Half-swallow'd in it, anchor'd with a chain:

And in my madness to myself I said,
"I will embark and I will lose myself,
And in the great sea wash away my

And in the great sea wash away my sin."

I burst the chain, I sprang into the

boat.
Seven days I drove along the dreary deep,

And with me drove the moon and all the stars;

And the wind fell, and on the seventh night

I heard the shingle grinding in the surge,

And felt the boat shock earth, and looking up,

Behold, the enchanted towers of Carbonek,

A castle like a rock upon a rock, With chasm-like portals open to the sea,

And steps that met the breaker! there was none

Stood near it but a lion on each side That kept the entry, and the moon was full.

Then from the boat I leapt, and up the stairs.

the stairs.

There drew my sword. With suddenflaring manes

Those two great beasts rose upright like a man,

Each gript a shoulder, and I stood between;

And, when I would have smitten them, heard a voice,

Doubt not, go forward; if thou doubt, the beasts

Will tear thee piecemeal." Then with violence

The sword was dash'd from out my hand, and fell.

And up into the sounding hall I past; But nothing in the sounding hall I

No bench nor table, painting on the wall

Or shield of knight; only the rounded moon

Thro' the tall oriel on the rolling sea.
But always in the quiet house I heard,
Clear as a lark, high o'er me as a lark,
A sweet voice singing in the topmost
tower

To the eastward: up I climb'd a thou-

sand steps
With pain: as in a dream I seem'd to

For ever: at the last I reach'd a door, A light was in the crannies, and I heard.

"Glory and joy and honor to our Lord

And to the Holy Vessel of the Grail."
Then in my madness I essay'd the door:

It gave; and thro' a stormy glare, a heat

As from a seventimes-heated furnace,

Blasted and burnt, and blinded as I was,

With such a fierceness that I swoon'd away —

O, yet methought I saw the Holy Grail,

All pall'd in crimson samite, and around

Great angels, awful shapes, and wings and eyes.

And but for all my madness and my sin,

And then my swooning, I had sworn
I saw

That which I saw; but what I saw was veil'd

And cover'd; and this Quest was not for me.'

"So speaking, and here ceasing, Lancelot left

The hall long silent, till Sir Gawain — nay,

Brother, I need not tell thee foolish words,—

A reckless and irreverent knight was he,

Now bolden'd by the silence of his King, —

Well, I tell thee: 'O King, my liege,' he said,

'Hath Gawain fail'd in any quest of thine?

When have I stinted stroke in foughten field?

But as for thine, my good friend Percivale,

Thy holy nun and thou have driven men mad,

Yea, made our mightiest madder than our least.

But by mine eyes and by mine ears I swear,
I will be deafer than the blue-eyed

cat,
And thrice as blind as any noonday

owl,
To holy virgins in their ecstasies,
Henceforward."

"' Deafer,' said the blameless King,

'Gawain, and blinder unto holy things

Hope not to make thyself by idle vows,

Being too blind to have desire to see. But if indeed there came a sign from

heaven,
Blessed are Bors, Lancelot and Percivale.

For these have seen according to their sight.

For every fiery prophet in cld times, And all the sacred madness of the bard. When God make music thro' them, could but speak

His music by the framework and the chord;

And as ye saw it ye have spoken truth.

"'Nay — but thou errest, Lancelot: never yet

Could all of true and noble in knight and man

Twine round one sin, whatever it might be,

With such a closeness, but apart there grew,

Save that he were the swine thou spakest of,

Some root of knighthood and pure nobleness;

Whereto see thou, that it may bear its flower.

"'And spake I not too truly, O my knights?

Was I too dark a prophet when I said To those who went upon the Holy Ouest.

Quest, That most of them would follow

wandering fires,

Lost in the quagmire?—lost to me
and gone,

And left me gazing at a barren board, And a lean Order—scarce return'd a tithe—

And out of those to whom the vision came

My greatest hardly will believe he saw;

Another hath beheld it afar off,

And leaving human wrongs to right themselves,

Cares but to pass into the silent life. And one hath had the vision face to face,

And now his chair desires him here in vain.

However they may crown him otherwhere.

"'And some among you held, that if the King

Had seen the sight he would have sworn the vow:

Not easily, seeing that the King must guard

That which he rules, and is but as the hind

To whom a space of land is given to

Who may not wander from the allotted field

Before his work be done; but, being done,

Let visions of the night or of the

day

Come as they will; and many a time

Come, as they will; and many a time they come,

Until this earth he walks on seems not earth,

This light that strikes his eyeball is not light, This air that smites his forehead is

This air that smites his forehead in not air

But vision — yea, his very hand and foot —

In moments when he feels he cannot die,

And knows himself no vision to him-

self, Nor the high God a vision, nor that

Who rose again: ye have seen what ye have seen.'

"So spake the King: I knew not all he meant."

## PELLEAS AND ETTARRE.

King Arthur made new knights to fill the gap

Left by the Holy Quest; and as he sat

In the hall at old Caerleon, the high doors

Were softly sunder'd, and thro' these a youth,

Pelleas, and the sweet smell of the fields

Past, and the sunshine came along with him.

"Make me thy knight, because I know, Sir King,

All that belongs to knighthood, and I love."

Such was his cry: for having heard the King

Had let proclaim a tournament — the prize

A golden circlet and a knightly sword, Full fain had Pelleas for his lady won

The golden circlet, for himself the sword:

And there were those who knew him near the King,

And promised for him: and Arthur. made him knight.

And this new knight, Sir Pelleas of the isles —

But lately come to his inheritance, And lord of many a barren isle was

Riding at noon, a day or twain before,

Across the forest call'd of Dean, to

Caerleon and the King, had felt the

Beat like a strong knight on his

helm, and reel'd Almost to falling from his horse; but

Near him a mound of even-sloping side,

Whereon a hundred stately beeches grew,

And here and there great hollies under them:

But for a mile all round was open space,

And fern and heath: and slowly Pelleas drew

Co that dim day, then binding his good horse

To a tree, cast himself down; and as he lay

At random looking over the brown earth

Chro' that green-glooming twilight of the grove,

t seem'd to Pelleas that the fern without

Surnt as a living fire of emeralds,

So that his eyes were dazzled looking at it.

Then o'er it crost the dimness of a cloud

Floating, and once the shadow of a bird

Flying, and then a fawn; and his eyes closed.

And since he loved all maidens, but no maid

In special, half-awake he whisper'd, "Where?

O where? I love thee, tho' I know thee not.

For fair thou art and pure as Guinevere,

And I will make thee with my spear and sword

As famous — O my Queen my Guine vere,

For I will be thine Arthur when we meet."

Suddenly waken'd with a sound of talk

And laughter at the limit of the wood, And glancing thro' the hoary boles, he saw,

Strange as to some old prophet might have seem'd

A vision hovering on a sea of fire,
Damsels in divers colors like the cloud
Of sunset and sunrise, and all of them
On horses, and the horses richly trapt
Breast-high in that bright line of
bracken stood:

And all the damsels talk'd confusedly, And one was pointing this way, and one that,

Because the way was lost.

And Pelleas rose, And loosed his horse, and led him to

the light.
There she that seem'd the shief among

There she that seem'd the chief among them said,

"In happy time behold our pilot-star! Youth, we are damsels-errant, and we ride,

Arm'd as ye see, to tilt against the knights

There at Caerleon, but have lost our way:

To right? to left? straight forward? back again?

Which? tell us quickly."

And Pelleas gazing thought,
"Is Guinevere herself so beautiful?"
For large her violet eyes look'd, and
her bloom

A rosy dawn kindled in stainless heavens,

And round her limbs, mature in womanhood;

And slender was her hand and small her shape;

And but for those large eyes, the haunts of scorn,

She might have seem'd a toy to trifle with.

And pass and care no more. But while he gazed

The beauty of her flesh abash'd the boy,

As tho' it were the beauty of her soul: For as the base man, judging of the good,

Puts his own baseness in him by default

Of will and nature, so did Pelleas lend
All the young beauty of his own soul
to hers.

Believing her; and when she spake to him,

Stammer'd, and could not make her a reply.

For out of the waste islands had he come,

Where saving his own sisters he had known

Scarce any but the women of his isles, Rough wives, that laugh'd and scream'd against the gulls,

Makers of nets, and living from the sea.

Then with a slow smile turn'd the lady round

And look'd upon her people; and as when

A stone is flung into some sleeping tarn,

The circle widens till it lip the marge, Spread the slow smile thro' all her company. Three knights were thereamong; and

they too smiled, Scorning him; for the lady was

Ettarre,
And she was a great lady in her land.

Again she said, "O wild and of the

Knowest thou not the fashion of our speech?

Or have the Heavens but given thee a fair face,

Lacking a tongue?"

"O damsel," answer'd he,
"I woke from dreams; and coming
out of gloom

Was dazzled by the sudden light, and crave

Pardon: but will ye to Caerleon? I Go likewise: shall I lead you to the King?"

"Lead then," she said; and thro' the woods they went.

And while they rode, the meaning in his eyes,

His tenderness of manner, and chaste awe,

His broken utterances and bashfulness,

Were all a burthen to her, and in her heart

She mutter'd, "I have lighted or ; fool,

Raw, yet so stale!" But since her

On hearing, after trumpet blown, her

And title, "Queen of Beauty," in the

Cried — and beholding him so strong, she thought

That peradventure he will fight for me,

And win the circlet: therefore flatter'd

Being so gracious, that he wellnigh deem'd

His wish by hers was echo'd; and her knights

And all her damsels too were gracious to him,

For she was a great lady.

And when they reach'd Caerleon, ere they past to lodging, she.

Taking his hand, "O the strong hand,"

she said,

"See! look at mine! but wilt thou fight for me,

And win me this fine circlet, Pelleas, That I may love thee?"

Then his helpless heart Leapt, and he cried, "Ay! wilt thou

if I win?"
"Ay, that will I," she answer'd, and

she laugh'd,
And straitly nipt the hand, and flung

it from her:

Then glanced askew at those three knights of hers,

Till all her ladies laugh'd along with

"O happy world," thought Pelleas, "all, meseems,

Are happy; I the happiest of them all."

Nor slept that night for pleasure in his blood,

And green wood-ways, and eyes among the leaves;

Then being on the morrow knighted, sware

To love one only. And as he came away,

The men who met him rounded on their heels

And wonder'd after him, because his face

Shone like the countenance of a priest of old

Against the flame about a sacrifice Kindled by fire from heaven: so glad was he.

Then Arthur made vast banquets, and strange knights From the four winds came in: and each one sat,

Tho' served with choice from air, land, stream, and sea,

Oft in mid-banquet measuring with his eyes

His neighbor's make and might: and Pelleas look'd

Noble among the noble, for he dream'd His lady loved him, and he knew him-

self Loved of the King: and him his new-

made knight
Worshipt, whose lightest whisper

moved him more

Than all the ranged reasons of the world.

Then blush'd and brake the morning of the jousts,

And this was call'd "The Tournament of Youth:"

For Arthur, loving his young knight, withheld

His older and his mightier from the lists,

That Pelleas might obtain his lady's love.

According to her promise, and remain Lord of the tourney. And Arthur had the jousts

Down in the flat field by the shore of Usk

Holden: the gilded parapets were crown'd

With faces, and the great tower fill'd with eyes
Up to the summit, and the trumpets

blew. There all day long Sir Pelleas kept

the field

With honor: so by that strong hand of his

The sword and golden circlet were achieved.

Then rang the shout his lady loved: the heat

Of pride and glory fired her face; her eye

Sparkled; she caught the circlet from his lance,

And there before the people crown'd herself:

So for the last time she was gracious to him.

Then at Caerleon for a space - her look

Bright for all others, cloudier on her knight —

Linger'd Ettarre: and seeing Pelleas droop.

Said Guinevere, "We marvel at thee much.

O damsel, wearing this unsunny face To him who won thee glory!" And she said,

"Had ye not held your Lancelot in your bower,

My Queen, he had not won." Whereat the Queen,

As one whose foot is bitten by an ant, Glanced down upon her, turn'd and went her way.

But after, when her damsels, and herself. And those three knights all set their

faces home, Sir Pelleas follow'd. She that saw

him cried.

"Damsels - and vet I should be shamed to say it -

I cannot bide Sir Baby. Keep him back Among yourselves Would rather that we had

Some rough old knight who knew the

worldly way,

Albeit grizzlier than a bear, to ride And jest with: take him to you, keep him off,

And pamper him with papmeat, if ye will.

Old milky fables of the wolf and sheep, Such as the wholesome mothers tell their boys.

Nay, should ye try him with a merry one

To find his mettle, good: and if he fly

Small matter! let him." This her damsels heard,

And mindful of her small and crue! hand.

They, closing round him thro' the journey home,

Acted her hest, and always from her

Restrain'd him with all manner of device. So that he could not come to speech

with her. And when she gain'd her castle, up-

sprang the bridge, Down rang the grate of iron thro' the

groove, And he was left alone in open field.

"These be the ways of ladies," Pelleas thought,

"To those who love them, trials of our faith.

Yea, let her prove me to the uttermost, For loval to the uttermost am I." So made his moan; and, darkness

falling, sought A priory not far off, there lodged, but

With morning every day, and, moist

or dry, Full-arm'd upon his charger all day

Sat by the walls, and no one open'd to

him.

And this persistence turn'd her scorn to wrath.

Then calling her three knights, she charged them, "Out!

And drive him from the walls." And out they came,

But Pelleas overthrew them as they dash'd

Against him one by one; and these return'd,

But still he kept his watch beneath the wall.

Thereon her wrath became a hate; and once,

A week beyond, while walking on the walls

With her three knights, she pointed downward, "Look,

He haunts me — 1 cannot breathe — besieges me:

Down! strike him! put my hate into your strokes,

And drive him from my walls." And down they went,

And Pelleas overthrew them one by one;

And from the tower above him cried Ettarre,

"Bind him, and bring him in."

He heard her voice; Then let the strong hand, which had overthrown

Her minion-knights, by those he overthrew

Be bounden straight, and so they brought him in.

Then when he came before Ettarre, the sight

Of her rich beauty made him at one glance

More bondsman in his heart than in his bonds.

his bonds. Yet with good cheer he spake, "Behold me, Lady,

A prisoner, and the vassal of thy will; And if thou keep me in thy donjon here, Content am I so that I see thy face But once a day: for I have sworn my

And thou hast given thy promise, and I know

That all these pains are trials of my faith,

And that thyself, when thou hast seen me strain'd

And sifted to the utmost, wilt at length Yield me thy love and know me for thy knight."

Then she began to rail so bitterly, With all her damsels, he was stricken mute;

But when she mock'd his vows and the great King,

Lighted on words: "For pity of thine own self,

Peace, Lady, peace: is he not thine and mine?"

"Thou fool," she said, "I never heard his voice But long'd to break away. Unbind

him now, And thrust him out of doors; for save

from the gate.

he be
Fool to the midmost marrow of his

bones,
He will return no more." And those,

her three, Laugh'd, and unbound, and thrust him

And after this, a week beyond, again

She call'd them, saying, "There he watches yet,

There like a dog before his master's door!

Kick'd, he returns: do ye not hate him, ye?

Ye know yourselves: how can ye bide at peace,

Affronted with his fulsome innocence?
Are ye but creatures of the board and bed.

No men to strike? Fall on him all at once,

And if ye slay him I reck not: if ye fail, Give ye the slave mine order to be bound,

Bind him as heretofore, and bring him in:

It may be ye shall slay him in his bonds."

She spake; and at her will they couch'd their spears,

Three against one: and Gawain passing by,

Bound upon solitary adventure, saw Low down beneath the shadow of those towers

A villany, three to one: and thro' his heart

The fire of honor and all noble deeds Flash'd, and he call'd, "I strike upon thy side —

The caitiffs!" "Nay," said Pelleas, "but forbear;

He needs no aid who doth his lady's will."

So Gawain, looking at the villany done,

Forebore, but in his heat and eagerness Trembled and quiver'd, as the dog, withheld

A moment from the vermin that he

Before him, shivers, ere he springs and kills.

And Pelleas overthrew them, one to three;

And they rose up, and bound, and brought him in.

Then first her anger, leaving Pelleas, burn'd

Full on her knights in many an evil name

Of craven, weakling, and thrice-beaten hound:

"Yet, take him, ye that scarce are fit to touch,

Far less to bind, your victor, and thrust him out,

And let who will release him from his bonds.

bonds.
And if he comes again"—there she

brake short; And Pelleas answer'd, "Lady, for indeed

I loved you and I deem'd you beautiful.

I cannot brook to see your beauty

Thro'evil spite: and if ye love me not, I cannot bear to dream you so forsworn:

I had liefer ye were worthy of my love,

Than to be loved again of you—fare-

well;

And tho' ye kill my hope, not yet my love,

Vex not yourself: ye will not see me more."

While thus he spake, she gazed upon the man

Of princely bearing, tho' in bonds, and thought,

"Why have I push'd him from me? this man loves,

If love there be: yet him I loved not.

Why?
I deem'd him fool? yea, so? or that

in him
A something — was it nobler than my-

self?—

Seem'd my reproach? He is not of my kind.

He could not love me, did he know me well.

Nay, let him go — and quickly." And her knights

Laugh'd not, but thrust him bounden out of door.

Forth sprang Gawain, and loosed him from his bonds,

And flung them o'er the walls, and afterward,

Shaking his hands, as from a lazar's rag,
"Faith of my body," he said, "and

art thou not —
Yea thou art he, whom late our Arthur

made
Knight of his table; yea and he that

won
The circlet? wherefore hast thou so

defamed

Thy brotherhood in me and all the

rest,
As let these caitiffs on thee work their
will?"

And Pelleas answer'd, "O, their wills are hers

For whom I won the circlet; and mine, hers,

Thus to be bounden, so to see her face,

Marr'd tho' it be with spite and mockery now, Other than when I found her in the

Other than when I found her in the woods;

And tho' she hath me bounden but in spite,
And all to flout me, when they bring

And all to flout me, when they bring me in,

Let me be bounden, I shall see her face;

Else must Í die thro' mine unhappiness."

And Gawain answer'd kindly tho' in scorn,

Why, let my lady bind me if she will.

and let my lady beat me if she will: ut an she send her delegate to thrall hese fighting hands of mine - Christ

kill me then

but I will slice him handless by the wrist,

and let my lady sear the stump for him,

lowl as he may. But hold me for your friend:

ome, ye know nothing: here I pledge my troth,

ea, by the honor of the Table Round, will be leal to thee and work thy

work.

and tame thy jailing princess to thine hand.

end me thine horse and arms, and I will say

'hat I have slain thee. She will let me in

'o hear the manner of thy fight and

'hen, when I come within her counsels, then

rom prime to vespers will I chant thy praise

s prowest knight and truest lover,

han any have sung thee living, till she long

o have thee back in lusty life again, ot to be bound, save by white bonds and warm,

earer than freedom. Wherefore now thy horse

nd armor: let me go: be comforted: ive me three days to melt her fancy. and hope

he third night hence will bring thee

news of gold."

Then Pelleas lent his horse and all his arms,

aving the goodly sword, his prize, and took

awain's, and said, "Betray me not, but help -

Art thou not he whom men call lightof-love?"

"Ay," said Gawain, "for women be so light."

Then bounded forward to the castle walls.

And raised a bugle hanging from his neck,

And winded it, and that so musically That all the old echoes hidden in the wall

Rang out like hollow woods at hunting-tide.

Up ran a score of damsels to the tower:

"Avaunt," they cried, "our lady loves thee not."

But Gawain lifting up his vizor said, "Gawain am I. Gawain of Arthur's court.

And I have slain this Pelleas whom ve hate:

Behold his horse and armor. gates,

And I will make you merry."

And down they ran, Her damsels, crying to their lady, "Lo!

Pelleas is dead — he told us — he that hath

His horse and armor: will ye let him

He slew him! Gawain, Gawain of the court, Sir Gawain - there he waits below the

wall. Blowing his bugle as who should say

him nay. And so, leave given, straight on

thro' open door Rode Gawain, whom she greeted courteously.

"Dead, is it so?" she ask'd. "Ay, ay," said he,

"And oft in dying cried upon your name."

"Pity on him," she answer'd, "a good knight,

But never let me bide one hour at peace."

"Ay," thought Gawain, "and you be fair enow:

But I to your dead man have given my troth,

That whom ye loathe, him will I make you love."

So those three days, aimless about the land,

Lost in a doubt, Pelleas wandering Waited, until the third night brought

a moon
With promise of large light on woods
and ways.

Hot was the night and silent; but a sound

Of Gawain ever coming, and this

lay —
Which Pelleas had heard sung before
the Queen,

And seen her sadden listening — vext his heart,

And marr'd his rest — "A worm within the rose."

"A rose, but one, none other rose had I,

A rose, one rose, and this was wondrous fair,

One rose, a rose that gladden'd earth and sky, One rose, my rose, that sweeten'd all

mine air —
I cared not for the thorns; the thorns
were there.

"One rose, a rose to gather by and by,

One rose, a rose, to gather and to wear,

No rose but one — what other rose had I?

One rose, my rose; a rose that will not die, —

He dies who loves it, — if the worm be there."

This tender rhyme, and evermore the doubt.

"Why lingers Gawain with his golde news?"

So shook him that he could not res but rode

Ere midnight to her walls, and boun his horse

Hard by the gates. Wide open wer the gates, And no watch kept; and in thre

these he past,
And heard but his own steps, and hi

own heart
Beating, for nothing moved but hi

own self, And his own shadow. Then he cross

the court,
And spied not any light in hall of

bower, But saw the postern portal also wide Yawning; and up a slope of garden, a Of roses white and red, and bramble

And overgrowing them, went on, an

found, Here too, all hush'd below the mello

moon,
Save that one rivulet from a tiny cav
Came lightening downward, and s
soilt itself

Among the roses, and was lost again

Then was he ware of three pavions rear'd

Above the bushes, gilden-peakt: in on Red after revel, droned her lurdar knights

Slumbering, and their three squir across their feet:

In one, their malice on the placid li Froz'n by sweet sleep, four of h damsels lay:

And in the third, the circlet of the jousts

Bound on her brow, were Gawain as Ettarre.

Back, as a hand that pushes thr

To find a nest and feels a snake, l drew:

Back, as a coward slinks from wh he fears l'o cope with, or a traitor proven, or hound

Beaten, did Pelleas in an utter shame Creep with his shadow thro' the court

again,

Fingering at his sword-handle until he stood

There on the costle bridge once more

There on the castle-bridge once more, and thought,

'I will go back, and slay them where they lie."

And so went back, and seeing them yet in sleep

Said, "Ye, that so dishallow the holy sleep,

Your sleep is death," and drew the sword, and thought,

'What! slay a sleeping knight? the

King hath bound And sworn me to this brotherhood;"

'Alas that ever a knight should be so false."

Then turn'd, and so return'd, and groaning laid

the naked sword athwart their naked throats,

Chere left it, and them sleeping; and she lay,

The circlet of the tourney round her brows.

and the sword of the tourney across her throat.

And forth he past, and mounting on his horse tared at her towers that, larger than

themselves

n their own darkness, throng'd into the moon.

hen crush'd the saddle with his thighs, and clench'd Lis hands, and madden'd with himself

and moan'd:

"Would they have risen against me in their blood

At the last day? I might have answer'd them

ven before high God. O towers so strong,

Huge, solid, would that even while I

The crack of earthquake shivering to your base

Split you, and Hell burst up your harlot roofs

Bellowing, and charr'd you thro' and thro' within,

Black as the harlot's heart — hollow as a skull!

Let the fierce east scream thro' your eyelet-holes,

And whirl the dust of harlots round and round

In dung and nettles! hiss, snake — I saw him there —

Let the fox bark, let the wolf yell.
Who yells

Who yells
Here in the still sweet summer night,
but I—

I, the poor Pelleas whom she call'd her fool?

Fool, beast — he, she, or I? myself most fool;

Beast too, as lacking human wit—disgraced,

Dishonor'd all for trial of true love — Love? — we be all alike: only the King

Hath made us fools and liars. O noble vows!

O great and sane and simple race of brutes

That own no lust because they have no law!

For why should I have loved her to my shame?

I loathe her, as I loved her to my shame.

I never loved her, I but lusted for her— Away—"

He dash'd the rowel into his horse,

And bounded forth and vanish'd thro' the night.

Then she, that felt the cold touch on her throat,

Awaking knew the sword, and turn'd herself To Gawain: "Liar, for thou hast not slain

This Pelleas! here he stood, and might have slain

Me and thyself." And he that tells the tale

Says that her ever-veering fancy turn'd To Pelleas, as the one true knight on earth,

And only lover; and thro' her love her life

Wasted and pined, desiring him in vain.

But he by wild and way, for half

the night, And over hard and soft, striking the

From out the soft, the spark from off the hard.

Rode till the star above the wakening

sun, Beside that tower where Percivale was

cowl'd,
Glanced from the rosy forehead of
the dawn.

For so the words were flash'd into his heart

heart He knew not whence or wherefore:

"O sweet star,
Pure on the virgin forehead of the

dawn!"
And there he would have wept, but

felt his eyes
Harder and drier than 2 fountain

bed In summer: thither came the village

girls

And linger'd talking, and they come

no more
Till the sweet heavens have fill'd it
from the heights

Again with living waters in the change Of seasons: hard his eyes; harder his heart

Seem'd; but so weary were his limbs, that he,

Gasping, "Of Arthur's hall am I, but here,

Here let me rest and die," cast himself down,

And gulf'd his griefs in inmost sleep; so lay,

Till shaken by a dream, that Gawain fired
The hall of Merlin, and the morning

Reel'd in the smoke, brake into flame, and fell.

He woke, and being ware of some one nigh,

Sent hands upon him, as to tear himcrying,

crying,
"False! and I held thee pure as Guinevere."

But Percivale stood near him and replied
"Am I but false as Guinevere is

pure?
Or art thou mazed with dreams? or

being one
Of our free-spoken Table hast no

Of our free-spoken Table hast not heard

That Lancelot"—there he check'd himself and paused.

Then fared it with Sir Pelleas as with one
Who gets a wound in battle, and the

sword
That made it plunges thro' the

wound again,
And pricks it deeper: and he shrank

and wail'd,
"Is the Queen false?" and Percivale

was mute.
"Have any of our Round Table held

their vows?"
And Percivale made answer not a

word.
"Is the King true?" "The King!"

said Percivale.
"Why then let men couple at once with wolves.

What! art thou mad?

But Pelleas, leaping up, Ran thro' the doors and vaulted on

his horse

And fled: small pity upon his horse had he,

Or on himself, or any, and when he met

A cripple, one that held a hand for alms -

Hunch'd as he was, and like an old dwarf-elm

That turns its back on the salt blast. the boy

Paused not, but overrode him, shouting, "False,

And false with Gawain!" and so left him bruised And batter'd, and fled on, and hill

and wood Went ever streaming by him till the

gloom, That follows on the turning of the

world.

Darken'd the common path: he twitch'd the reins,

And made his beast that better knew it, swerve

Now off it and now on; but when he

High up in heaven the hall that Merlin built,

Blackening against the dead-green stripes of even,

"Black nest of rats," he groan'd, "ye build too high." Not long thereafter from the city

gates

Issued Sir Lancelot riding airily, Warm with a gracious parting from the Queen,

Peace at his heart, and gazing at a

And marvelling what it was: on whom the boy,

Across the silent seeded meadowgrass

Borne, clash'd: and Lancelot, saying, "What name hast thou That ridest here so blindly and so

hard?" "I have no name," he shouted, "a

scourge am I,

To lash the treasons of the Table Round."

"Yea, but thy name?" "I have many names," he cried:

I am wrath and shame and hate and evil fame.

And like a poisonous wind I pass to blast

And blaze the crime of Lancelot and the Queen."

"First over me," said Lancelot, "shalt thou pass."

"Fight therefore," yell'd the other, and either knight

Drew back a space, and when they closed, at once

The weary steed of Pelleas floundering flung

His rider, who call'd out from the dark field,

"Thou art false as Hell: slay me: I have no sword."

Then Lancelot, "Yea, between thy lips - and sharp;

But here will I disedge it by thy death."

"Slay then," he shriek'd, "my will is to be slain,"

And Lancelot, with his heel upon the fall'n,

Rolling his eyes, a moment stood, then spake:

"Rise, weakling; I am Lancelot; say thy sav."

And Lancelot slowly rode his warhorse back

To Camelot, and Sir Pelleas in brief while Caught his unbroken limbs from the

dark field. And follow'd to the city. It chanced

that both Brake into hall together, worn and

pale. There with her knights and dames

was Guinevere. Full wonderingly she gazed on Lance-

So soon return'd, and then on Pelleas, him

Who had not greeted her, but cast

himself Down on a bench, hard-breathing.

"Have ye fought?" She ask'd of Lancelot. "Ay, my

Queen," he said.

"And thou hast overthrown him?" "Ay, my Queen."

Then she, turning to Pelleas, "O young knight,

Hath the great heart of knighthood in thee fail'd

So far thou canst not bide, unfrowardly,

A fall from him?" Then, for he answer'd not,

"Or hast thou other griefs? If I, the Queen,

May help them, loose thy tongue, and let me know."

But Pelleas lifted up an eye so fierce She quail'd; and he, hissing "I have no sword,"

Sprang from the door into the dark.

The Queen

Look'd hard upon her lover, he on her;

And each foresaw the dolorous day to be:

And all talk died, as in a grove all

Beneath the shadow of some bird of prey;

Then a long silence came upon the

And Modred thought, "The time is hard at hand."

## THE LAST TOURNAMENT.

DAGONET, the fool, whom Gawain in his mood

Had made mock-knight of Arthur's Table Round,

At Camelot, high above the yellowing woods,

Danced like a wither'd leaf before the hall.

And toward him from the hall, with harp in hand,

And from the crown thereof a car-

Of ruby swaying to and fro, the prize Of Tristram in the jousts of yesterday, Came Tristram, saying, "Why skip ye so, Sir Fool?

For Arthur and Sir Lancelot riding once Far down beneath a winding wall of

rock Heard a child wail. A stump of oak

half dead. From roots like some black coil of carven snakes,

Clutch'd at the crag, and started thro' mid air

Bearing an eagle's nest: and thro' the tree

Rush'd ever a rainy wind, and thro' the wind

Pierced ever a child's cry: and crap and tree

Scaling, Sir Lancelot from the peril ous nest.

This ruby necklace thrice around her

And all unscarr'd from beak or talon brought

A maiden babe; which Arthur pity ing took,

Then gave it to his Queen to rear the Queen

But coldly acquiescing, in her white

Received, and after loved it tenderly And named it Nestling; so forgo

A moment, and her cares; till tha young life

Being smitten in mid heaven with mortal cold

Past from her; and in time the carcane Vext her with plaintive memories o the child:

So she, delivering it to Arthur, said "Take thou the jewels of this dead innocence,

And make them, an thou wilt, a tour ney-prize."

To whom the King, "Peace to thin eagle-borne

Dead nestling, and this honor afte death,

Following thy will! but, O my Queer I muse

Why ye not wear on arm, or neck, o zone

hose diamonds that I rescued from the tarn,

nd Lancelot won, methought, for thee to wear."

"Would rather you had let them fall," she cried,

Plunge and be lost - ill-fated as

they were,

bitterness to me! - ye look amazed. ot knowing they were lost as soon as given -

lid from my hands, when I was lean-

ing out

bove the river — that unhappy child ast in her barge: but rosier luck will go

Vith these rich jewels, seeing that they came ot from the skeleton of a brother-

slayer, ut the sweet body of a maiden babe. erchance - who knows? - the purest of thy knights

ay win them for the purest of my

maids."

She ended, and the cry of a great jousts

ith trumpet-blowings ran on all the ways

om Camelot in among the faded fields

) furthest towers; and everywhere the knights

rm'd for a day of glory before the King.

But on the hither side of that loud morn

to the hall stagger'd, his visage ribb'd

om ear to ear with dogwhip-weals, his nose

idge-broken, one eye out, and one hand off,

nd one with shatter'd fingers dangling lame, churl, to whom indignantly the

King,

"My churl, for whom Christ died, what evil beast

Hath drawn his claws athwart thy face? or fiend?

Man was it who marr'd heaven's image in thee thus?"

Then, sputtering thro' the hedge of splinter'd teeth,

Yet strangers to the tongue, and with blunt stump

Pitch-blacken'd sawing the air, said the maim'd churl.

"He took them and he drave them to his tower -

Some hold he was a table-knight of thine —

A hundred goodly ones - the Red Knight, he —

Lord, I was tending swine, and the Red Knight

Brake in upon me and drave them to his tower;

And when I call'd upon thy name as one

That doest right by gentle and by churl,

Maim'd me and maul'd, and would outright have slain.

Save that he sware me to a message, saving.

'Tell thou the King and all his liars, that I Have founded my Round Table in

the North. And whatsoever his own knights have

My knights have sworn the counter to it - and say

My tower is full of harlots, like his

court, But mine are worthier, seeing they

profess

To be none other than themselves and say

My knights are all adulterers like his

But mine are truer, seeing they pro-

To be none other; and say his hour is come,

The heathen are upon him, his long lance

Broken, and his Excalibur a straw."

Then Arthur turned to Kay the seneschal,

"Take thou my churl, and tend him curiously

Like a king's heir, till all his hurts be whole.

The heathen — but that ever-climbing wave,

Hurl'd back again so often in empty foam,

Hath lain for years at rest—and renegades,

Thieves, bandits, leavings of confusion, whom

The wholesome realm is purged of otherwhere,

Friends, thro' your manhood and your fëalty, - now

Make their last head like Satan in the North.

My younger knights, new-made, in whom your flower

Waits to be solid fruit of golden deeds.

Move with me toward their quelling, which achieved,

The loneliest ways are safe from shore to shore.

But thou, Sir Lancelot, sitting in my place

Enchair'd to-morrow, arbitrate the field:

For wherefore shouldst thou care to mingle with it,

Only to yield my Queen her own again?

Speak, Lancelot, thou art silent: is it well?"

Thereto Sir Lancelot answer'd, "It is well:

Yet better if the King abide, and leave

The leading of his younger knights to me.

Else, for the King has will'd it, it is well."

Then Arthur rose and Lancelot follow'd him, And while they stood without the

doors, the King
Turn'd to him saying, "Is it then so

well?

Or mine the blame that oft I seem as he Of whom was written, 'A sound is in his ears'?

The foot that loiters, bidden go, — the glance

That only seems half-loyal to command,—

A manner somewhat fall'n from reverence—

Or have I dream'd the bearing of our knights

Tells of a manhood ever less and lower?

Or whence the fear lest this my realm, uprear'd,

By noble deeds at one with noble vows From flat confusion and brute vio lences.

Reel back into the beast, and be no more?"

He spoke, and taking all his younger knights,

Down the slope city rode, and sharply turn'd

North by the gate. In her high bowe the Queen,

Working a tapestry, lifted up he head, Watch'd her lord pass, and knew no

that she sigh'd.

Then ran across her memory th

Then ran across her memory t strange rhyme

Of bygone Merlin, "Where is he who knows?

From the great deep to the great deep he goes."

But when the morning of a tourns ment,

By these in earnest those in mocker call'd

The Tournament of the Dead Innocence,

Brake with a wet wind blowing, Lat celot.

Round whose sick head all night, like birds of prey,

The words of Arthur flying shriek'd, arose.

And down a streetway hung with folds of pure

White samite, and by fountains running wine,

Where children sat in white with cups of gold,

Moved to the lists, and there, with slow sad steps

Ascending, fill'd his double-dragon'd chair.

He glanced and saw the stately galleries,

Dame, damsel, each thro' worship of their Queen

White-robed in honor of the stainless child,

And some with scatter'd jewels, like a bank

Of maiden snow mingled with sparks of fire.

He look'd but once, and vail'd his eyes again.

The sudden trumpet sounded as in a dream

To ears but half-awaked, then one low roll

Of Autumn thunder, and the jousts began:

And ever the wind blew, and yellowing leaf

And gloom and gleam, and shower and shorn plume

Went down it. Sighing weariedly, as one

Who sits and gazes on a faded fire, When all the goodlier guests are past away.

Sat their great umpire, looking o'er the lists.

He saw the laws that ruled the tournament

Broken, but spake not; once, a knight

Before his throne of arbitration cursed

The dead babe and the follies of the King;

And once the laces of a helmet crack'd, And show'd him, like a vermin in its hole.

Modred, a narrow face: anon he heard
The voice that billow'd round the
barriers roar

An ocean-sounding welcome to one knight,

But newly-enter'd, taller than the rest, And armor'd all in forest green, whereon

There tript a hundred tiny silver deer, And wearing but a holly-spray for crest,

With ever-scattering berries, and on shield

A spear, a harp, a bugle—Tristram

—late
From overseas in Brittany return'd,

And marriage with a princess of that realm,

Isolt the White — Sir Tristram of the Woods —

Whom Lancelot knew, had held sometime with pain

His own against him, and now yearn'd to shake

The burden off his heart in one full shock

With Tristram ev'n to death: his strong hands gript And dinted the gilt dragons right and

left, Until he groan'd for wrath — so man**y** 

of those,
That ware their ladies' colors on the

casque,
Drew from before Sir Tristram to the

bounds, And there with gibes and flickering

mockeries Stood, while he mutter'd, "Craven

Stood, while he mutterd, "Craven crests! O shame!

What faith have these in whom they sware to love?

The glory of our Round Table is no more."

So Tristram won, and Lancelot gave, the gems,

Not speaking other word than "Hast | thou won?

Art thou the purest, brother? See, the hand

Wherewith thou takest this, is red!"
to whom

Tristram, half plagued by Lancelot's languorous mood,

Made answer, "Ay, but wherefore toss me this Like a dry bone cast to some hungry

hound?

Let be thy fair Queen's fantasy. Strength of heart

And might of limb, but mainly use and skill,

Are winners in this pastime of our King.

My hand — belike the lance hath dript upon it —

No blood of mine, I trow; but O chief knight,

Right arm of Arthur in the battlefield, Great brother, thou nor I have made the world:

Be happy in thy fair Queen as I in mine."

And Tristram round the gallery made his horse

Caracole; then bow'd his homage, bluntly saying,

"Fair damsels, each to him who worships each

Sole Queen of Beauty and of love, behold

This day my Queen of Beauty is not here."

And most of these were mute, some anger'd, one,

Murmuring, "All courtesy is dead," and one,

"The glory of our Round Table is no more."

Then fell thick rain, plume droopt and mantle clung,

And pettish cries awoke, and the wan

Went glooming down in wet and weariness:

But under her black brows a swarthy one

Laugh'd shrilly, crying, "Praise the patient saints,

Our one white day of Innocence hath past,

Tho' somewhat draggled at the skirt.

So be it.

The snowdrop only, flowering thro' the

year,
Would make the world as blank as

Would make the world as blank as Winter-tide.

Come — let us gladden their sad eyes, our Queen's

And Lancelot's at this night's solemnity
With all the kindlier colors of the
field."

So dame and damsel glitter'd at the feast

Variously gay: for he that tells the tale

Liken'd them, saying, as when an hour of cold

Falls on the mountain in midsummer snows,

And all the purple slopes of mountain flowers

Pass under white, till the warm hour

returns
With veer of wind, and all are flowers

again;
So dame and damsel cast the simple

white, And glowing in all colors, the live

grass, Rose-campion, bluebell, kingcup, pop-

py, glanced About the revels, and with mirth so

loud
Beyond all use, that, half-amazed,
the Queen.

And wroth at Tristram and the lawless jousts,

Brake up their sports, then slowly to her bower

Parted, and in her bosom pain was lord.

And little Dagonet on the morrow morn,

High over all the yellowing Autumntide.

Danced like a wither'd leaf before the

Then Tristram saying, "Why skip ye

so, Sir Fool?"
Wheel'd round on either heel, Dagonet replied,

"Belike for lack of wiser company; Or being fool, and seeing too much wit

Makes the world rotten, why, belike I skip

To know myself the wisest knight of all."

"Ay, fool," said Tristram, but 'tis eating dry

To dance without a catch, a roundelay
To dance to." Then he twangled on
his harp,

And while he twangled little Dagonet

stood

Quiet as any water-sodden log

Stay'd in the wandering warble of a brook;

But when the twangling ended, skipt again;

And being ask'd, "Why skip ye not, Sir Fool?"

Made answer, "I had liefer twenty years

Skip to the broken music of my brains Than any broken music thou canst make."

Then Tristram, waiting for the quip to come,
"Good now, what music have I

broken, fool?"
And little Dagonet, skipping, "Arthur,

the King's;
For when thou playest that air with

Queen Isolt,

Thou makest broken music with thy

bride, Her daintier namesake down in Brit-

tany —
And so thou breakest Arthur's music
too."

"Save for that broken music in thy brains,

Sir Fool," said Tristram, "I would break thy head.

Fool, I came late, the heathen wars were o'er,

The life had flown, we sware but by

I am but a fool to reason with a fool—Come, thou art crabb'd and sour:
but lean me down,

Sir Dagonet, one of thy long asses' ears,

And harken if my music be not true.

"'Free love — free field — we love but while we may:

The woods are hush'd, their music is no more:

The leaf is dead, the yearning past away:

New leaf, new life — the days of frost are o'er:

New life, new love, to suit the newer day:

New loves are sweet as those that went before:

Free love — free field — we love but while we may.'

"Ye might have moved slow-measure to my tune,

Not stood stockstill. I made it in the

And heard it ring as true as tested gold."

But Dagonet with one foot poised in his hand,

"Friend, did ye mark that fountain yesterday

Made to run wine?—but this had run itself

All out like a long life to a sour end—

And them that round it sat with golden cups

To hand the wine to whosoever came— The twelve small damosels white as

Innocence,
In honor of poor Innocence the babe,
Who left the gems which Innocence

the Queen Lent to the King, and Innocence the

Gave for a prize—and one of those white slips

Handed her cup and piped, the pretty one,

'Drink, drink, Sir Fool,' and thereupon I drank,

Spat — pish — the cup was gold, the draught was mud."

And Tristram, "Was it muddier than thy gibes?

Is all the laughter gone dead out of thee?—

Not marking how the knighthood mock thee, fool—

Fear God: honor the King—his one true knight—

Sole follower of the vows' — for here be they

Who knew thee swine enow before I came.

Smuttier than blasted grain: but when the King

Had made thee fool, thy vanity so shot up

It frighted all free fool from out thy heart;

Which left thee less than fool, and less than swine,

A naked aught—yet swine I hold thee still.

For I have flung thee pearls and find thee swine."

And little Dagonet mincing with his feet,

Knight, an ye fling those rubies round my neck
In lieu of hers, I'll hold thou hast

some touch
Of music, since I care not for thy

pearls.

Swine? I have wallow'd, I have

wash'd — the world
Is flesh and shadow — I have had my

The dirty nurse, Experience, in her kind

Hath foul'd me — an I wallow'd, then I wash'd —

I have had my day and my philosophies —

And thank the Lord I am King Arthur's fool.

Swire, say ye? swine, goats, asses, rams and geese

Troop'd round a Paynim harper once, who thrumm'd

On such a wire as musically as thou Some such fine song—but never a king's fool."

And Tristram, "Then were swine, goats, asses, geese The wiser fools, seeing thy Paynim

bard
Had such a mastery of his mystery

That he could harp his wife up out of hell."

Then Dagonet, turning on the ball of his foot,
"And whither harp'st thou thine?

down! and thyself Down! and two more: a helpful harp-

er thou,
That harpest downward! Dost thou

know the star
We call the harp of Arthur up in heaven?"

And Tristram, "Ay, Sir Fool, for when our King

Was victor wellnigh day by day, the knights,

Glorying in each new glory, set his name High on hills, and in the signs of

heaven.

And Dagonet answer'd, "Ay, and when the land

Was freed, and the Queen false, ye set yourself

To babble about him, all to show your wit —

And whether he were King by courtesy,

Or King by right — and so went harp-

or King by right—and so went narping down

The black bing's highway, get so far

The black king's highway, got so far, and grew

So witty that ye play'd at ducks and drakes

With Arthur's vows on the great lake of fire.

Tuwhoo! do ye see it? do ye see the star?

"Nay, fool," said Tristram, "not in open day."

And Dagonet, "Nay, nor will: I see it and hear.

It makes a silent music up in heaven, And I, and Arthur and the angels

hear,
And then we skip." "Lo, fool," he
said, "ye talk

Fool's treason: is the King thy brother fool?"

Then little Dagonet clapt his hands and shrill'd,

"Ay, ay, my brother fool, the king of

Conceits himself as God that he can make

Figs out of thistles, silk from bristles, milk

From burning spurge, honey from hornet-combs,

And men from beasts — Long live the king of fools!"

And down the city Dagonet danced away;

But thro' the slowly-mellowing avenues

And solitary passes of the wood Rode Tristram toward Lyonnesse and

the west.

Before him fled the face of Queen Isolt
With ruby-circled neck, but evermore
Past, as a rustle or twitter in the wood
Made dull his inner, keen his outer eye
For all that walk'd, or crept, or
perch'd, or flew.

Anon the face, as, when a gust hath blown.

Unruffling waters re-collect the shape Of one that in them sees himself, re-

turn'd;
But at the slot or fewmets of a deer,
Or ev'n a fall'n feather, vanish'd again.

So on for all that day from lawn to

Thro' many a league-long bower he rode. At length

A lodge of intertwisted beechenboughs

Furze-cramm'd, and bracken-rooft, the which himself

Built for a summer day with Queen Isolt

Against a shower, dark in the golden grove

Appearing, sent his fancy back to where

She lived a moon in that low lodge with him:

Till Mark her lord had past, the Cornish King,

With six or seven, when Tristram was away,

And snatch'd her thence; yet dreading worse than shame

Her warrior Tristram, spake not any word,

But bode his hour, devising wretchedness.

And now that desert lodge to Tristram lookt

So sweet, that halting, in he past, and sank

Down on a drift of foliage random blown; But could not rest for musing how to

smoothe
And sleek his marriage over to the

Queen.

Perchance in lone Tintagil far from

all
The tonguesters of the court she had

not heard. But then what folly had sent him over-

After she left him lonely here? a name?

Was it the name of one in Brittany, Isolt, the daughter of the King? "Isolt

Of the white hands" they call'd her: the sweet name

Allured him first, and then the maid herself.

Who served him well with those white hands of hers,

And loved him well, until himself had thought

He loved her also, wedded easily, But left her all as easily and return'd. The black-blue Irish hair and Irish

Had drawn him home - what marvel?

then he laid

His brows upon the drifted leaf and dreamid.

He seem'd to pace the strand of Brittany

Between Isolt of Britain and his bride, And show'd them both the ruby-chain, and both

Began to struggle for it, till his Queen

Graspt it so hard, that all her hand was red.

Then cried the Breton, "Look, her hand is red!

These be no rubies, this is frozen blood.

And melts within her hand - her hand is hot

With ill desires, but this I gave thee,

Is all as cool and white as any flower." Follow'd a rush of eagle's wings, and

A whimpering of the spirit of the child.

Because the twain had spoiled her carcanet.

He dream'd; but Arthur with a hundred spears

Rode far, till o'er the illimitable reed, And many a glancing plash and sallowy isle,

The wide-wing'd sunset of the misty marsh

Glared on a huge machicolated tower That stood with open doors, whereout was roll'd

A roar of riot, as from men secure Amid their marshes, ruffians at their

Among their harlot-brides, an evil

"Lo there," said one of Arthur's youth, for there,

High on a grim dead tree before the tower.

A goodly brother of the Table Round Swung by the neck: and on the boughs a shield

Showing a shower of blood in a field noir.

And there beside a horn, inflamed the knights

At that dishonor done the gilded spur, Till each would clash the shield, and blow the horn.

But Arthur waved them back. Alone

Then at the dry harsh roar of the great horn.

That sent the face of all the marsh aloft

An ever upward-rushing storm and

Of shriek and plume, the Red Knight heard, and all,

Even to tipmost lance and topmost helm,

In blood-red armor sallying, howl'd to the King.

"The teeth of Hell flay bare and gnash thee flat!-Lo! art thou not that eunuch-hearted

King Who fain had clipt free manhood

from the world -The woman-worshipper? Yea, God's

curse, and I! Slain was the brother of my para-

mour By a knight of thine, and I that heard

her whine And snivel, being eunuch-hearted too Sware by the scorpion-worm that

twists in hell, And stings itself to everlasting death. To hang whatever knight of thine 1

fought And tumbled. Art thou King? -Look to thy life!"

He ended: Arthur knew the voice

the face Wellnigh was helmet-hidden, and the

name

'ent wandering somewhere darkling in his mind.

nd Arthur deign'd not use of word or sword.

ut let the drunkard, as he stretch'd from horse

o strike him, overbalancing his bulk,

own from the causeway heavily to the swamp

ill, as the crest of some slow-arching wave.

eard in dead night along that tableshore,

rops flat, and after the great waters

hitening for half a league, and thin themselves.

r over sands marbled with moon and cloud.

om less and less to nothing; thus he fell

ead-heavy; then the knights, who watch'd him, roar'd

ad shouted and leapt down upon the fall'n;

iere trampled out his face from being known,

and sank his head in mire, and slimed themselves:

or heard the King for their own cries, but sprang

ro' open doors, and swording right and left

en, women, on their sodden faces, hurl'd

te tables over and the wines, and slew

ll all the rafters rang with womanyells,

and all the pavement stream'd with

en, yell with yell echoing, they fired the tower,

hich half that autumn night, like the live North,

d-pulsing up thro' Alioth and Alcor,

ide all above it, and a hundred meres.

out it, as the water Moab

Come round by the East, and out beyond them flush'd

The long low dune, and lazy-plunging sea.

So all the ways were safe from shore to shore,

But in the heart of Arthur pain was lord.

Then, out of Tristram waking, the red dream

Fled with a shout, and that low lodge return'd,

Mid-forest, and the wind among the boughs.

He whistled his good warhorse left to graze

Among the forest greens, vaulted upon him,

And rode beneath an ever-showering leaf,

Till one lone woman, weeping near a cross,

Stay'd him. "Why weep ye?"
"Lord," she said, "my man

Hath left me or is dead;" whereon he thought —

"What, if she hate me now? I would not this.

"What, if she loves me still? I would not that.

I know not what I would "—but said to her,

"Yet weep not thou, lest, if thy mate return,

He find thy fever changed and leve

He find thy favor changed and love thee not"—

Then pressing day by day thro'
Lyonnesse
Last in a realty hollow belling heard

Last in a rocky hollow, belling, heard The hounds of Mark, and felt the goodly hounds

Yelp at his heart, but turning, past and gain'd

Tintagil, half in sea, and high on land,

A crown of towers.

Down in a casement sat, A low sea-sunset glorying round her hair And glossy-throated grace, Isolt the Queen.

And when she heard the feet of Tristram grind

The spiring stone that scaled about her tower,

Flush'd, started, met him at the doors, and there Belted his body with her white em-

brace, Crying aloud, "Not Mark - not

Mark, my soul! The footstep flutter'd me at first: not

Catlike thro' his own castle steals my

Mark, But warrior-wise thou stridest thro'

his halls Who hates thee, as I him - ev'n to the death.

My soul, I felt my hatred for my Mark

Quicken within me, and knew that thou wert nigh."

To whom Sir Tristram smiling, "I am here.

Let be thy Mark, seeing he is not thine."

And drawing somewhat backward she replied,

"Can he be wrong'd who is not ev'n his own.

But save for dread of thee had beaten

Scratch'd, bitten, blinded, marr'd me somehow - Mark? What rights are his that dare not

strike for them? Not lift a hand - not, tho' he found

me thus! But hearken! have ye met him?

hence he went To-day for three days' hunting - as he said -

And so returns belike within an hour. Mark's way, my soul! - but eat not thou with Mark,

Because he hates thee even more than fears;

Nor drink: and when thou passest any wood

Close vizor, lest an arrow from the bush Should leave me all alone with Mark

and hell. My God, the measure of my hate for Mark

Is as the measure of my love for thee."

So, pluck'd one way by hate and one by love,

Drain'd of her force, again she sat, and spake

To Tristram, as he knelt before her, saying,

"O hunter, and O blower of the horn, Harper, and thou hast been a rover too.

For, ere I mated with my shambling king,

Ye twain had fallen out about the bride

Of one - his name is out of me - the prize.

If prize she were - (what marvel she could see) -

Thine, friend; and ever since my craven seeks

To wreck thee villanously: but, Sir Knight,

What dame or damsel have ye kneel' to last?"

And Tristram, "Last to my Queen Paramount, Here now to my Queen Paramount o

love And loveliness - ay, lovelier tha

when first Her light feet fell on our rough Ly

onnesse. Sailing from Ireland."

Softly laugh'd Isolt "Flatter me not, for hath not our great Queen

My dole of beauty trebled?" and h said.

"Her beauty is her beauty, and thin

thine, And thine is more to me - soft, gr cious, kindSave when thy Mark is kindled on thy lips

Most gracious; but she, haughty, ev'n to him.

Lancelot; for I have seen him wan enow To make one doubt if ever the great Queen

Have yielded him her love."

To whom Isolt, "Ah then, false hunter and false harper; thou

Who brakest thro' the scruple of my bond.

Calling me thy white hind, and say-

ing to me That Guinevere had sinn'd against

the highest,

And I — misyoked with such a want
of man —

That I could hardly sin against the lowest."

He answer'd, "O my soul, be comforted!

If this be sweet, to sin in leadingstrings,

If here be comfort, and if ours be sin, Crown'd warrant had we for the crowning sin

That made us happy: but how ye greet me — fear

And fault and doubt—no word of that fond tale—

Thy deep heart-yearnings, thy sweet memories

Of Tristram in that year he was away."

And, saddening on the sudden, spake Isolt,

"I had forgotten all in my strong joy To see thee — yearnings? — ay! for, hour by hour.

Here in the never-ended afternoon, O sweeter than all memories of thee, Deeper than any yearnings after thee Seem'd those far-rolling, westwardsmiling seas,

Watch'd from this tower. Isolt of Britain dash'd

Before Isolt of Brittany on the strand,

Would that have chill'd her bridekiss? Wedded her?

Fought in her father's battles? wounded there?

The King was all fulfill'd with gratefulness,

And she, my namesake of the hands, that heal'd

Thy hurt and heart with unguent and caress —

Well—can I wish her any huger wrong

Than having known thee? her too hast thou left

To pine and waste in those sweet

memories.
O were I not my Mark's, by whom all

men
Are noble I should hate thee more

Are noble, I should hate thee more than love."

And Tristram, fondling her light hands, replied,

"Grace, Queen, for being loved: she loved me well.

Did I love her? the name at least I loved.

Isolt? — I fought his battles, for Isolt!

The night was dark; the true star set.

Isolt!

The name was ruler of the dark——
Isolt?

Care not for her! patient, and prayerful, meek,

Pale-blooded, she will yield herself to God."

And Isolt answer'd, "Yea, and why not I? Mine is the larger need, who am not

meek,
Pala-blooded prayarful Let me tel

Pale-blooded, prayerful. Let me tell thee now.

Here one black, mute midsummer night I sat,

Lonely, but musing on thee, wondering where,

Murmuring a light song I had heard thee sing,

And once or twice I spake thy name aloud,

Then flash'd a levin-brand; and near me stood,

In fuming sulphur blue and green, a fiend —

Mark's way to steal behind one in the dark —

For there was Mark: 'He has wedded her,' he said,

Not said, but hiss'd it: then this crown of towers

So shook to such a roar of all the sky,

That here in utter dark I swoon'd

away,
And woke again in utter dark, and

And woke again in utter dark, and cried,

'I will flee hence and give myself to God'—

And thou wert lying in thy new leman's arms."

Then Tristram, ever dallying with her hand,

"May God be with thee, sweet, when old and gray,

And past desire!" a saying that anger'd her.

"'May God be with thee, sweet, when thou art old.

And sweet no more to me!' I need Him now.

For when had Lancelot utter'd aught so gross

Ev'n to the swineherd's malkin in the mast?

The greater man, the greater courtesy. Far other was the Tristram, Arthur's knight!

But thou, thro' ever harrying thy wild beasts —

Save that to touch a harp, tilt with a lance

Becomes thee well—art grown wild beast thyself.

How darest thou, if lover, push me even

In fancy from thy side, and set me far

In the gray distance, half a life away, Her to be loved no more? Unsay it, unswear!

Flatter me rather, seeing me so weak,

Broken with Mark and hate and solitude.

Thy marriage and mine own, that I should suck

Lies like sweet wines: lie to me: I believe.

Will ye not lie? not swear, as there ye kneel,

And solemnly as when ye sware to him,

The man of men, our King-My God, the power

Was once in vows when men believed the King!

They lied not then, who sware, and thro' their vows

The King prevailing made his realm:
—I say,

Swear to me thou wilt love me ev'n when old,

Gray-hair'd, and past desire, and in despair."

Then Tristram, pacing moodily up and down,

"Vows! did you keep the vow you made to Mark

More than I mine? Lied, say ye? Nay, but learnt,

The vow that binds too strictly snaps itself—

My knighthood taught me this—ay,

being snapt—
We run more counter to the soul

thereof Than had we never sworn. I swear

no more.

I swore to the great King, and am

forsworn.

For once — ev'n to the height — I honor'd him.

'Man, is he man at all?' methought,
when first

I rode from our rough Lyonnesse, and beheld

beheld That victor of the Pagan throned in

hall — His hair, a sun that ray'd from off a

Like hillsnow high in heaven, the steel-blue eyes,

The golden beard that clothed his lips with light —

Moreover, that weird legend of his

birth,
With Merlin's mystic babble about his end

Amazed me; then, his foot was on a stool

Shaped as a dragon; he seem'd to me no man,

But Michael trampling Satan; so I sware,

Being amazed: but this went by—
The vows!

O ay—the wholesome madness of an hour—

They served their use, their time; for every knight

Believed himself a greater than himself.

And every follower eyed him as a God; Till he, being lifted up beyond himself.

Did mightier deeds than elsewise he had done,

And so the realm was made; but then their vows —

First mainly thro' that sullying of our Queen —

Began to gall the knighthood, asking whence

Had Arthur right to bind them to himself?

Dropt down from heaven? wash'd up from out the deep?

They fail'd to trace him thro' the flesh and blood

Of our old kings: whence then? a
doubtful lord

To bind them by inviolable vows,
Which flesh and blood perforce would
violate:

For feel this arm of mine—the tide within

Red with free chase and heatherscented air,

Pulsing full man; can Arthur make me pure

As any maiden child? lock up my tongue

From uttering freely what I freely hear?

Bind me to one? The wide world laughs at it.

And worldling of the world am I, and know

The ptarmigan that whitens ere his hour
Woos his own end: we are not angels

here
Nor shall be: vows—I am woodman

Nor shall be: vows—1 am woodman of the woods,

And hear the garnet-headed yaffingale Mock them: my soul, we love but while we may;

And therefore is my love so large for thee,

Seeing it is not bounded save by love."

Here ending, he moved toward her, and she said,

"Good: an I turn'd away my love for thee

To some one thrice as courteous as thyself—

For courtesy wins women all as well As valor may, but he that closes both Is perfect, he is Lancelot—taller indeed,

Rosier and comelier, thou—but say I loved

This knightliest of all knights, and cast thee back

Thine own small saw, 'We love but while we may,'

Well then, what answer?'

He that while she spake, Mindful of what he brought to adorn

her with,
The jewels, had let one finger lightly
touch

The warm white apple of her throat, replied.

"Press this a little closer, sweet,

until — Come, I am hunger'd and half-an-

ger'd — meat,
Wine, wine — and I will love thee to
the death,

And out beyond into the dream to

So then, when both were brought to full accord.

She rose, and set before him all he will'd;

And after these had comforted the blood

With meats and wines, and satiated their hearts -

Now talking of their woodland paradise,

The deer, the dews, the fern, the founts, the lawns;

Now mocking at the much ungainli-

And craven shifts, and long crane legs of Mark -

Then Tristram laughing caught the harp, and sang:

"Ay, ay, O ay - the winds that bend the brier!

A star in heaven, a star within the niere!

Ay, ay, O ay — a star was my desire. And one was far apart, and one was near: Ay, ay, O ay-the winds that bow

the grass! And one was water and one star was

And one will ever shine and one will

Ay, ay, O ay — the winds that move

the mere."

Then in the light's last glimmer Tristram show'd

And swung the ruby carcanet. She cried,

"The collar of some Order, which our King

Hath newly founded, all for thee, my soul,

For thee, to yield thee grace beyond thy peers."

"Not so, my Queen," he said, "but the red fruit

Grown on a magic oak-tree in mid-

heaven, And won by Tristram as a tourneyprize,

And hither brought by Tristram for his last

Love-offering and peace-offering unto thee.'

He spoke, he turn'd, then, flinging round her neck, Claspt it, and cried "Thine Order, O

my Queen!"

But, while he bow'd to kiss the jewell'd throat.

Out of the dark, just as the lips had touch'd,

Behind him rose a shadow and a shriek —

"Mark's way," said Mark, and clove him thro' the brain.

That night came Arthur home, and while he climb'd,

All in a death-dumb autumn-dripping gloom,

The stairway to the hall, and look'd and saw The great Queen's bower was dark, -

about his feet A voice clung sobbing till he ques-

tion'd it. "What art thou?" and the voice

about his feet Sent up an answer, sobbing, "I am thy fool,

And I shall never make thee smile again."

## GUINEVERE.

QUEEN GUINEVERE had fled the court, and sat

There in the holy house at Almesbury Weeping, none with her save a little maid.

A novice: one low light betwixt them burn'd

Blurr'd by the creeping mist, for all abroad.

Beneath a moon unseen albeit at full, The white mist, like a face-cloth to the face.

Clung to the dead earth, and the land was still.

For hither had she fled, her cause of flight

Sir Modred; he that like a subtle beast

Lay couchant with his eyes upon the throne,

Ready to spring, waiting a chance:

He chill'd the popular praises of the King

With silent smiles of slow disparagement;

And tamper'd with the Lords of the White Horse,

Heathen, the brood by Hengist left; and sought

To make disruption in the Table Round Of Arthur, and to splinter it into feuds Serving his traitorous end; and all his aims

Were sharpen'd by strong hate for Lancelot.

For thus it chanced one morn when all the court,

Green-suited, but with plumes that mock'd the may,

Had been, their wont, a-maying and return'd,

That Modred still in green, all ear and eve.

Climb'd to the high top of the gardenwall

To spy some secret scandal if he might, And saw the Queen who sat betwixt her best

Enid, and lissome Vivien, of her court The wiliest and the worst; and more than this

He saw not, for Sir Lancelot passing by

Spied where he crouch'd, and as the gardener's hand

Picks from the colewort a green caterpillar,

So from the high wall and the flowering grove

Of grasses Lancelot pluck'd him by the heel,

And cast him as a worm upon the way;
But when he knew the Prince tho'
marr'd with dust,

He, reverencing king's blood in a bad man.

Made such excuses as he might, and these

Full knightly without scorn; for in those days

No knight of Arthur's noblest dealt in scorn;

But, if a man were halt or hunch'd, in him

By those whom God had made fulllimb'd and tall,

Scorn was allow'd as part of his defect, And he was answer'd softly by the King And all his Table. So Sir Lancelot holp

To raise the Prince, who rising twice or thrice

Full sharply smote his knees, and smiled, and went:

But, ever after, the small violence done Rankledin him and ruffled all his heart, As the sharp wind that ruffles all day

A little bitter pool about a stone
On the bare coast.

But when Sir Lancelot told This matter to the Queen, at first she laugh'd

Lightly, to think of Modred's dusty fall, Then shudder'd, as the village wife who cries

"I shudder, some one steps across my grave;"

Then laugh'd again, but faintlier, for indeed

She half-foresaw that he, the subtle beast,

Would track her guilt until he found, and hers

Would be for ever more a name of scorn. Henceforward rarely could she front in hall,

Or elsewhere, Modred's narrow foxy face.

Heart-hiding smile, and gray persistent eve:

Henceforward too, the Powers that tend the soul.

To help it from the death that cannot die.

And save it even in extremes, began To vex and plague her. Many a time for hours,

Beside the placid breathings of the King,

In the dead night, grim faces came and went

Before her, or a vague spiritual fear -Like to some doubtful noise of creaking doors.

Heard by the watcher in a haunted house,

That keeps the rust of murder on the walls ---

Held her awake: or if she slept, she dream'd

An awful dream; for then she seem'd to stand

On some vast plain before a setting

And from the sun there swiftly made at her

A ghastly something, and its shadow flew

Before it, till it touch'd her, and she turn'd ---

When lo! her own, that broadening from her feet,

And blackening, swallow'd all the land, and in it

Far cities burnt, and with a cry she woke.

And all this trouble did not pass but Till ev'n the clear face of the guileless

King, And trustful courtesies of household

Became her bane; and at the last she

"O Lancelot, get thee hence to thine own land,

For if thou tarry we shall meet again, And if we meet again, some evil chance Will make the smouldering scandal break and blaze

Before the people, and our lord the King."

And Lancelot ever promised, but remain'd,

And still they met and met. Again she said.

"O Lancelot, if thou love me get thee hence."

And then they were agreed upon a night

(When the good King should not be there) to meet

And part for ever. Passion-pale they

And greeted: hands in hands, and eye to eye,

Low on the border of her couch they

Stammering and staring: it was their last hour.

A madness of farewells. And Modred brought

His creatures to the basement of the tower

For testimony; and crying with full

"Traitor, come out, ye are trapt at last," aroused

Lancelot, who rushing outward lionlike Leapt on him, and hurl'd him headlong, and he fell

Stunn'd, and his creatures took and bare him off.

And all was still: then she, "The end is come.

And I am shamed for ever;" and he said.

"Mine be the shame; mine was the sin: but rise.

And fly to my strong castle overseas: There will I hide thee, till my life shall end.

There hold thee with my life against the world."

She answer'd, "Lancelot, wilt thou hold me so?

Nay, friend, for we have taken our farewells.

Would God that thou couldst hide me from myself!

Mine is the shame, for I was wife, and thon

Unwedded: yet rise now, and let us fly,

For I will draw me into sanctuary, And bide my doom." So Lancelot

got her horse, Set her thereon, and mounted on his own,

And then they rode to the divided way, There kiss'd, and parted weeping: for he past,

Love-loyal to the least wish of the

Queen, Back to his land; but she to Almes-

bury
Fled all night long by glimmering
waste and weald.

And heard the spirits of the waste

and weald Moan as she fled, or thought she heard

them moan:
And in herself she moan'd "Too late,
too late!"

Till in the cold wind that foreruns the

A blot in heaven, the Raven, flying high,

Croak'd, and she thought, "He spies a field of death:

For now the Heathen of the Northern

Sea, Lured by the crimes and frailties of

the court, Begin to slay the folk, and spoil the

land."

And when she came to Almesbury she spake

There to the nuns, and said, "Mine enemies

Pursue me, but, O peaceful Sisterhood, Receive, and yield me sanctuary, nor ask

Her name to whom ye yield it, till her time

To tell you:" and her beauty, grace and power,

Wrought as a charm upon them, and they spared

To ask it.

So the stately Queen abode For many a week, unknown, among the nuns;

Nor with them mix'd, nor told her

name, nor sought, Wrapt in her grief, for housel or for shrift.

But communed only with the little maid,

Who pleased her with a babbling heedlessness

Which often lured her from herself; but now,

This night, a rumor wildly blown about Came, that Sir Modred had usurp'd

the realm,
And leagued him with the heathen,

while the King
Was waging war on Lancelot: then

she thought,
"With what a hate the people and

the King

Must hate me," and bow'd down upon

her hands Silent, until the little maid, who

brook'd No silence, brake it, uttering "Late!

so late!
What hour, I wonder, now?" and when

she drew No answer, by and by began to hum

An air the nuns had taught her; "Late, so late!"

Which when she heard, the Queen look'd up, and said,

"O maiden, if indeed ye list to sing, Sing, and unbind my heart that I may weep."

Whereat full willingly sang the little maid.

"Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill! Late, late, so late! but we can enter

still.

Too late, too late! ye cannot enter

"No light had we: for that we do

repent;
And learning this, the bridegroom will relent.

Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

"No light: so late! and dark and chill the night!

O let us in, that we may find the light!
Too late, too late: ye cannot ente:

now.

now.

"Have we not heard the bridegroom is so sweet?

O let us in, tho' late, to kiss his feet! No, no, too late! ye cannot enter

now."

So sang the novice, while full passionately,

Her head upon her hands, remembering

Her thought when first she came, wept the sad Queen.

Then said the little novice prattling to her,

"O pray you, noble lady, weep no more;

But let my words, the words of one so small,

Who knowing nothing knows but to obey,

And if I do not there is penance giv-

Comfort your sorrows; for they do not flow

From evil done; right sure I am of

Who see your tender grace and stateliness.

But weigh your sorrows with our lord the King's,

And weighing find them less; for gone is he

To wage grim war against Sir Lancelot there,

Round that strong castle where he holds the Queen;

And Modred whom he left in charge of all,

The traitor—Ah sweet lady, the King's grief

For his own self, and his own Queen, and realm,

Must needs be thrice as great as any of ours.

For me, I thank the saints, I am not great.

For if there ever come a grief to me I cry my cry in silence, and have done. None knows it, and my tears have brought me good:

But even were the griefs of little ones

As great as those of great ones, yet this grief

Is added to the griefs the great must bear.

That howsoever much they may desire Silence, they cannot weep behind a cloud:

As even here they talk at Almesbury About the good King and his wicked Oueen.

And were I such a King with such a Queen,

Well might I wish to veil her wickedness,

But were I such a King, it could not be."

Then to her own sad heart mutter'd the Queen,

"Will the child kill me with her innocent talk?"

But openly she answer'd, "Must not I, If this false traitor have displaced his lord,

Grieve with the common grief of all the realm?"

"Yea," said the maid, "this is all woman's grief,

That she is woman, whose disloyal life Hath wrought confusion in the Table Round

Which good King Arthur founded, years ago,

With signs and miracles and wonders, there

At Camelot, ere the coming of the Queen."

Then thought the Queen within herself again,

"Will the child kill me with her foolish prate?"

But openly she spake and said to her, "O little maid, shut in by nunnery walls.

What canst thou know of Kings and Tables Round,

Or what of signs and wonders, but the signs

And simple miracles of thy numbery?

To whom the little novice garru-

Yea, but I know: the land was full of signs

and wonders ere the coming of the Queen.

o said my father, and himself was knight

if the great Table - at the founding of it:

and rode thereto from Lyonnesse, and he said

'hat as he rode, an hour or maybe

fter the sunset, down the coast, he heard

trange music, and he paused, and

turning — there.

Il down the lonely coast of Lyonnesse. ach with a beacon-star upon his head, and with a wild sea-light about his feet, Ie saw them - headland after headland flame

ar on into the rich heart of the west: and in the light the white mermaiden

swam,

and strong man-breasted things stood from the sea.

and sent a deep sea-voice thro' all the

'o which the little elves of chasm and fade answer, sounding like a distant

o said my father - yea, and further-

ext morning, while he past the dim-

lit woods.

limself beheld three spirits mad with ome dashing down on a tall wayside

flower. hat shook beneath them, as the this-

tle shakes Then three gray linnets wrangle for

the seed: nd still at evenings on before his horse

he flickering fairy-circle wheel'd and broke

lying, and link'd again, and wheel'd and broke

Flying, for all the land was full of life. And when at last he came to Camelot, A wreath of airy dancers hand-in-hand Swung round the lighted lantern of

the hall;

And in the hall itself was such a feast As never man had dream'd; for every knight

Had whatsoever meat he long'd for served

By hands unseen; and even as he said Down in the cellars merry bloated things

Shoulder'd the spigot, straddling on the butts

While the wine ran: so glad were spirits and men

Before the coming of the sinful Queen."

Then spake the Queen and somewhat bitterly,

"Were they so glad? ill prophets were they all.

Spirits and men: could none of them foresee,

Not even thy wise father with his signs And wonders, what has fall'n upon the realm?"

To whom the novice garrulously again.

"Yea, one, a bard; of whom my father

Full many a noble war-song had he sung, Ev'n in the presence of an enemy's

fleet. Between the steep cliff and the com-

ing wave;

And many a mystic lay of life and death

Had chanted on the smoky mountaintops.

When round him bent the spirits of the hills

With all their dewy hair blown back like flame:

So said my father - and that night the bard

Arthur's glorious wars, and Sang sang the King

As wellnigh more than man, and rail'd at those

Who call'd him the false son of Gorloïs:

For there was no man knew from whence he came;

But after tempest, when the long wave broke All down the thundering shores of

Bude and Bos, There came a day as still as heaven,

and then
They found a naked child upon the
sands

Of dark Tintagil by the Cornish sea; And that was Arthur; and they foster'd him

Till he by miracle was approven King:
And that his grave should be a mystery
From all men, like his birth; and
could he find

A woman in her womanhood as great As he was in his manhood, then, he

The twain together well might change the world.

But even in the middle of his song He falter'd, and his hand fell from the

And pale he turn'd, and reel'd, and would have fall'n.

But that they stay'd him up; nor would he tell

His vision; but what doubt that he foresaw

This evil work of Lancelot and the Queen?"

Then thought the Queen, "Lo! they have set her on,

Our simple-seeming Abbess and her nuns, To play upon me," and bow'd her

head nor spake.

Whereat the novice crying, with

clasp'd hands, Shame on her own garrulity garru-

lously,
Said the good nuns would check her
gadding tongue

Full often, "and, sweet lady, if I seem To vex an ear too sad to listen to me, Unmannerly, with prattling and the tales

Which my good father told me, check me too

Nor let me shame my father's mem ory, one Of noblest manners, tho' himsel.

would say
Sir Lancelot had the noblest; and he

Kill'd in a tilt, come next, five sum mers back,

And left me; but of others who remain
And of the two first-famed for
courtesy—

And pray you check me if I ask

But pray you, which had noblest while you moved

Among them, Lancelot or our lord the King?"

Then the pale Queen look'd up and answer'd her,

"Sir Lancelot, as became a noble knight,

Was gracious to all ladies, and the same

In open battle or the tilting-field Forbore his own advantage, and the King

In open battle or the tilting-field Forbore his own advantage, and these two

Were the most nobly-manner'd mer of all;

For manners are not idle, but the frui Of loyal nature, and of noble mind.

"Yea," said the maid, "be manner such fair fruit?

Then Lancelot's needs must be a thou sand-fold

Less noble, being, as all rumor runs, The most disloyal friend in all the world."

To which a mournful answer made the Queen:

"O closed about by narrowing nun nery-walls, What knowest thou of the world, and all its lights

And shadows, all the wealth and all the woe?

f ever Lancelot, that most noble knight,

Were for one hour less noble than himself.

Pray for him that he scape the doom of fire,

and weep for her who drew him to his doom."

"Yea," said the little novice, "I pray for both;

But I should all as soon believe that his.

ir Lancelot's, were as noble as the King's.

is I could think, sweet lady, yours would be

luch as they are, were you the sinful Queen."

So she, like many another babbler, hurt

Vhom she would soothe, and harm'd where she would heal:

'or here a sudden flush of wrathful

'ired all the pale face of the Queen, who cried.

Such as thou art be never maiden more

or ever! thou their tool, set on to plague

and play upon, and harry me, petty spy and traitress." When that storm of anger brake

rom Guinevere, aghast the maiden rose. White as her veil, and stood before

the Queen

s tremulously as foam upon the 'beach

tands in a wind, ready to break and

nd when the Queen had added "Get thee hence,"

led frighted. Then that other left alone

Sigh'd, and began to gather heart again. Saying in herself, "The simple, fear-

ful child

Meant nothing, but my own too-fearful guilt,

Simpler than any child, betrays itself. But help me, heaven, for surely I repent.

For what is true repentance but in thought ---

Not ev'n in inmost thought to think again

The sins that made the past so pleasant to us:

And I have sworn never to see him more,

To see him more."

And ev'n in saying this, Her memory from old habit of the mind

Went slipping back upon the golden days

In which she saw him first, when Lancelot came,

Reputed the best knight and goodliest man.

Ambassador, to lead her to his lord Arthur, and led her forth, and far ahead

Of his and her retinue moving, they, Rapt in sweet talk or lively, all on

And sport and tilts and pleasure (for the time

Was maytime, and as yet no sin was dream'd.)

Rode under groves that look'd a para-

Of blossom, over sheets of hyacinth That seem'd the heavens upbreaking

thro' the earth, And on from hill to hill, and every day

Beheld at noon in some delicious dale

The silk pavilions of King Arthur raised

For brief repast or afternoon repose By couriers gone before; and on again. Till yet once more ere set of sun they

The Dragon of the great Pendragonship,

That crown'd the state pavilion of the King,

Blaze by the rushing brook or silent well.

But when the Queen immersed in such a trance,

And moving thro' the past unconsciously,

Came to that point where first she saw the King

Ride toward her from the city, sigh'd to find

Her journey done, glanced at him, thought him cold,

High, self-contain'd, and passionless, not like him,

"Not like my Lancelot"—while she brooded thus And grew half-guilty in her thoughts

again,

There rode an armed warrior to the

doors.

A murmuring whisper thro' the nunnery ran, Then on a sudden a cry "The King."

She sat
Stiff-stricken, listening; but when

armed feet

Thus' the long callow from the outer

Thro' the long gallery from the outer doors

Rang coming, prone from off her seat she fell, And grovell'd with her face against

the floor:
There with her milkwhite arms and

shadowy hair She made her face a darkness from

the King:
And in the darkness heard his armed

Pause by her; then came silence, then a voice.

Monotonous and hollow like a Ghost's Denouncing judgment, but tho' changed, the King's:

"Liest thou here so low, the child of one

I honor'd, happy, dead before thy shame?

Well is it that no child is born of thee.

The children born of thee are sword

and fire, Red ruin, and the breaking up of

laws,
The craft of kindred and the Godless
hosts

Of heathen swarming o'er the Northern Sea;

Whom I, while yet Sir Lancelot, my right arm The mightiest of my knights, abode

The mightlest of my knights, abode with me,

Have everywhere about this land of Christ In twelve great battles ruining over-

thrown.

And knowest thou now from whence

I come — from him,
From waging bitter war with him:

and he,
That did not shun to smite me in
worse way,

Had yet that grace of courtesy in him

He spared to lift his hand against the King

Who made him knight: but many a knight was slain;

And many more, and all his kith and kin

Clave to him, and abode in his own land. And many more when Modred raised

revolt,
Forgetful of their troth and fealty,

clave To Modred, and a remnant stays with

And of this remnant will I leave a

True men who love me still, for whom
I live.

To guard thee in the wild hour coming

Lest but a hair of this low head be harm'd.

Fear not: thou shalt be guarded till my death.

lowbeit I know, if ancient prophecies lave err'd not, that I march to meet my doom.

hou hast not made my life so sweet

to me,
hat I the King should greatly care
to live:

or thou hast spoilt the purpose of

my life.
ear with me for the last time while

I show, v'n for thy sake, the sin which thou

hast sinn'd.
or when the Roman left us, and
their law

elax'd its hold upon us, and the

ways 'ere fill'd with rapine, here and there

a deed f prowess done redress'd a random

wrong.

ut I was first of all the kings who

ne knighthood-errant of this realm and all

ne realms together under me, their Head.

that fair Order of my Table Round, glorious company, the flower of

serve as model for the mighty world.

nd be the fair beginning of a time.

nade them lay their hands in mine
and swear

reverence the King, as if he were leir conscience, and their conscience

as their King,
break the heathen and uphold the

Christ, ride abroad redressing human

wrongs, speak no slander, no, nor listen to

it,
honor his own word as if his God's,
lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
love one maiden only, cleave to

her,
id worship her by years of noble
deeds,

til they won her; for indeed I knew

Of no more subtle master under heaven

Than is the maiden passion for a maid,

Not only to keep down the base in man,

But teach high thought, and amiable words

And courtliness, and the desire of fame,

And love of truth, and all that makes a man.

And all this throve before I wedded thee,

Believing, lo mine helpmate, one to feel

My purpose and rejoicing in my joy.'

Then came thy shameful sin with Lancelot;

Then came the sin of Tristram and Isolt:

Then others, following these my mightiest knights,

And drawing foul ensample from fair names,

Sinn'd also, till the loathsome opposite Of all my heart had destined did obtain,

And all thro' thee! so that this life of mine

I guard as God's high gift from scathe and wrong,

Not greatly care to lose; but rather think

How sad it were for Arthur, should he live,

To sit once more within his lonely hall,

And miss the wonted number of my

knights,

And miss to hear high talk of noble deeds

As in the golden days before thy sin. For which of us, who might be left, could speak

Of the pure heart, nor seem to glance at thee?

And in thy bowers of Camelot or of Usk

Thy shadow still would glide from room to room,

And I should evermore be vext with [

hanging robe or vacant ornament, Or ghostly footfall echoing on the

stair.

For think not, tho' thou wouldst not love thy lord,

Thy lord has wholly lost his love for I am not made of so slight elements.

Yet must I leave thee, woman, to thy shame.

I hold that man the worst of public foes

Who either for his own or children's sake,

To save his blood from scandal, lets the wife

Whom he knows false, abide and rule the house:

For being thro' his cowardice allow'd Her station, taken everywhere for pure,

She like a new disease, unknown to

Creeps, no precaution used, among the crowd,

Makes wicked lightnings of her eyes, and saps

The fealty of our friends, and stirs the pulse

With devil's leaps, and poisons half the young.

Worst of the worst were that man he that reigns!

Better the King's waste hearth and aching heart

Than thou reseated in thy place of light.

The mockery of my people, and their bane."

He paused, and in the pause she crept an inch

Nearer, and laid her hands about his feet.

Far off a solitary trumpet blew.

Then waiting by the doors the warhorse neigh'd

As at a friend's voice, and he spake again:

"Yet think not that I come to urge thy crimes,

I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere, I, whose vast pity almost makes me

To see thee, laying there thy golden head. My pride in happier summers, at my

feet.

The wrath which forced my thoughts on the fierce law,

The doom of treason and the flaming (When first I learnt thee hidden here)

is past. The pang - which while I weigh'd thy

heart with one Too wholly true to dream untruth in

Made my tears burn - is also past -

in part. And all is past, the sin is sinn'd, and I Lo! I forgive thee, as Eternal God

Forgives: do thou for thine own sou the rest.

But how to take last leave of all loved?

O golden hair, with which I used to

Not knowing! O imperial-moulded form,

And beauty such as never woman wore.

Until it came a kingdom's curse with

I cannot touch thy lips, they are no

But Lancelot's: nay, they never were the King's. I cannot take thy hand; that too i

flesh,

And in the flesh thou hast sinn'd

and mine own flesh, Here looking down on thine polluted cries

'I loathe thee:' yet not less, O Guine

For I was ever virgin save for thee,

My love thro' flesh hath wrought int my life

So far, that my doom is, I love the still.

et no man dream but that I love thee still. 'erchance, and so thou purify thy

and so thou lean on our fair father Christ,

lereafter in that world where all are

Ve two may meet before high God, and thou

Vilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know

am thine husband - not a smaller

or Lancelot, nor another. Leave me charge thee, my last hope.

must I hence.

hro' the thick night I hear the trumpet blow:

hey summon me their King to lead mine hosts

ar down to that great battle in the west,

There I must strike against the man they call

y sister's son - no kin of mine, who leagues

ith Lords of the White Horse, heathen, and knights,

raitors - and strike him dead, and meet myself

eath, or I know not what mysterious doom.

nd thou remaining here wilt learn the event;

it hither shall I never come again, ever lie by thy side; see thee no more

rewell!"

And while she grovell'd at his feet, e felt the King's breath wander o'er her neck.

id in the darkness o'er her fallen head.

received the waving of his hands that blest.

Then, listening till those armed steps were gone,

Rose the pale Queen, and in her anguish found

The casement: "peradventure," so she thought,

" If I might see his face, and not be seen."

And lo, he sat on horseback at the door! And near him the sad nuns with each a light

Stood, and he gave them charge about the Queen.

To guard and foster her for evermore. And while he spake to these his helm was lower'd,

To which for crest the golden dragon clung

Of Britain; so she did not see the face, Which then was as an angel's, but she

Wet with the mists and smitten by the lights,

The Dragon of the great Pendragonship

Blaze, making all the night a steam of fire.

And even then he turn'd; and more and more

The moony vapor rolling round the King, Who seem'd the phantom of a Giant

in it, Enwound him fold by fold, and made

him grav And grayer, till himself became as mist Before her, moving ghostlike to his doom.

Then she stretch'd out her arms and cried aloud

"Oh Arthur!" there her voice brake suddenly,

Then - as a stream that spouting from a cliff

Fails in mid air, but gathering at the

Re-makes itself, and flashes down the

Went on in passionate utterance:

"Gone - my lord! Gone thro' my sin to slay and to be slain!

And he forgave me, and I could not speak.

Farewell? I should have answer'd his farewell.

His mercy choked me. Gone, my lord the King,

My own true lord! how dare I call him mine?

The shadow of another cleaves to me, And makes me one pollution: he, the King,

Call'd me polluted: shall I kill myself?
What help in that? I cannot kill my

What help in that? I cannot kill my sin,

If soul be soul; nor can I kill my shame;

No, nor by living can I live it down.
The days will grow to weeks, the weeks
to months,

The months will add themselves and make the years,

The years will roll into the centuries,
And mine will ever be a name of scorn.
I must not dwell on that defeat of
fame.

Let the world be; that is but of the world

What else? what hope? I think there was a hope,

Except he mock'd me when he spake of hope:

His hope he call'd it; but he never

mocks,
For mockery is the fume of little
hearts.

And blessed be the King, who hath forgiven

My wickedness to him, and left me

hope
That in mine own heart I can live

down sin

And be his mate hereafter in the
heavens

Before high God. Ah great and gentle lord,

Who wast, as is the conscience of a saint

Among his warring senses, to thy knights —

To whom my false voluptuous pride, that took

Full easily all impressions from be

Would not look up, or half-despised the height

To which I would not or I could no climb —
I thought I could not breathe in tha

thought I could not breathe in the

That pure severity of perfect light—I wanted warmth and color which found

In Lancelot—now I see thee whathou art,

Thou art the highest and most human

Not Lancelot, nor another. Is there none

Will tell the King I love him tho' so late?

Now — ere he goes to the great Bat tle? none:

Myself must tell him in that pure life,

But now it were too daring. Ah m God,

What might I not have made of the fair world,

Had I but loved thy highest creatur here?

It was my duty to have loved th highest:

It surely was my profit had known:

It would have been my pleasure ha I seen.

We needs must love the highest whe we see it,

Not Lancelot, nor another."

Here her han

Grasp'd, made her vail her eyes: sh look'd and saw

The novice, weeping, suppliant, an said to her,

"Yea, little maid, for am I not fo

Then glancing up beheld the hol

All round her, weeping; and her hea was loosed

Within her, and she wept with the and said,

"Ye know me then, that wicked one, who broke

The vast design and purpose of the King.

O shut me round with narrowing nunnery walls,

Meek maidens, from the voices crying 'shame.'

I must not scorn myself: he loves me still.

Let no one dream but that he loves me still.

So let me, if you do not shudder at me, Nor shun to call me sister, dwell with you;

Wear black and white, and be a nun like you,

Fast with your fasts, not feasting with your feasts;

Grieve with your griefs, not grieving at your joys, But not rejoicing; mingle with your

rites; Pray and be pray'd for; lie before

your shrines; To each low office of your holy house:

Valk your dim cloister, and distribute dole

'o poor sick people, richer in His eyes

Who ransom'd us, and haler too than

And treat their loathsome hurts and heal mine own:

And so wear out in almsdeed and in prayer

The sombre close of that voluptuous

Which wrought the ruin of my lord the King."

She said: they took her to them. selves; and she

Still hoping, fearing "is it yet too late?"

Dwelt with them, till in time their Abbess died.

Then she, for her good deeds and her pure life.

And for the power of ministration in

And likewise for the high rank she had borne,

Was chosen Abbess, there, an Abbess, lived

For three brief years, and there, an Abbess, past To where beyond these voices there

is peace.

End of "The Round Table."

## THE PASSING OF ARTHUR.

HAT story which the bold Sir Bedivere,

irst made and latest left of all the knights,

old, when the man was no more than a voice

the white winter of his age, to

ith whom he dwelt, new faces, other minds.

For on their march to westward, Bedivere,

ho slowly paced among the slumbering host,

eard in his tent the moanings of the King:

"I found Him in the shining of the

I mark'd Him in the flowering of His fields.

But in His ways with men I find Him

I waged His wars, and now I pass and die.

O me! for why is all around us

As if some lesser god had made the world.

But had not force to shape it as he would.

Till the High God behold it from beyond,

And enter it, and make it beautiful?

Or else as if the world were wholly fair,

But that these eyes of men are dense

and dim,

And have not power to see it as it is:

Perchance, because we see not to the

close; —

For I, being simple, thought to work

His will,

And have but stricken with the sword in vain;

And all whereon I lean'd in wife and friend

Is traitor to my peace, and all my realm

Reels back into the beast, and is no more.

My God, thou hast forgotten me in my death:

Nay — God my Christ — I pass but shall not die."

Then, ere that last weird battle in the west,

There came on Arthur sleeping, Gawain kill'd

In Lancelot's war, the ghost of Gawain blown

Along a wandering wind, and past his

ear Went shrilling, "Hollow, hollow all

delight! Hail, King! to-morrow thou shalt pass away.

Farewell! there is an isle of rest for thee

And I am blown along a wandering

wind, And hollow, hollow all de-

light."

And fainter onward, like wild birds
that change

Their season in the night and wail their way

From cloud to cloud, down the long wind the dream

Shrill'd; but in going mingled with dim cries

Far in the moonlit haze among the hills,

As of some lonely city sack'd by night,

When all is lost, and wife and child with wail

Pass to new lords; and Arthur woke and call'd,

"Who spake? A dream. O light upon the wind,
Thine, Gawain, was the voice—are

these dim cries
Thine? or doth all that haunts the

waste and wild
Mourn, knowing it will go along with
me?"

This heard the bold Sir Bedivere and spake:

"O me, my King, let pass whatever will,

Elves, and the harmless glamour of the field;

But in their stead thy name and glory cling

To all high places like a golden cloud For ever: but as yet thou shalt not

Light was Gawain in life, and light in death

Is Gawain, for the ghost is as the man;

And care not thou for dreams from him, but rise —

I hear the steps of Modred in the
west,

And with him many of thy people and knights

Once thine, whom thou hast loved but grosser grown

Than heathen, spitting at their vows and thee.

Right well in heart they know thee for the King. Arise, go forth and conquer as of old.'

rise, go for in and conquer as or ord

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:

"Far other is this battle in the west Whereto we move, than when we strove in youth,

And brake the petty kings, and fough with Rome,

Or thrust the heathen from the Roman wall,

And shook him thro' the north. Ill doom is mine

Fo war against my people and my knights.

The king who fights his people fights himself.

And they my knights, who loved me once, the stroke

That strikes them dead is as my death to me.

Yet let us hence, and find or feel a

Thro' this blind haze, which ever

since I saw

One lying in the dust at Almesbury,
Hath folded in the passes of the
world."

Then rose the King and moved his host by night,

and ever push'd Sir Modred, league

by league, Back to the sunset bound of Lyon-

nesse — I land of old upheaven from the abyss By fire, to sink into the abyss again; Where fragments of forgotten peoples

dwelt, and the long mountains ended in a coast

of ever-shifting sand, and far away he phantom circle of a moaning sea. here the pursuer could pursue no more,

and he that fled no further fly the

King;

and there, that day when the great light of heaven

urn'd at his lowest in the rolling year,

n the waste sand by the waste sea they closed.

or ever yet had Arthur fought a fight

ike this last, dim, weird battle of the west.

deathwhite mist slept over sand and sea:

Thereof the chill, to him who breathed it, drew

own with his blood, till all his heart was cold With formless fear; and ev'n on Arthur fell

Confusion, since he saw not whom he fought.

For friend and foe were shadows in the mist,

And friend slew friend not knowing whom he slew;

And some had visions out of golden youth,

And some beheld the faces of old ghosts

Look in upon the battle; and in the mist

Was many a noble deed, many a base, And chance and craft and strength in single fights,

And ever and anon with host to

Shocks, and the splintering spear, the hard mail hewn,

Shield-breakings, and the clash of brands, the crash

Of battle-axes on shatter'd helms, and shrieks

After the Christ, of those who falling down

Look'd up for heaven, and only saw the mist;

And shouts of heathen and the traitor knights,

Oaths, insult, filth, and monstrous blasphemies, Sweat, writhings, anguish, laboring of

the lungs In that close mist, and cryings for the

light,
Moans of the dying, and voices of the
dead.

Last, as by some one deathbed after wail

Of suffering, silence follows, or thro' death

Or deathlike swoon, thus over all that shore,

Save for some whisper of the seething seas,

A dead hush fell; but when the dolorous day

Grew drearier toward twilight falling,

A bitter wind, clear from the North, and blew

The mist aside, and with that wind the

Rose, and the pale King glanced across the field

Of battle: but no man was moving there;

Nor any cry of Christian heard thereon,

Nor yet of heathen; only the wan wave

Brake in among dead faces, to and fro

Swaying the helpless hands, and up and down

Tumbling the hollow helmets of the fallen,

And shiver'd brands that once had fought with Rome,

And rolling far along the gloomy shores

The voice of days of old and days to be.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere,

And whiter than the mist that all day long

Had held the field of battle was the King:

"Hearest thou this great voice that shakes the world,

And wastes the narrow realm whereon we move,

And beats upon the faces of the dead, My dead, as tho' they had not died for me?—

O Bedivere, for on my heart hath fall'n

Confusion, till I know not what I am, Nor whence I am, nor whether I be King.

Behold, I seem but King among the dead."

Then spake the bold Sir Bedivere: "My King,

King everywhere! and so the dead have kings,

There also will I worship thee as King.

Yet still thy life is whole, and still I live
Who love thee; but who hates thee,

he that brought
The heathen back among us, yonder

stands, Modred, unharm'd, the traitor of thine house."

Then spake the King: "My house hath been my doom.

But call not thou this traitor of my house

Who hath but dwelt beneath one roof with me.

My house are rather they who sware my vows,

Yea, even while they brake them, own'd me King.

And well for thee, saying in my dark hour,

When all the purport of my throne hath fail'd,

That quick or dead thou holdest me for King.

King am I, whatsoever be their cry; And one last act of kinghood shalt thou see

Yet, ere I pass." And uttering this the King

Made at the man: then Modred smote

Hard on that helm which many a heathen sword

Had beaten thin; while Arthur at one blow,

Striking the last stroke with Excali bur,

Slew him, and all but slain himself he fell.

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd mong the mountains by the winte

Among the mountains by the winte sea;

Until King Arthur's Table, man by

Had fall'n in Lyonnesse about thei lord,

King Arthur. Then, because hi wound was deep,

The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,

And bore him to a chapel nigh the field.

A broken chancel with a broken cross, That stood on a dark strait of barren

On one side lay the Ocean, and on one Lay a great water, and the moon was

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:

'The sequel of to-day unsolders all The goodliest fellowship of famous

knights Whereof this world holds record.

Such a sleep

They sleep - the men I loved.

think that we

Shall never more, at any future time, Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds.

Walking about the gardens and the halls

Of Camelot, as in the days that were. perish by this people which I made,tho' Merlin sware that I should come

again

To rule once more; but, let what will be, be,

am so deeply smitten thro' the helm That without help I cannot last till

Thou therefore take my brand Excallibur.

Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how

n those old days, one summer noon, an arm

lose up from out the bosom of the lake,

lothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful.

lolding the sword - and how I rew'd across

and took it, and have worn it, like a king:

nd, wheresoever I am sung or

aftertime, this also shall be known: ut now delay not: take Excalibur, nd fling him far into the middle

mere:

Watch what thou seëst, and lightly bring me word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedi-

" It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus.

Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm -

A little thing may harm a wounded man:

Yet I thy hest will all perform at full, Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saving, from the ruin'd shrine he stept,

And in the moon athwart the place of tombs.

Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,

Old knights, and over them the seawind sang

Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He. stepping down

By zigzag paths, and juts of pointed rock.

Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur.

And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,

Brightening the skirts of a long cloud. ran forth

And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt: For all the haft twinkled with dia-

mond sparks, Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-

work

Of subtlest jewelry. He gazed so long

That both his eyes were dazzled as he stood,

This way and that dividing the swift mind,

In act to throw: but at the last it seem'd

Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd There in the many-knotted waterflags. That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.

So strode he back slow to the wounded King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:

"Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave?

What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:

"I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,

And the wild water lapping on the crag."

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:

"Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,

Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd

Thy fëalty, nor like a noble knight:
For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,

Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go
again,

As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing

I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."

· Then went Sir Bedivere the second time

Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,

Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought;

But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,

How curiously and strangely chased, he smote

His palms together, and he cried aloud:

"And if indeed I cast the brand away,

Surely a precious thing, one worthy note.

Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,

Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good should follow this, if this

were done?
What harm, undone? Deep harm to

What harm, undone? Deep harm to disobey,

Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey then, if a king
demand

An act unprofitable, against himself? The King is sick, and knows not what he does.

What record, or what relic of my lord Should be to aftertime, but empty breath

And rumors of a doubt? But were this kept,

Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,

Some one might show it at a joust o arms,

Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,

Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.

Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps

Upon the hidden bases of the hills So might some old man speak in th aftertime

To all the people, winning reverence But now much honor and much fam were lost."

So spake he, clouded with his ow conceit,

And hid Excalibur the second time And so strode back slow to the wound ed King.

Then spoke King Arthur, breatl ing heavily:

"What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bed vere:

"I heard the water lapping on the crag, And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur,

much in wrath: "Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,

Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is

Authority forgets a dying king,

Laid widow'd of the power in his eye That bowed the will. I see thee what thou art,

For thou, the latest-left of all my

knights,

In whom should meet the offices of all, Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;

Either from lust of gold, or like a girl Valuing the giddy pleasure of the

eves. Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice, And the third time may prosper, get

thee hence:

But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur, I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran.

And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged

Among the bulrush beds, and clutch'd the sword,

And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand

Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,

And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch.

Shot like a streamer of the northern

Seen where the moving isles of winter shock

By night, with noises of the Northern Sea.

So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur:

But ere he dipt the surface, rose an

Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful.

And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him

Three times, and drew him under in the mere.

And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:

"Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.

Speak out: what is it thou hast heard, or seen?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:

"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems

Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,

Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die.

Not the I live three lives of mortal

So great a miracle as yonder hilt.

Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;

But when I look'd again, behold an

Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,

That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him

Three times, and drew him under in the mere."

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:

"My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone.

Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,

And bear me to the margin; yet I

My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,

Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm.

And looking wistfully with wide blue

As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears, And would have spoken, but he found not words;

Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,

O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,

And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,

Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed

When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,

Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quick!

I fear it is too late, and I shall die."

But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,

Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,

Larger than human on the frozen hills.

He heard the deep behind him, and a

Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.

Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves

And barren chasms, and all to left and right

The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based

His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang

Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels —

And on a sudden, lo! the level lake, And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,

Dark as a funeral scart from stem to stern.

Beneath them; and descending they were ware

That all the decks were dense with stately forms,

Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream — by these

Three Queens with crowns of gold: and from them rose

A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,

And, as it were one voice, an agony Of lamentation, like a wind that

shrills All night in a waste land, where no

one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of
the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge."

So to the barge they came. There those three Queens

Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.

But she, that rose the tallest of them all

And fairest, laid his head upon her

lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and

chafed his hands, And call'd him by his name, complain-

ing loud, And dropping bitter tears against a

Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white

And colorless, and like the wither'd moon

Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;

And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops Of onset; and the light and lustrous

curls —
That made his forehead like a rising

sun
High from the daïs-throne — were

parch'd with dust,
Or, clotted into points and hanging

loose, Mix'd with the knightly growth that

fringed his lips.

So like a shatter'd column lay the King;

Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest.

From spur to plume a star of tournament, Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and

charged

Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:

"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?

Where shall I hide my forehead and

my eyes?

For now I see the true old times are dead, When every morning brought a noble chance.

And every chance brought out a noble

knight.

Such times have been not since the light that led

The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.

But now the whole Round Table is dissolved

Which was an image of the mighty world,

And I, the last, go forth companion-

And the days darken round me, and the years,

Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge: "The old order changeth, vielding

place to new,

And God fulfils himself in many ways, Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me? I have lived my life, and that which I have done

May He within himself make pure! but thou.

If thou shouldst never see my face

again. Pray for my soul. More things are

wrought by prayer Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and dav.

For what are men better than sheep or goats

That nourish a blind life within the brain,

If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer

Both for themselves and those who call them friend?

For so the whole round earth is every

Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

But now farewell. I am going a long

With these thou seëst — if indeed I go (For all my mind is clouded with a

doubt) -To the island-valley of Avilion:

Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,

Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it

Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns

And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,

Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail

Moved from the brink, like some fullbreasted swan

That, fluting a wild carol ere her death, Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood

With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere

Revolving many memories, till the hull Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,

And on the mere the wailing died away.

But when that moan had past for evermore.

The stillness of the dead world's winter dawn

Amazed him, and he groan'd, "The King is gone."

And therewithal came on him the weird rhyme,

"From the great deep to the great deep he goes."

Whereat he slowly turn'd and slowly clomb

The last hard footstep of that iron crag;

Thence mark'd the black hull moving yet, and cried,

"He passes to be King among the dead,

And after healing of his grievous wound

He comes again; but — if he come no more —

O me, be you dark Queens in you black boat,

Who shriek'd and wail'd, the three whereat we gazed

On that high day, when, clothed with living light,

They stood before his throne in silence, friends Of Arthur, who should help him at his need?"

Then from the dawn it seem'd there came, but faint

As from beyond the limit of the world, Like the last echo born of a great cry, Sounds, as if some fair city were one

Around a king returning from his wars.

Thereat once more he moved about, and clomb

Ev'n to the highest he could climb, and saw,

Straining his eyes beneath an arch of hand,

Or thought he saw, the speck that bare the King,

Down that long water opening on the deep

Somewhere far off, pass on and on, and go

From less to less and vanish into light. And the new sun rose bringing the new year.

## TO THE QUEEN.

O LOYAL to the royal in thyself,

And loyal to thy land, as this to thee —

Bear witness, that rememberable day, When, pale as yet, and fever-worn, the Prince

Who scarce had pluck'd his flickering life again From halfway down the shadow of

the grave, l'ast with thee thro' thy people and

their love, And London roll'd one tide of joy

thro' all
Her trebled millions, and loud leagues
of man

And welcome! witness, too, the silent

The prayer of many a race and creed, and clime —

Thunderless lightnings striking under sea

From sunset and sunrise of all thy realm,

And that true North, whereof we lately heard

A strain to shame us "keep you to yourselves;

So loyal is too costly! friends — your love
Is but a burthen: loose the bond, and

go."
Is this the tone of empire? here the

faith
That made us rulers? this, indeed,

her voice
And meaning, whom the roar of Hou-

goumont Left mightiest of all peoples under

Left mightiest of all peoples under heaven?

What shock has fool'd her since, that she should speak

So feebly? wealthier — wealthier — hour by hour!

The voice of Britain, or a sinking land, Some third-rate isle half-lost among her seas?

There rang her voice, when the full

city peal'd Thee and thy Prince! The loyal to their crown

Are loyal to their own far sons, who

Dur ocean-empire with her boundless

homes For ever-broadening England, and her

throne In our vast Orient, and one isle, one

That knows not her own greatness: if

she knows

And dreads it we are fall'n. - But thou, my Queen,

Not for itself, but thro' thy living love For one to whom I made it o'er his

grave

Sacred, accept this old imperfect tale, New-old, and shadowing Sense at war with Soul

Rather than that gray king, whose

name, a ghost, Streams like a cloud, man-shaped, from mountain peak,

And cleaves to cairn and cromlech still; or him

Of Geoffrey's book, or him of Malleor's, one

Touch'd by the adulterous finger of a

That hover'd between war and wantonness.

And crownings and dethronements: take withal

Thy poet's blessing, and his trust that Heaven

Will blow the tempest in the distance back

From thine and ours: for some are scared, who mark,

Or wisely or unwisely, signs of storm, Waverings of every vane with every

And wordy trucklings to the transient hour,

And fierce or careless looseners of the faith.

And Softness breeding scorn of simple

Or Cowardice, the child of lust for gold, Or Labor, with a groan and not a voice, Or Art with poisonous honey stol'n from France,

And that which knows, but careful for itself,

And that which knows not, ruling that

which knows To its own harm: the goal of this

great world Lies beyond sight: yet - if our slowlygrown

crown'd Republic's crowning And common-sense,

That saved her many times, not fail their fears

Are morning shadows huger than the shapes

That cast them, not those gloomier which forego

The darkness of that battle in the West.

Where all of high and holy dies away.



# THE PRINCESS;

### A MEDLEY.

#### PROLOGUE.

Sir Walter Vivian all a summer's day

Gave his broad lawns until the set of

Up to the people: thither flock'd at

noon
His tenants, wife and child, and

thither half
The neighboring borough with their

Institute
Of which he was the patron. I was

there
From college, visiting the son, — the

son

A Walter too, — with others of our

Five others: we were seven at Vivianplace.

And me that morning Walter show'd the house,

Greek, set with busts: from vases in the hall

Flowers of all heavens, and lovelier than their names,

Grew side by side; and on the pavement lay

Carved stones of the Abbey-ruin in the park,

Huge Ammonites, and the first bones of Time;

And on the tables every clime and age

Jumbled together; celts and calumets, Claymore and snowshoe, toys in lava,

Of sandal, amber, ancient rosaries,

Laborious orient ivory sphere in sphere,

The cursed Malayan crease, and battle-clubs

From the isles of palm: and higher on the walls,

Betwixt the monstrous horns of elk and deer.

His own forefathers' arms and armor hung.

And "this" he said "was Hugh's an Agincourt;

And that was old Sir Ralph's at Ascalon:

A good knight he! we keep a chronicle With all about him"—which he brought, and I Dived in a hoard of tales that dealt

with knights,
Half-legend, half-historic, counts and

Half-legend, half-historic, counts and kings
Who laid about them at their wills

and died;
And mixt with these, a lady, one that

arm'd Her own fair head, and sallying thro

the gate,
Had beat her foes with slaughter from
her walls.

"O miracle of women," said the book,

"O noble heart who, being straitbesieged

By this wild king to force her to his wish,

Nor bent, nor broke, nor shunn'd a soldier's death,

But now when all was lost or seem'd as lost —

Her stature more than mortal in the burst

Of sunrise, her arm lifted, eyes on fire —

Brake with a blast of trumpets from the gate,

And, falling on them like a thunderbolt,

She trampled some beneath her horses' heels,

And some were whelm'd with missiles of the wall,

And some were push'd with lances from the rock, And part were drown'd within the

wnirling brook:
O miracle of noble womanhood!"

So sang the gallant glorious chronicle;

And, I all rapt in this, "Come out," he said,

"To the Abbey: there is Aunt Elizabeth

And sister Lilia with the rest." We went

(I kept the book and had my finger in it)

Down thro' the park: strange was the sight to me;

For all the sloping pasture murmur'd, sown

With happy faces and with holiday. There moved the multitude, a thou-

sand heads:
The patient leaders of their Institute

Taught them with facts. One rear'd a font of stone

And drew, from butts of water on the slope,

The fountain of the moment, playing, now

A twisted snake, and now a rain of pearls,

Or steep-up spout whereon the gilded ball

Danced like a wisp: and somewhat lower down

A man with knobs and wires and vials fired

A cannon: Echo answer'd in her sleep From hollow fields: and here were telescopes For azure views; and there a group

of girls
In circle waited, whom the electric

shock Dislink'd with shrieks and laughter:

round the lake
A little clock-work steamer paddling

plied
And shook the lilies: perch'd about

A dozen angry models jetted steam: A petty railway ran: a fire-balloon

Rose gem-like up before the dusky groves

And dropt a fairy parachute and past:

And there thro' twenty posts of tele-

graph
They flash'd a saucy message to and

fro

Between the mimic stations; so that

sport
Went hand in hand with Science;

otherwhere
Pure sport: a herd of boys with

clamor bowl'd

And stump'd the wicket; babies roll'd

about
Like tumbled fruit in grass; and men

and maids
Arranged a country dance, and flew

thro' light

And shadow, while the twangling

violin Struck up with Soldier-laddie, and

overhead
The broad ambrosial aisles of lofty

The broad ambrosial aisles of lofty lime

Made noise with bees and breeze from end to end.

Strange was the sight and smacking of the time; And long we gazed, but satiated at

length Came to the ruins. High-arch'd and

ivy-claspt,
Of finest Gothic lighter than a
fire.

Thro' one wide chasm of time and frost they gave

The park, the crowd, the house; but all within

The sward was trim as any garden lawn:

And here we lit on Aunt Elizabeth, And Lilia with the rest, and lady

friends

From neighbor seats: and there was Ralph himself,

A broken statue propt against the wall, As gay as any. Lilia, wild with sport, Half child half woman as she was,

had wound

A scarf of orange round the stony helm.

And robed the shoulders in a rosy silk, That made the old warrior from his ivied nook

Glow like a sunbeam: near his tomb a feast

Shone, silver-set; about it lay the guests, And there we join'd them: then the

maiden Aunt Took this fair day for text, and from

it preach'd

An universal culture for the crowd, And all things great; but we, unworthier, told

Of college: he had climb'd across the spikes,

And he had squeezed himself betwixt the bars.

And he had breath'd the Proctor's dogs; and one

Discuss'd his tutor, rough to common

But honeying at the whisper of a lord; And one the Master, as a rogue in grain

Veneer'd with sanctimonious theory.

But while they talk'd, above their heads I saw

The feudal warrior lady-clad; which brought

My book to mind: and opening this I read

Of old Sir Ralph a page or two that rang

With tilt and tourney; then the tale of her

That drove her foes with slaughter from her walls,

And much I praised her nobleness, and "Where."

Ask'd Walter, patting Lilia's head (she lay

Beside him) "lives there such a woman now?"

Quick answer'd Lilia "There are thousands now Such women, but convention beats

them down:

It is but bringing up; no more than that:

You men have done it: how I hate you all!

Ah, were I something great! I wish I were

Some mighty poetess, I would shame you then.

That love to keep us children! O I wish

That I were some great princess, I would build Far off from men a college like a

man's, And I would teach them all that men

are taught: We are twice as quick!" And here

she shook aside The hand that play'd the patron with her curls.

And one said smiling "Pretty were the sight

If our old halls could change their sex, and flaunt

With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,

And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.

I think they should not wear our rusty gowns,

But move as rich as Emperor-moths, or Ralph

Who shines so in the corner; yet I fear,

If there were many Lilias in the brood,

However deep you might embower the nest.

Some boy would spy it."

At this upon the sward She tapt her tiny silken-sandal'd foot: "That's your light way; but I would make it death

For any male thing but to peep at us."

Petulant she spoke, and at herself she laugh'd;

A rosebud set with little wilful thorns. And sweet as English air could make her, she:

But Walter hail'd a score of names upon her.

And "petty Ogress," and "ungrateful Puss,"

And

swore he long'd at college, only long'd, All else was well, for she-society.

They boated and they cricketed; they talk'd

At wine, in clubs, of art, of politics: They lost their weeks; they vext the souls of deans;

They rode; they betted; made a hundred friends,

And caught the blossom of the flying

But miss'd the mignonette of Vivianplace.

The little hearth-flower Lilia. Thus he spoke.

Part banter, part affection.

"True," she said, "We doubt not that. O yes, you miss'd us much.

I'll stake my ruby ring upon it you did."

She held it out; and as a parrot turns

Up thro' gilt wires a crafty loving eye, And takes a lady's finger with all care, And bites it for true heart and not for harm,

So he with Lilia's. Daintily she shriek'd

And wrung it. "Doubt my word again!" he said.

"Come, listen! here is proof that you were miss'd:

We seven stay'd at Christmas up to read;

And there we took one tutor as to read: The hard-grain'd Muses of the cube

and square Were out of season: never man, I

think, moulder'd in So a sinecure

For while our cloisters echo'd frosty And our long walks were stript as bare

as brooms, We did but talk you over, pledge you

In wassail; often, like as many girls -

Sick for the hollies and the yews of

As many little trifling Lilias - play'd Charades and riddles as at Christmas here.

And what's my thought and when and where and how,

And often told a tale from mouth to mouth

As here at Christmas."

She remember'd that: A pleasant game, she thought: she

liked it more Than magic music, forfeits, all the

But these - what kind of tales did

men tell men,

She wonder'd by themselves?

A half-disdain Perch'd on the pouted blossom of her lips:

Walter nodded at me: "He And began,

The rest would follow, each in turn;

and so We forged a sevenfold story. Kind?

what kind 's Chimeras, crotchets, Christmas sole-

cisms. Seven-headed monsters only made to

kill

Time by the fire in winter." 'Kill him now,

The tyrant! kill him in the summer too,"

Said Lilia; "Why not now?" the maiden Aunt.

"Why not a summer's as a winter's tale?

A tale for summer as befits the time, And something it should be to suit the place.

Heroic, for a hero lies beneath,

Grave, solemn!"

Walter warp'd his mouth at this To something so mock-solemn, that I laugh'd

And Lilia woke with sudden-shrilling

mirth

An echo like a ghostly woodpecker, Hid in the ruins; till the maiden

(A little sense of wrong had touch'd her face

With color | turn'd to me with "As you will;

Heroic if you will, or what you will, Or be yourself your hero if you will."

"Take Lilia, then, for heroine" clamor'd he.

"And make her some great Princess, six feet high,

Grand, epic, homicidal; and be you The Prince to win her!"

"Then follow me, the Prince," I answer'd, " each be hero in his turn! Seven and yet one, like shadows in a dream. -

Heroic seems our Princess as required -

But something made to suit with Time and place.

A Gothic ruin and a Grecian house, A talk of college and of ladies' rights, A feudal knight in silken masquerade, And, yonder, shrieks and strange experiments

For which the good Sir Ralph had burnt them all -

This were a medley! we should have

him back Who told the 'Winter's tale' to do it

for us.

we will say whatever No matter comes.

And let the ladies sing us, if they will, From time to time, some ballad or a song

To give us breathing-space."

So I began, And the rest follow'd. and the women

Between the rougher voices of the men.

Like linnets in the pauses of the wind: And here I give the story and the songs.

A prince I was, blue-eyed, and fair in

Of temper amorous, as the first of May,

With lengths of yellow ringlet, like a girl.

For on my cradle shone the Northern star

There lived an ancient legend in our house.

Some sorcerer, whom a far off grandsire burnt

Because he cast no shadow, had foretold. Dying, that none of all our blood

should know The shadow from the substance, and

that one Should come to fight with shadows

and to fall. For so, my mother said, the story ran. And, truly, waking dreams were, more

or less. An old and strange affection of the house.

Myself too had weird seizures, Heaven knows what:

On a sudden in the midst of men and

day. And while I walk'd and talk'd as heretofore,

I seem'd to move among a world of ghosts,

And feel myself the shadow of a dream.

Our great court-Galen poised his gilthead cane,

And paw'd his beard, and mutter'd "catalepsy."

My mother pitying made a thousand prayers;

My mother was as mild as any saint, Half-canonized by all that look'd on her,

So gracious was her tact and tenderness:

But my good father thought a king a king;

He cared not for the affection of the

He held his sceptre like a pedant's wand

To lash offence, and with long arms and hands

Reach'd out, and pick'd offenders from the mass

For judgment.

Now it chanced that I had been, While life was yet in bud and blade, betroth'd

To one, a neighboring Princess: she

Was proxy-wedded with a bootless calf At eight years old; and still from time to time

Came murmurs of her beauty from the South.

And of her brethren, youths of puissance:

And still I wore her picture by my heart.

And one dark tress; and all around them both

Sweet thoughts would swarm as bees about their queen.

But when the days drew nigh that I should wed,

My father sent ambassadors with furs

And jewels, gifts, to fetch her: these brought back

A present, a great labor of the loom; And therewithal an answer vague as wind:

Besides, they saw the king; he took the gifts;

He said there was a compact; that was true:
But then she had a will; was he to

blame? And maiden fancies; loved to live

alone
Among her women; certain, would
not wed.

That morning in the presence room I stood

With Cyril and with Florian, my two friends:

The first, a gentleman of broken means (His father's fault) but given to starts and bursts

Of revel; and the last, my other heart, And almost my half-self, for still we moved

Together, twinn'd as horse's ear and eye.

Now, while they spake, I saw my father's face

Grow long and troubled like a rising moon,

Inflamed with wrath: he started on his feet,

Tore the king's letter, snow'd it down, and rent

The wonder of the loom thro' warp and woof

From skirt to skirt; and at the last he sware

That he would send a hundred thousand men,

And bring her in a whirlwind: then he chew'd

The thrice-turn'd cud of wrath, and cook'd his spleen,

Communing with his captains of the war.

At last I spoke. "My father, let me go.

It cannot be but some gross error lies In this report, this answer of a king, Whom all men rate as kind and hospitable:

Or, maybe, I myself, my bride once seen.

Whate'er my grief to find her less than fame,

May rue the bargain made." And Florian said:

"I have a sister at the foreign court, Who moves about the Princess; she, you know,

Who wedded with a nobleman from thence:

He, dying lately, left her, as I hear, The lady of three castles in that land: Thro' her this matter might be sifted clean."

And Cyril whisper'd: "Take me with you too."

Then laughing "what, if these weird seizures come

Upon you in those lands, and no one

To point you out the shadow from the truth!

Take me: I'll serve you better in a

I grate on rusty hinges here:" but " No!"

Roar'd the rough king, "you shall not; we ourself

Will crush her pretty maiden fancies dead

In iron gauntlets: break the council up."

But when the council broke, I rose and past

Thro' the wild woods that hung about the town;

Found a still place, and pluck'd her likeness out;

Laid it on flowers, and watch'd it lving bathed

In the green gleam of dewy-tassell'd

What were those fancies? wherefore break her troth?

Proud look'd the lips: but while I meditated

A wind arose and rush'd upon the South.

And shook the songs, the whispers, and the shrieks

Of the wild woods together; and a Voice

Went with it, "Follow, follow, thou shalt win."

Then, ere the silver sickle of that month

Became her golden shield, I stole from court

With Cyril and with Florian, unperceived.

Cat-footed thro' the town and half in dread

To hear my father's clamor at our backs

With Ho! from some bay-window shake the night;

But all was quiet: from the bastion'd walls

Like threaded spiders, one by one, we

And flying reach'd the frontier: then we crost

To a livelier land; and so by tilth and grange,

And vines, and blowing bosks of wilderness,

We gain'd the mother-city thick with towers.

And in the imperial palace found the king.

His name was Gama; crack'd and small his voice,

But bland the smile that like a wrinkling wind

On glassy water drove his cheek in lines: A little dry old man, without a star,

Not like a king: three days he feasted

And on the fourth I spake of why we came.

And my betroth'd. "You do us, Prince," he said,

Airing a snowy hand and signet gem,

"All honor. We remember love ourselves

In our sweet youth: there did a compact pass

Long summers back, a kind of ceremony -

I think the year in which our olives fail'd.

I would you had her, prince, with all my heart.

With my full heart: but there were | widows here,

Two widows, Lady Psyche, Lady Blanche;

They fed her theories, in and out of place

Maintaining that with equal husbandry

The woman were an equal to the man. They harp'd on this; with this our banquets rang;

Our dances broke and buzz'd in knots of talk:

Nothing but this; my very ears were hot To hear them: knowledge, so my daughter held.

Was all in all: they had but been, she thought,

As children; they must lose the child, assume

The woman: then, Sir, awful odes she wrote.

Too awful, sure, for what they treated

But all she is and does is awful;

About this losing of the child; and rhymes

And dismal lyrics, prophesying change Beyond all reason: these the women sang:

And they that know such things - I sought but peace:

No critic I - would call them masterpieces: They master'd me. At last she begg'd

a boon. A certain summer-palace which I

have Hard by your father's frontier: I said

Yet being an easy man, gave it: and there,

All wild to found an University

For maidens, on the spur she fled; and more

We know not, - only this: they see no men.

Notev'n her brother Arac, nor the twins Her brethren, tho' they love her, look upon her

As on a kind of paragon; and I

(Pardon me saying it) were much loth to breed Dispute betwixt myself and mine: but

since (And I confess with right) you think me bound

In some sort, I can give you letters to

And yet, to speak the truth, I rate your chance

Almost as naked nothing."

Thus the king;

And I, tho' nettled that he seem'd to With garrulous ease and oily courte-

Our formal compact, yet, not less (all

frets But chafing me on fire to find my

bride) Went forth again with both my

friends. We rode Many a long league back to the North.

At last From hills, that look'd across a land

of hope, We dropt with evening on a rustic town

Set in a gleaming river's crescentcurve,

Close at the boundary of the liberties; There, enter'd an old hostel, call'd mine host

To council, plied him with his richest wines,

And show'd the late-writ letters of the king.

He with a long low sibilation, stared As blank as death in marble; then exclaim'd

Averring it was clear against all rules For any man to go: but as his brain Began to mellow, "If the king," he said.

" Had given us letters, was he bound to speak?

The king would bear him out;" and at the last —

The summer of the vine in all his veins -

"No doubt that we might make it worth his while.

She once had passed that way; he heard her speak;

She scared him; life! he never saw the like;

She look'd as grand as doomsday and as grave:

And he, he reverenced his liege-lady there;

He always made a point to post with mares;

His daughter and his housemaid were the boys:

The land, he understood, for miles about

Was till'd by women; all the swine were sows,

And all the dogs"

But while he jested thus, A thought flash'd thro' me which I

clothed in act, Remembering how we three presented

Maid Or Nymph, or Goddess, at high tide

of feast,
In masque or pageant at my father's
court.

We sent mine host to purchase female gear;

He brought it, and himself, a sight to shake

The midriff of despair with laughter,
holp
To loce us up till each in maiden

To lace us up, till, each, in maiden plumes

We rustled: him we gave a costly

bribe
To guerdon silence, mounted our good

steeds,
And boldly ventured on the liberties.

We follow'd up the river as we rode,

And rode till midnight when the college lights

Began to glitter firefly-like in copse And linden alley: then we past an arch,

Whereon a woman-statue rose with wings

From four wing'd horses dark against the stars;

And some inscription ran along the front,

But deep in shadow: further on we gain'd

A little street half garden and half house;

But scarce could hear each other speak for noise

Of clocks and chimes, like silver hammers falling

On silver anvils, and the splash and stir

Of fountains spouted up and showering down

In meshes of the jasmine and the rose:

And all about us peal'd the nightingale,

Rapt in her song, and careless of the snare.

There stood a bust of Pallas for a sign,

By two sphere lamps blazon'd like Heaven and Earth

With constellation and with continent,

Above an entry: riding in, we call'd; A plump-arm'd Ostleress and a stable wench

Came running at the call, and help'd us down.

Then stept a buxon hostess forth, and sail'd,

Full-blown, before us into rooms which gave

Upon a pillar'd porch, the bases lost In laurel: her we ask'd of that and this,

And who were tutors. "Lady Blanche," she said,

"And Lady Psyche." "Which was prettiest,

Best-natured?" "Lady Psyche."
"Hers are we,"

One voice, we cried; and I sat down and wrote,

In such a hand as when a field of corn
Bows all its ears before the roaring
East;

"Three ladies of the Northern empire pray

Your Highness would enroll them with your own,

As Lady Psyche's pupils."

This I seal'd: The seal was Cupid bent above a scroll, And o'er his head Uranian Venus hung, And rais'd the blinding bandage from his eyes:

I gave the letter to be sent with dawn; And then to bed, where half in doze I

seem'd

To float about a glimmering night, and watch

A full sea glazed with muffled moonlight, swell On some dark shore just seen that it

was rich.

II

As thro' the land at eve we went,
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
O we fell out I know not why,
And kiss'd again with tears.
And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love
And kiss again with tears!
For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
O there above the little grave,
We kiss'd again with tears.

At break of day the College Portress came:

She brought us Academic silks, in hue The lilac, with a silken hood to each, And zoned with gold; and now when these were on,

And we as rich as moths from dusk cocoons,

She, courtesying her obeisance, let us know

The Princess Ida waited: out we paced, I first, and following thro' the porch that sang

All round with laurel, issued in a court Compact of lucid marbles, boss'd with lengths

Of classic frieze, with ample awnings

Betwixt the pillars, and with great urns of flowers.

The Muses and the Graces, group'd in threes,

Enring'd a billowing fountain in the midst;

And here and there on lattice edges lay

Or book or lute; but hastily we past, And up a flight of stairs into the hall.

There at a board by tome and paper sat,

With two tame leopards couch'd beside her throne

All beauty compass'd in a female form, The Princess; liker to the inhabitant Of some clear planet close upon the Sun.

Than our man's earth; such eyes were in her head.

And so much grace and power, breathing down

From over her arch'd brows, with every turn

Lived thro' her to the tips of her long hands,

And to her feet. She rose her height, and said:

"We give you welcome: not without redound

Of use and glory to yourselves ye come,

The first-fruits of the stranger: aftertime,

And that full voice which circles round the grave, Will rank you nobly, mingled up with

me.
What! are the ladies of your land so

"We of the court" said Cyril. "From

the court"
She answer'd, "then ye know the

Prince?" and he:
"The climax of his age! as tho' there

were

One rose in all the world, your Highness that.

He worships your ideal: " she replied: "We scarcely thought in our own hall to hear

This barren verbiage, current among men,

Light coin, the tinsel clink of compliment.

Your flight from out your bookless wilds would seem

As arguing love of knowledge and of power;

Your language proves you still the child. Indeed,

We dream not of him: when we set our hand

To this great work, we purposed with ourself

Never to wed. You likewise will do well.

Ladies, in entering here, to cast and fling

The tricks, which make us toys of men, that so,

Some future time, if so indeed you will, You may with those self-styled our lords ally

Your fortunes, justlier balanced, scale with scale."

At those high words, we conscious of ourselves,

Perused the matting; then an officer Rose up, and read the statutes, such as these:

Not for three years to correspond with

Not for three years to cross the liberties:

Not for three years to speak with any men;

And many more, which hastily subscribed,

We enter'd on the boards: and "Now," she cried,

"Ye are green wood, see ye warp not. Look, our hall!

Our statues! -- not of those that men desire, Sleek Odalisques, or oracles of mode,

Nor stunted squaws of West or East; but she

That taught the Sabine how to rule, and she

The foundress of the Babylonian wall, The Carian Artemisia strong in war,

The Rhodope, that built the pyramid, Clelia, Cornelia, with the Palmyrene

That fought Aurelian, and the Roman brows

Of Agrippina. Dwell with these, and lose

Convention, since to look on noble forms

Makes noble thro' the sensuous organism
That which is higher. O lift your

natures up:

Embrace our aims: work out your freedom. Girls,

Knowledge is now no more a fountain seal'd:
Drink deep, until the habits of the

Drink deep, until the habits of the

The sins of emptiness, gossip and spite

And slander, die. Better not be at all Than not be noble. Leave us: you may go:

To-day the Lady Psyche will harangue The fresh arrivals of the week before; For they press in from all the provinces,

And fill the hive."

She spoke, and bowing waved Dismissal: back again we crost the court

To Lady Psyche's: as we enter'd in, There sat along the forms, like morning doves

That sun their milky bosoms on the thatch,

A patient range of pupils; she herself Erect behind a desk of satin-wood, A quick brunette, well-moulded, fal-

con-eyed, And on the hither side, or so she

look'd,
Of twenty summers. At her left, a

Of twenty summers. At her left, a child,

In shining draperies, headed like a star,

Her maiden babe, a double April old,

Aglaïa slept. We sat: the Lady glanced:

Then Florian, but no livelier than the

That whisper'd "Asses' ears," among the sedge,

"My sister." "Comely, too, by all that's fair,"

Said Cyril. "O hush, hush!" and she began.

"This world was once a fluid haze of light,

Till toward the centre set the starry tides,

And eddied into suns, that wheeling cast
The planets: then the monster, then

the man;
Tattoo'd or woaded, winter-clad in

Tattoo'd or woaded, winter-clad in skins,

Raw from the prime, and crushing down his mate;

As yet we find in barbarous isles, and here

Among the lowest."

Thereupon she took
A bird's-eye view of all the ungracious
past:

Glanced at the legendary Amazon
As emblematic of a nobler age;

Appraised the Lycian custom, spoke of those

That lay at wine with Lar and Lucu-

mo; Ran down the Persian, Grecian, Ro-

man lines
Of empire, and the woman's state in

each, How far from just; till warming with

her theme She fulmined out her scorn of laws

Salique
And little-footed China, touch'd on

With much contempt, and came to chivalry:

When some respect, however slight, was paid

To woman, superstition all awry:

However then commenced the dawn:
a beam
Had slanted forward, falling in a

Of promise; fruit would follow. Deep, indeed,

Their debt of thanks to her who first had dared

To leap the rotten pales of prejudice, Disyoke their necks from custom, and assert None lordlier than themselves but

that which made

Woman and man. She had founded; they must build.

Here might they learn whatever men were taught:

Let them not fear: some said their heads were less:

Some men's were small; not they the least of men;

For often fineness compensated size: Besides the brain was like the hand, and grew

With using; thence the man's, if more was more;

He took advantage of his strength to be

First in the field: some ages had been lost;

But woman ripen'd earlier, and her

Was longer; and albeit their glorious names

Were fewer, scatter'd stars, yet since in truth

The highest is the measure of the man, And not the Kaffir, Hottentot, Malay, Nor those horn-handed breakers of the glebe,

But Homer, Plato, Verulam; even so With woman: and in arts of govern-

ment Elizabeth and others; arts of war

The peasant Joan and others; arts of grace

Sappho and others vied with any man; And, last not least, she who had left her place,

And bow'd her state to them, that they might grow

To use and power on this Oasis, lapt In the arms of leisure, sacred from

the blight
Of ancient influence and scorn.

At last

She rose upon a wind of prophecy Dilating on the future; "everywhere Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,

Two in the tangled business of the world,

Two in the liberal offices of life,

Two plummets dropt for one to sound the abyss

Of science, and the secrets of the mind:

Musician, painter, sculptor, critic, more:

And everywhere the broad and bounteous Earth

Should bear a double growth of those rare souls,

Poets, whose thoughts enrich the blood of the world."

She ended here, and beckon'd us: the rest

Parted; and, glowing full-faced welcome, she

Began to address us, and was moving on

In gratulation, till as when a boat Tacks, and the slacken'd sail flaps, all her voice

Faltering and fluttering in her throat, she cried

"My brother!" "Well, my sister."
"O," she said,

"What do you here? and in this dress? and these?

Why who are these? a wolf within the fold!

A pack of wolves! the Lord be gracious to me!

A plot, a plot, a plot, to ruin all!"
"No plot, no plot," he answer'd.
"Wretched boy,

How saw you not the inscription on the gate,

LET NO MAN ENTER IN ON PAIN OF DEATH?"

"And if I had," he answer'd, "who could think

The softer Adams of your Academe, O sister, Sirens tho' they be, were such

As chanted on the blanching bones of men?"

"But you will find it otherwise" she said.

"You jest: ill jesting with edge-tools!
my vow

Binds me to speak, and O that iron will,

That axelike edge unturnable, our Head,

The Princess." "Well then, Psyche, take my life,

And nail me like a weasel on a grange For warning: bury me beside the gate,

And cut this epitaph above my bones; Here lies a brother by a sister slain,

All for the common good of womankind."
"Let me die too," said Cyril, "having seen

And heard the Lady Psyche."

I struck in:
"Albeit so mask'd, Madam, I love the
truth:

Receive it; and in me behold the Prince

Your countryman, affianced years ago
To the Lady Ida: here, for here she
was,

And thus (what other way was left) I came."

"O Sir, O Prince, I have no country; none;

If any, this; but none. Whate'er I

Disrooted, what I am is grafted here. Affianced, Sir? love-whispers may not breathe

Within this vestal limit, and how should I,

Who am not mine, say, live: the thunder-bolt

Hangs silent; but prepare: I speak; it falls."
"Yet reases" I soid : "for that in

"Yet pause," I said: "for that inscription there,

I think no more of deadly lurks therein, Than in a clapper clapping in a garth, To scare the fowl from fruit: if more there be.

If more and acted on, what follows?

Your own work marr'd: for this your Academe,

Whichever side be Victor, in the halloo

Will topple to the trumpet down, and pass

With all fair theories only made to gild

A stormless summer." "Let the Princess judge

Of that" she said: "farewell, Sir — and to you.

I shudder at the sequel, but I go."

"Are you that Lady Psyche," I rejoin'd,

"The fifth in line from that old Flo-

Yet hangs his portrait in my father's hall

(The gaunt old Baron with his beetle

Sun-shaded in the heat of dusty fights)
As he bestrode my Grandsire, when he

And all else fled: we point to it, and we say,

The loyal warmth of Florian is not cold,

But branches current yet in kindred veins."

"Are you that Psyche," Florian added: "she

With whom I sang about the morning hills,

Flung ball, flew kite, and raced the purple fly,

And snared the squirrel of the glen?

are you
That Psyche, wont to bind my throb-

bing brow, To smoothe my pillow, mix the foam-

ing draught Of fever, tell me pleasant tales, and

or fever, tell me pleasant tales, and read

My sickness down to happy dreams?

are you

That has been been been been in

That brother-sister Psyche, both in one?

You were that Psyche, but what are you now?"

"You are that Psyche," Cyril said, "for whom

I would be that for ever which I seem,

Woman, if I might sit beside your feet, And glean your scatter'd sapience."

"Are you that Lady Psyche," I began,
"That on her bridal morn before she
past

From all her old companions, when the king

Kiss'd her pale cheek, declared that ancient ties

Would still be dear beyond the southern hills;

That were there any of our people there

In want or peril, there was one to hear And help them? look! for such are these and I."

"Are you that Psyche," Florian ask'd,
"to whom.

In gentler days, your arrow-wounded fawn

Came flying while you sat beside the well?

The creature laid his muzzle on your lap,

And sobb'd, and you sobb'd with it, and the blood

Was sprinkled on your kirtle, and you wept.

That was fawn's blood, not brother's, yet you wept.

O by the bright head of my little niece, You were that Psyche, and what are

you now?"
"You are that Psyche," Cyril said

again,

"The mother of the sweetest little maid,

That ever crow'd for kisses."

"Out upon it!"
She answer'd, "peace! and why should
I not play

I not play
The Spartan Mother with emotion, be
The Lucius Junius Brutus of my kind?

The Lucius Junius Brutus of my kind? Him you call great: he for the common weal.

The fading politics of mortal Rome,
As I might slay this child, if good
need were,

Slew both his sons: and I, shall I, on whom

The secular emancipation turns Of half this world, be swerved from right to save

A prince, a brother? a little will I

yield. Best so, perchance, for us, and well for you.

O hard, when love and duty clash! I

fear My conscience will not count me fleck-

less; yet — Hear my conditions: promise (other-

You perish) as you came, to slip away To-day, to-morrow, soon: it shall be

These women were too barbarous, would not learn; They fled, who might have shamed

us: promise, all."

What could we else, we promised each; and she,

Like some wild creature newly-caged,

commenced A to-and-fro, so pacing till she paused By Florian; holding out her lily arms

both his hands, and smiling Took faintly said:

"I knew you at the first: tho' you have grown

You scarce have alter'd: I am sad and glad

To see you, Florian. I give thee to death.

My brother! it was duty spoke, not I. My needful seeming harshness, pardon

Our mother, is she well?"

With that she kiss'd His forehead, then, a moment after, clung

About him, and betwixt them blossom'd up

From out a common vein of memory Sweet household talk, and phrases of the hearth,

And far allusion, till the gracious dews

Began to glisten and to fall: and while

They stood, so rapt, we gazing, came a voice.

"I brought a message here from Lady Blanche."

Back started she, and turning round we saw

The Lady Blanche's daughter where she stood.

Melissa, with her hand upon the lock, A rosy blonde, and in a college gown, That clad her like an April daffodilly (Her mother's color) with her lips apart,

And all her thoughts as fair within

her eves,

As bottom agates seen to wave and

In crystal currents of clear morning seas.

So stood that same fair creature at the door.

Then Lady Psyche, "Ah — Melissa —

You heard us?" and Melissa, "O pardon me

I heard, I could not help it, did not wish:

But, dearest Lady, pray you fear me Nor think I bear that heart within my

breast, To give three gallant gentlemen to

death." "I trust you," said the other, "for we two

Were always friends, none closer, elm and vine:

But yet your mother's jealous temperament —

Let not your prudence, dearest, drowse, or prove

The Danaïd of a leaky vase, for fear This whole foundation ruin, and I lose My honor, these their lives." "Ah, fear me not"

Replied Melissa; "no — I would not tell.

No, not for all Aspasia's cleverness, No, not to answer, Madam, all those hard things

That Sheba came to ask of Solomon

"Be it so" the other, "that we still may lead

The new light up, and culminate in peace,

For Solomon may come to Sheba vet." Said Cyril, "Madam, he the wisest man

Feasted the woman wisest then, in halls

Of Lebanonian cedar: nor should you (Tho' Madam you should answer, we would ask)

Less welcome find among us, if you

Among us, debtors for our lives to you. Myself for something more." He said not what,

But "Thanks," she answer'd "Go: we have been too long

Together: keep your hoods about the face:

They do so that affect abstraction

Speak little; mix not with the rest: and hold

Your promise: all, I trust, may yet be well."

We turn'd to go, but Cyril took the child,

And held her round the knees against his waist.

And blew the swoll'n cheek of a trumpeter,

While Psyche watch'd them, smiling, and the child

Push'd her flat hand against his face and laugh'd;

And thus our conference closed.

And then we stroll'd For half the day thro' stately theatres Bench'd crescent-wise. In each we sat, we heard

The grave Professor. On the lecture slate

The circle rounded under female hands

With flawless demonstration: follow'd

A classic lecture, rich in sentiment, With scraps of thundrous Epic lilted out

By violet-hooded Doctors, elegies And quoted odes, and jewels fivewords-long

That on the stretch'd forefinger of all

Sparkle for ever: then we dipt in all That treats of whatsoever is, the state, The total chronicles of man, the mind, The morals, something of the frame, the rock.

The star, the bird, the fish, the shell, the flower,

Electric, chemic laws, and all the rest. And whatsoever can be taught and known:

Till like three horses that have broken fence.

And glutted all night long breastdeep in corn,

We issued gorged with knowledge. and I spoke:

"Why, Sirs, they do all this as well as we."

"They hunt old trails," said Cyril, "very well;

But when did woman ever yet invent?" "Ungracious!" answer'd Florian;

"have you learnt No more from Psyche's lecture, you

that talk'd The trash that made me sick, and

almost sad?" "O trash," he said, "but with a ker-

nel in it. Should I not call her wise, who made

me wise? And learnt? I learnt more from her

in a flash, Than if my brainpan were an empty

And every Muse tumbled a science in. A thousand hearts lie fallow in these halls.

And round these halls a thousand

baby loves Fly twanging headless arrows at the

hearts, Whence follows many a vacant pang;

With me, Sir, enter'd in the bigger boy,

The Head of all the golden-shafted firm,

The long-limb'd lad that had a Psyche too:

He cleft me thro' the stomacher; and now

What think you of it, Florian? do I chase

The substance or the shadow? will it -hold?

have no sorcerer's malison on me, No ghostly hauntings like his Highness. I

flatter myself that always everywhere

know the substance when I see it.
Well,

Are castles shadows? Three of them?
Is she

The sweet proprietress a shadow? If

Shall those three castles patch my tatter'd coat?

For dear are those three castles to my wants.

And dear is sister Psyche to my heart, And two dear things are one of double worth.

And much I might have said, but that my zone

Jnmann'd me: then the Doctors! O

The Doctors! O to watch the thirsty plants

mbibing! once or twice I thought to roar,

To break my chain, to shake my mane: but thou,

Modulate me, Soul of mincing mim-

icry!

Make liquid treble of that bassoon,

my throat;
Abase those eyes that ever loved to

Abase those eyes that ever loved to meet

Star-sisters answering under crescent brows;

Abate the stride, which speaks of man, and loose

A flying charm of blushes o'er this cheek,

Where they like swallows coming out of time

Will wonder why they came: but hark the bell

For dinner, let us go!"

And in we stream'd Among the columns, pacing staid and still

By twos and threes, till all from end to end

With beauties every shade of brown and fair

In colors gayer than the morning mist, The long hall glitter'd like a bed of flowers.

How might a man not wander from his wits

Pierced thro' with eyes, but that I kept mine own

Intent on her, who rapt in glorious dreams,

The second-sight of some Astræan age, Sat compass'd with professors: they, the while,

Discuss'd a doubt and tost it to and fro:

A clamor thicken'd, mixt with inmost terms

Of art and science: Lady Blanche alone

Of faded form and haughtiest lineaments,

brown,

Shot sidelong daggers at us, a tiger-cat In act to spring.

At last a solemn grace Concluded, and we sought the gardens: there

One walk'd reciting by herself, and one

In this hand held a volume as to read, And smoothed a petted peacock down with that:

Some to a low song oar'd a shallop by, Or under arches of the marble bridge Hung, shadow'd from the heat: some hid and sought

In the orange thickets: others tos<sup>t</sup> a

Above the fountain-jets, and back

With laughter: others lay about the lawns,

Of the older sort, and murmur'd that their May

Was passing: what was learning unto

They wish'd to marry; they could rule a house;

Men hated learned women: but we three Sat muffled like the Fates; and often

came Melissa hitting all we saw with shafts

Of gentle satire, kin to charity,
That harm'd not: then day droopt;

the chapel bells Call'd us: we left the walks; we mixt

with those
Six hundred maidens clad in purest

Before two streams of light from wall to wall,

While the great organ almost burst his pipes,

Groaning for power, and rolling thro'
the court

A long melodious thunder to the sound Of solemn psalms, and silver litanies, The work of Ida, to call down from Heaven

A blessing on her labors for the world.

#### III

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,

Blow him again to me; While my little one, while my pretty one,

while my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Father will come to thee soon; Rest, rest, on mother's breast, Father will come to thee soon;

Father will come to thee soon; Father will come to his babe in the nest, Silver sails all out of the west

Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one,
sleep.

Morn in the white wake of the morning star

Came furrowing all the orient into gold.

We rose, and each by other drest with care

Descended to the court that lay three parts
In shadow, but the Muses' heads were

Above the darkness from their native

There while we stood beside the fount, and watch'd

Or seem'd to watch the dancing bubble, approach'd

Melissa, tinged with wan from lack of sleep,
Or griof and glowing round has down

Or grief, and glowing round her dewy

The circled Iris of a night of tears; "And fly," she cried, "O fly, while yet you may!

My mother knows:" and when I ask'd her "how,"

"My fault," she wept, "my fault! and yet not mine;

Yet mine in part. O hear me, pardon me.

My mother, 'tis her wont from night
to night

To rail at Lady Psyche and her side. She says the Princess should have been the Head,

Herself and Lady Psyche the two arms; And so it was agreed when first they

came;
But Lady Psyche was the right hand

And she the left, or not, or seldom

used; Hers more than half the students, all

the love.
And so last night she fell to canvass

Her countrywomen! she did not envy

'Who ever saw such wild barbarians? Girls?—more like men!' and at these words the snake,

My secret, seem'd to stir within my breast;

And oh, Sirs, could I help it, but my cheek

Began to burn and burn, and her lynx eye

To fix and make me hotter, till she

laugh'd:

'() marvellously modest maiden, you! Men! girls, like men! why, if they had been men

You need not set your thoughts in rubric thus

For wholesale comment.' Pardon, I am shamed

That I must needs repeat for my excuse

What looks so little graceful: 'men' (for still

My mother went revolving on the

'And so they are, — very like men indeed —

And with that woman closeted for hours!'

Then came these dreadful words out one by one,

'Why — these — are — men:' I shudder'd: 'and you know it.'

'O ask me nothing,' I said: 'And she knows too,

And she conceals it.' So my mother clutch'd

The truth at once, but with no word from me;

And now thus early risen she goes to inform

The Princess: Lady Psyche will be crush'd;

But you may yet be saved, and therefore fly:

But heal me with your pardon ere you go."

"What pardon, sweet Melissa, for a blush?"

Said Cyril: "Pale one, blush again:

Those lines, better blush our lives away.

Yet let us breathe for one hour more in Heaven"

He added, "lest some classic Angel speak

In scorn of us, 'They mounted, Gany-medes,

To tumble, Vulcans, on the second morn.'

But I will melt this marble into wax To yield us farther furlough:" and he went.

Melissa shook her doubtful curls, and thought

He scarce would prosper. "Tell us,"
Florian ask'd,

"How grew this feud betwixt the right and left."

"O long ago," she said, "betwixt these two

Division smoulders hidden; 'tis my mother,

Too jealous, often fretful as the wind Pent in a crevice: much I bear with her:

I never knew my father, but she says (God help her) she was wedded to a fool;

And still she rail'd against the state of things.

She had the care of Lady Ida's youth, And from the Queen's decease she brought her up.

But when your sister came she won the heart

Of Ida: they were still together, grew (For so they said themselves) inosculated;

Consonant chords that shiver to one note;

One mind in all things: yet my mother still

Affirms your Psyche thieved her theories,

And angled with them for her pupil's love:

She calls her plagiarist; I know not what:

But I must go: I dare not tarry," and light,

As flies the shadow of a bird, she fled.

Then murmur'd Florian gazing after her.

"An open-hearted maiden, true and pure.

If I could love, why this were she how pretty

Her blushing was, and how she blush'd again,

As if to close with Cyril's random wish:

Not like your Princess cramm'd with erring pride,

Nor like poor Psyche whom she drags in tow."

"The crane," I said, "may chatter of the crane,

The dove may murmur of the dove, but I

An eagle clang an eagle to the sphere. My princess, O my princess! true she errs.

But in her own grand way: being herself

Three times more noble than three score of men,

She sees herself in every woman else, And so she wears her error like a

To blind the truth and me: for her, and her,

Hebes are they to hand ambrosia, mix The nectar; but—ah she—whene'er she moves

The Samian Herè rises and she speaks A Memnon smitten with the morning Sun."

So saying from the court we paced, and gain'd

The terrace ranged along the Northern front,

And leaning there on those balusters, high

Above the empurpled champaign, drank the gale

That blown about the foliage underneath.

And sated with the innumerable rose, Beat balm upon our eyelids. Hither came

Cyril, and yawning "O hard task," he cried;

"No fighting shadows here! I forced a way

Thro' solid opposition crabb'd and gnarl'd.

Better to clear prime forests, heave and thump

A league of street in summer solstice down,

Than hammer at this reverend gentle-

woman. I knock'd and, bidden, enter'd; found

her there
At point to move, and settled in her

eyes
The green malignant light of coming

storm.

Sir, I was courteous, every phrase

well-oil'd,

As man's could be; yet maiden-meek
I pray'd

Concealment: she demanded who we were,

And why we came? I fabled nothing fair,

But, your example pilot, told her all. Up went the hush'd amaze of hand and eye.

But when I dwelt upon your old affiance,

She answer'd sharply that I talk'd astray.

I urged the fierce inscription on the

gate,
And our three lives. True — we had

limed ourselves

With open eyes, and we must take the chance.

But such extremes, I told her, well might harm

The woman's cause. 'Not more than now,' she said,

'So puddled as it is with favoritism.'
I tried the mother's heart. Shame
might befall

Melissa, knowing, saying not she knew:

Her answer was 'Leave me to deal with that.'

I spoke of war to come and many deaths,

And she replied, her duty was to speak.

And duty duty, clear of consequences. I grew discouraged, Sir; but since I knew

No rock so hard but that a little wave

May beat admission in a thousand vears.

recommenced; 'Decide not ere you pause.

find you here but in the second place, some say the third—the authentic foundress you.

offer boldly: we will seat you high-

Vink at our advent : help my prince

to gain His rightful bride, and here I promise

you
Some palace in our land, where you

shall reign
The head and heart of all our fair she-

world.

and your great name flow on with broadening time

for ever.' Well, she balanced this a

little, And told me she would answer us to-

day,

Meantime be mute: thus much, nor
more I gain'd."

He ceasing, came a message from the Head.

That afternoon the Princess rode to take

The dip of certain strata to the North.

Vould we go with her? we should find
the land

Vorth seeing; and the river made a fall

out yonder:" then she pointed on to where

double hill ran up his furrowy forks seyond the thick-leaved platans of the vale.

Agreed to, this, the day fled on thro' all

s range of duties to the appointed hour.

hen summon'd to the porch we went.
She stood

mong her maidens, higher by the head,

er back against a pillar, her foot on one Of those tame leopards. Kittenlike he roll'd And paw'd about her sandal. I drew

near; I gazed. On a sudden my strange

seizure came

Upon me, the weird vision of our house:

The Princess Ida seem'd a hollow show,

Her gay-furr'd cats a painted fantasy, Her college and her maidens, empty masks,

And I myself the shadow of a dream, For all things were and were not. Yet

My heart beat thick with passion and with awe:

Then from my breast the involuntary sigh

Brake, as she smote me with the light of eyes

That lent my knee desire to kneel, and shook

My pulses, till to horse we got, and so Went forth in long retinue following up

The river as it narrow'd to the hills.

I rode beside her and to me she said:

"O friend, we trust that you esteem'd us not

Too harsh to your companion yestermorn; Unwillingly we spake." "No—not

to her,"

I answer'd, "but to one of whom we

spake
Your Highness might have seem'd the

thing you say."
"Again?" she cried, "are you am-

bassadresses From him to me? we give you, being

strange,
A license: speak, and let the topic
die."

I stammer'd that I knew him — could have wish'd —

"Our king expects—was there no precontract?

There is no truer-hearted—ah, you seem

All he prefigured, and he could not see The bird of passage flying south but long'd

To follow: surely, if your Highness keep

Your purport, you will shock him ev'n to death,

Or baser courses, children of despair."

"Poor boy," she said, "can he not read — no books?

Quoit, tennis, ball — no games? nor deals in that

Which men delight in, martial exercise?

To nurse a blind ideal like a girl, Methinks he seems no better than a

As girls were once, as we ourself have

been:
We had our dreams; perhaps he mixt
with them:

We touch on our dead self, nor shun

to do it,

Being other—since we learnt our
meaning here,

To lift the woman's fall'n divinity Upon an even pedestal with man."

She paused, and added with a haughtier smile

And as to precontracts, we move, my friend,

At no man's beck, but know ourself and thee,

O Vashti, noble Vashti! Summon'd

She kept her state, and left the drunken king

To brawl at Shushan underneath the palms."

"Alas your Highness breathes full East," I said,

"On that which leans to you. I know the Prince,

I prize his truth: and then how vast a work

To assail this gray prëeminence of man!

You grant me license; might I use it think;

Ere half be done perchance your life.

may fail; Then comes the feebler heiress of you

And takes and ruins all; and the your pains

May only make that footprint upo

Which old-recurring waves of prejudice

Resmooth to nothing: might I drea that you, With only Fame for spouse and you

great deeds

For issue, yet may live in vain, ar miss,

Meanwhile, what every woman coun her due,

Love, children, happiness?"

And she exclaim'

"Peace, you young savage of the Northern wild!

What! tho' your Prince's love we like a God's,

Have we not made ourself the sacr fice? You are bold indeed: we are n

talk'd to thus:
Yet will we say for children, wou

they grew Like field-flowers everywhere! we lik

them well: But children die; and let me tell yo

Howe'er you babble, great deeds can not die;

They with the sun and moon rene their light

For ever, blessing those that look of them.

Children — that men may pluck the from our hearts,

Kill us with pity, break us with ou selves —

O — children — there is nothing upo earth

More miserable than she that has

And sees him err: nor would we won for fame; Tho' she perhaps might reap the applause of Great,

Who learns the one POU STO whence after-hands

May move the world, tho' she herself effect

But little: wherefore up and act, nor shrink

For fear our solid aim be dissipated By frail successors. Would, indeed, we had been.

n lieu of many mortal flies, a race
of giants living, each, a thousand

years,

Chat we might see our own work out, and watch

The sandy footprint harden into stone."

I answer'd nothing, doubtful in myself

f that strange Poet-princess with her grand

maginations might at all be won.

And she broke out interpreting my thoughts:

"No doubt we seem a kind of mouster to you;

Ve are used to that: for women, up

'ramp'd under worse than South-sea isle taboo.

Owarfs of the gynæceum, fail so far n high desire, they know not, cannot guess

Iow much their welfare is a passion

f we could give them surer, quicker proof —

th if our end were less achievable by slow approaches, than by single

of immolation, any phase of death, We were as prompt to spring against the pikes.

r down the fiery gulf as talk of it, o compass our dear sisters' liberties."

She bow'd as if to vail a noble tear;

And up we came to where the river sloped

To plunge in cataract, shattering on black blocks

A breadth of thunder. O'er it shook the woods,

And danced the color, and, below, stuck out

The bones of some vast bulk that lived and roar'd

Before man was. She gazed awhile and said,

"As these rude bones to us, are we to her

That will be." "Dare we dream of that," I ask'd,

"Which wrought us, as the workman and his work,

That practice betters?" "How," she cried, "you love

The metaphysics! read and earn our prize,

A golden brooch: beneath an emerald plane

Sits Diotima, teaching him that died Of hemlock; our device; wrought to the life;

She rapt upon her subject, he on her: For there are schools for all." "And yet" I said

"Methinks I have not found among them all

One anatomic." "Nay, we thought of that,"

She answer'd, "but it pleased us not:
in truth

We shudder but to dream our maids should ape Those monstrous males that carve

the living hound,
And cram him with the fragments of

the grave, Or in the dark dissolving human

heart, And holy secrets of this microcosm,

Dabbling a shameless hand with shameful jest,

Encarnalize their spirits: yet we know

Knowledge is knowledge, and this matter hangs:

Howbeit ourself, foreseeing casualty,

Nor willing men should come among us, learnt,

For many weary moons before we

This craft of healing. Were you sick, ourself

Would tend upon you. To your question now.

which touches on the workman and his work.

Let there be light and there was light: 'tis so:

For was, and is, and will be, are but is;

And all creation is one act at once, The birth of light: but we that are not all,

As parts, can see but parts, now this,

now that, And live, perforce, from thought to

thought, and make
One act a phantom of succession:

Our weakness somehow shapes the shadow, Time;

But in the shadow will we work, and mould

The woman to the fuller day."

She spake With kindled eyes: we rode a league

beyond, And, o'er a bridge of pinewood cross-

ing, came
On flowery levels underneath the crag,
Full of all beauty. "O how sweet"
I said

(For I was half-oblivious of my mask)
"To linger here with one that loved
us." "Yea."

She answer'd, "or with fair philosophies

That lift the fancy; for indeed these fields

Are lovely, lovelier not the Elysian lawns,

Where paced the Demigods of old, and saw

The soft white vapor streak the crowned towers

Built to the Sun:" then, turning to her maids,

"Pitch our pavilion here upon the sward;
Lay out the viands." At the word

they raised
A tent of satin, elaborately wrought

With fair Corinna's triumph; her she stood,
Engirt with many a florid maiden

cheek,

The woman conqueror; woman-conquer'd there

The bearded Victor of ten-thousand hymns,

And all the men mourn'd at his side but we

Set forth to climb; then, climbing Cyril kept

With Psyche, with Melissa Florian,
With mine affianced. Many a little hand

Glanced like a touch of sunshine of the rocks,

Many a light foot shone like a jewe

In the dark crag: and then we turn'd we wound

About the cliffs, the copses, out and in Hammering and clinking, chattering stony names

Of shale and hornblende, rag and trap and tuff,

Amygdaloid and trachyte, till the Su Grew broader toward his death an fell, and all

The rosy heights came out above th lawns.

IV.

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying

dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear, And thinner, clearer, farther going! O sweet and far from cliff and scar

The horns of Elfland faintly blowing Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky, They faint on hill or field or river: Our echoes roll from soul to soul,

And grow for ever and for ever. Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying, And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying,

dying.

"There sinks the nebulous star we call the Sun.

If that hypothesis of theirs be sound." Said Ida; "let us down and rest;" and we

Down from the lean and wrinkled precipices,

By every coppice-feather'd chasm and cleft.

Dropt thro' the ambrosial gloom to where below

No bigger than a glow-worm shone

the tent Lamp-lit from the inner. Once she lean'd on me,

Descending; once or twice she lent her hand,

And blissful palpitations in the blood, Stirring a sudden transport rose and fell.

But when we planted level feet, and dipt

Beneath the satin dome and enter'd in. There leaning deep in broider'd down we sank

Our elbows: on a tripod in the midst A fragrant flame rose, and before us glow'd

Fruit, blossom, viand, amber wine, and gold.

Then she, "Let some one sing to us: lightlier move

The minutes fledged with music:" and a maid,

If those beside her, smote her harp, and sang.

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they

'ears from the depth of some divine despair lise in the heart, and gather to the eyes, n looking on the happy Autumn-fields, and thinking of the days that are no more.

"Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail, hat brings our friends up from the under-

world, ad as the last which reddens over one

That sinks with all we love below the verge: So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

"Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns

The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds To dying ears, when unto dying eyes The casement slowly grows a glimmering

square;

So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

"Dear as remember'd kisses after death. And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd On lips that are for others; deep as love, Deep as first love, and wild with all regret; O Death in Life, the days that are no more."

She ended with such passion that the tear.

She sang of, shook and fell, an erring pearl

Lost in her bosom: but with some disdain

Answer'd the Princess, "If indeed there haunt

About the moulder'd lodges of the Past So sweet a voice and vague, fatal to men.

Well needs it we should cram our ears with wool

And so pace by: but thine are fancies hatch'd

In silken-folded idleness; nor is it Wiser to weep a true occasion lost, But trim our sails, and let old bygones

be. While down the streams that float us each and all

To the issue, goes, like glittering bergs of ice,

Throne after throne, and molten on the waste

Becomes a cloud: for all things serve their time

Toward that great year of equal mights and rights,

Nor would I fight with iron laws, in the end

Found golden: let the past be past; let be

Their cancell'd Babels: tho' the rough kex break

The starr'd mosaic, and the beardblown goat

Hang on the shaft, and the wild figtree split

Their monstrous idols, care not while we hear

A trumpet in the distance pealing news Of better, and Hope, a poising eagle, burns

Above the unrisen morrow:" then to

"Know you no song of your own land," she said,

" Not such as moans about the retro-

But deals with the other distance and the hues

Of promise; not a death's-head at the wine."

Then I remember'd one myself had made,

What time I watch'd the swallow winging south

From mine own land, part made long since, and part

Now while I sang, and maidenlike as far

As I could ape their treble, did I sing.

"O Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying South, Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves, And tell her, tell her, what I tell to thee.

"O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest That bright and fierce and fickle is the South, And dark and true and tender is the North.

"O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow,

and light Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill, And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

"O were I thou that she might take me in, And lay me on her bosom, and her heart Would rock the snowy cradle till I died.

"Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,

Delaying as the tender ash delays To clothe herself, when all the woods are green?

"O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is Say to her, I do but wanton in the South, But in the North long since my nest is made.

"O tell her, brief is life but love is long, And brief the sun of summer in the North And brief the moon of beauty in the South.

"OSwallow, flying from the golden woods Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and mak her mine, And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee."

I ceased, and all the ladies, each a

Like the Ithacensian suitors in ol Stared with great eyes, and laugh'

with alien lips, And knew not what they meant; fo

still my voice

Rang false: but smiling "Not fo thee," she said,

"O Bulbul, any rose of Gulistan Shall burst her veil: marsh-divers

rather, maid, Shall croak thee sister, or the meadow

Grate her harsh kindred in the grass

and this A mere love-poem! O for such, m

friend, We hold them slight: they mind us o the time

When we made bricks in Egyp Knaves are men,

That lute and flute fantastic tender ness,

And dress the victim to the offering up And paint the gates of Hell with Pa adise.

And play the slave to gain the tyranny Poor soul! I had a maid of honor once She wept her true eyes blind for suc

A rogue of canzonets and serenades. I loved her. Peace be with her. Sh is dead.

So they blaspheme the muse! Bu great is song

Used to great ends: ourself have ofte tried

Valkyrian hymns, or into rhythi have dash'd

The passion of the prophetess; for son Is duer unto freedom, force and growt Of spirit than to junketing and love. Love is it? Would this same mocl

love, and this Mock-Hymen were laid up like winte bats.

ill all men grew to rate us at our worth,

ot vassals to be beat, nor pretty babes o be dandled, no, but living wills, and sphered

Thole in ourselves and owed to none. Enough! ut now to leaven play with profit,

you,

now you no song, the true growth of your soil,

hat gives the manners of your country-women?

She spoke and turn'd her sumptuous head with eyes

f shining expectation fixt on mine.

hen while I dragg'd my brains for such a song,

vril, with whom the bell-mouth'd glass had wrought,

r master'd by the sense of sport, be-

o troll a careless, careless taverncatch

f Moll and Meg, and strange experi-

nmeet for ladies. Florian nodded at him,

frowning; Psyche flush'd and wann'd

and shook: he lilylike Melissa droop'd her brows; Forbear," the Princess cried; "Forbear, Sir," I:

nd heated thro' and thro' with wrath

and love,

smote him on the breast; he started

here rose a shriek as of a city sack'd;

elissa clamor'd "Flee the death;" "To horse," aid Ida; "home! to horse!" and

fled, as flies troop of snowy doves athwart the

dusk.

Then some one batters at the dovecote-doors,

isorderly the women. Alone I stood ith Florian, cursing Cyril, vext at heart.

the pavilion: there like parting hopes

I heard them passing from me: hoof by hoof,

And every hoof a knell to my desires, Clang'd on the bridge; and then another shriek,

"The Head, the Head, the Princess, O the Head!"

For blind with rage she miss'd the plank, and roll'd

In the river. Out I sprang from glow to gloom:

There whirl'd her white robe like a blossom'd branch

Rapt to the horrible fall: a glance I gave,

No more: but woman-vested as I was Plunged; and the flood drew; yet I

caught her; then Oaring one arm, and bearing in my

The weight of all the hopes of half the world.

Strove to buffet to land in vain. A tree Was half-disrooted from his place and stoop'd

To drench his dark locks in the gurgling wave

Mid-channel. Right on this we drove and caught,

And grasping down the boughs I gain'd the shore.

There stood her maidens glimmeringly group'd

In the hollow bank. One reaching forward drew

My burthen from mine arms; they cried "she lives:"

They bore her back into the tent: but So much a kind of shame within me

wrought, Not yet endured to meet her opening

eyes, Nor found my friends; but push'd

alone on foot

(For since her horse was lost I left her mine)

Across the woods, and less from Indian craft

Than beelike instinct hiveward, found at length

The garden portals. Two great statues, Art

And Science, Caryatids lifted up

A weight of emblem, and betwixt were valves
Of open-work in which the hunter

rued
His rash intrusion, manlike, but his
brows

Had sprouded, and the branches there-

Spread out at top, and grimly spiked the gates.

A little space was left between the horns,

Thro' which I clamber'd o'er at top with pain,

Dropt on the sward, and up the linden walks.

And, tost on thoughts that changed from hue to hue,

Now poring on the glowworm, now the star

the star, I paced the terrace, till the Bear had

wheel'd Thro' a great arc his seven slow suns.

A step

Of lightest echo, then a loftier form Than female, moving thro' the uncertain gloom,

Disturb'd me with the doubt "if this were she,"

But it was Florian. "Hist O Hist," he said,

"They seek us: out so late is out of rules.

Moreover 'seize the strangers' is the cry.

How came you here?" I told him:
"I" said he,

'Last of the train, a moral leper, I,
'o whom none spake, half-sick at
heart, return'd.

Arriving all confused among the rest With hooded brows I crept into the hall,

And, couch'd behind a Judith, underneath

The head of Holofernes peep'd and saw. Girl after girl was call'd to trial: each Disclaim'd all knowledge of us: last of all,

Melissa: trust me, Sir, I pitied her. She, question'd if she knew us men

at first Was silent; closer prest, denied it

not:
And then, demanded if her mother knew.

Or Psyche, she affirm'd not, or de

From whence the Royal mind, familiar with her,

Easily gather'd either guilt. She sent

For Psyche, but she was not there; she call'd

For Psyche's child to cast it from the doors; She sent for Blanche to accuse her

face to face;
And I slipt out: but whither will you

now?
And where are Psyche, Cyril? both are fled:

What, if together? that were not so well.

Would rather we had never come! I

His wildness, and the chances of the dark."

"And yet," I said, "you wrong him more than I

That struck him: this is proper to the clown,

Tho' smock'd, or furr'd and purpled, still the clown, To harm the thing that trusts him,

and to shame
That which he says he loves: for

'hat which he says he loves: fo Cyril, howe'er

He deal in frolic, as to-night—the

Might have been worse and sinn'd in grosser lips

Beyond all pardon—as it is, I hold These flashes on the surface are not

He has a solid base of temperament: But as the waterlily starts and slides Upon the level in little puffs of wind, Tho' anchor'd to the bottom, such is he."

Scarce had I ceased when from a tamarisk near

Two Proctors leapt upon us, crying, " Names:"

He, standing still, was clutch'd; but I began

To thrid the musky-circled mazes, wind

And double in and out the boles, and race

By all the fountains: fleet I was of

Before me shower'd the rose in flakes; behind

I heard the puff'd pursuer; at mine

Bubbled the nightingale and heeded

And secret laughter tickled all my At last I hook'd my ankle in a vine,

That claspt the feet of a Mnemosyne, And falling on my face was caught and known.

They haled us to the Princess where she sat

High in the hall: above her droop'd a lamp,

And made the single jewel on her

Burn like the mystic fire on a masthead, Prophet of storm: a handmaid on

each side Bow'd toward her, combing out her

long black hair Damp from the river; and close be-

hind her stood Eight daughters of the plough,

stronger than men, Huge women blowzed with health,

and wind, and rain, And labor. Each was like a Druid rock:

Or like a spire of land that stands

Cleft from the main, and wail'd about with mews.

Then, as we came, the crowd divid-· ing clove

An advent to the throne: and there beside.

Half-naked as if caught at once from

And tumbled on the purple footcloth,

The lily-shining child; and on the left,

Bow'd on her palms and folded up from wrong, Her round white shoulder shaken with

her sobs.

Melissa knelt; but Lady Blanche erect

up and spake, an affluent Stood orator.

"It was not thus, O Princess, in old

You prized my counsel, lived upon my lips:

I led you then to all the Castalies; I fed you with the milk of every

Muse; I loved you like this kneeler, and you

Your second mother: those were

gracious times. Then came your new friend: you

began to change -I saw it and grieved - to slacken and to cool;

Till taken with her seeming openness You turn'd your warmer currents all to her.

To me you froze: this was my meed for all.

Yet I bore up in part from ancient love,

And partly that I hoped to win you back.

And partly conscious of my own deserts,

And partly that you were my civil head.

And chiefly you were born for some thing great,

In which I might your fellow-worker be.

When time should serve; and thus a noble scheme

Grew up from seed we two long since had sown;

In us true growth, in her a Jonah's gourd,

Up in one night and due to sudden sun:

We took this palace; but even from the first

You stood in your own light and darken'd mine.

What student came but that you planed her path

To Lady Psyche younger not so wise

To Lady Psyche, younger, not so wise, A foreigner, and I your countrywoman,

I your old friend and tried, she new in all?

But still her lists were swell'd and mine were lean;

Yet I bore up in hope she would be known:

Then came these wolves: they knew her: they endured,

Long-closeted with her the yestermorn,

To tell her what they were, and she to hear:

And me none told: not less to an eye like mine

A lidless watcher of the public weal, Last night, their mask was patent, and my foot

Was to you: but I thought again: I fear'd

To meet a cold 'We thank you, we shall hear of it

From Lady Psyche:' you had gone to her, She told, perforce; and winning easy

grace,
No doubt, for slight delay, remain'd

No doubt, for slight delay, remain'd among us

In our young nursery still unknown, the stem

Less grain than touchwood, while my honest heat

Were all miscounted as malignant haste

To push my rival out of place and power.

But public use required she should be known;

And since my oath was ta'en for public use,

I broke the letter of it to keep the sense.

I spoke not then at first, but watch'd

them well, Saw that they kept apart, no mischief

done; And yet this day (tho' you should

hate me for it)
I came to tell you; found that you

had gone, Ridd'n to the hills, she likewise: now, I thought,

That surely she will speak; if not, then I:

Did she? These monsters blazon'd what they were.

According to the coarseness of their kind,

For thus I hear; and known at last (my work)

And full of cowardice and guilty shame,

I grant in her some sense of shame, she flies; And I remain on whom to wreak

your rage, I, that have lent my life to build up

yours,
I that have wasted here health, wealth,

And talent, I — you know it — I will not heast:

Dismiss me, and I prophesy your plan, Divorced from my experience, will be

For every gust of chance, and men will say

We did not know the real light, but

The wisp that flickers where no foot can tread."

She ceased: the Princess answer'd coldly, "Good:

Your oath is broken: we dismiss you:

For this lost lamb (she pointed to the child)

Our mind is changed: we take it to ourself."

Thereat the Lady stretch'd a vulture throat,

And shot from crooked lips a haggard smile.

"The plan was mine. I built the nest" she said

"To hatch the cuckoo. Rise!" and stoop'd to updrag

Melissa: she, half on her mother propt, Half-drooping from her, turn'd her

face, and cast
A liquid look on Ida, full of prayer,
Which melted Florian's fancy as she

hung.

A Niobean daughter, one arm out,

Appealing to the bolts of Heaven; and while

We gazed upon her came a little stir About the doors, and on a sudden rush'd

Among us, out of breath, as one pursued,

A woman-post in flying raiment.
Fear

Stared in her eyes, and chalk'd her face, and wing'd

Her transit to the throne, whereby she

Delivering seal'd dispatches which the Head

Took half-amazed, and in her lion's

Tore open, silent we with blind surmise Regarding, while she read, till over

And cheek and bosom brake the

wrathful bloom

As of some fire against a stormy cloud,

When the wild peasant rights himself, the rick

Flames, and his anger reddens in the heavens:

For anger most it seem'd, while now her breast.

Beaten with some great passion at her heart,

Palpitated, her hand shook, and we heard

In the dead hush the papers that she

Rustle: at once the lost lamb at her feet

Sent out a bitter bleating for its dam; The plaintive cry jarr'd on her ire; she crush'd

The scrolls together, made a sudden turn

As if to speak, but, utterance failing her,

She whirl'd them on to me, as who should say

"Read," and I read—two letters—one her sire's.

"Fair daughter, when we sent the Prince your way

We knew not your ungracious laws, which learnt,

We, conscious of what temper you are built,

Came all in haste to hinder wrong, but fell

Into his father's hands, who has this night.

You lying close upon his territory, Slipt round and in the dark invested

And here he keeps me hostage for his son."

The second was my father's running thus:

"You have our son: touch not a hair of his head:

Render him up unscathed: give him your hand:

Cleave to your contract: tho' indeed we hear

You hold the woman is the better man; A rampant heresy, such as if it spread Would make all women kick against their Lords

Thro' all the world, and which might well deserve

That we this night should pluck your palace down;

And we will do it, unless you send us back

Our son, on the instant, whole,"

So far I read;

And then stood up and spoke impetuously.

"O not to pry and peer on your reserve,

But led by golden wishes, and a hope The child of regal compact, did I break

Your precinct; not a scorner of your sex

But venerator, zealous it should be All that it might be: hear me, for I bear,

Tho' man, yet human, whatsoe'er your wrongs,

From the flaxen curl to the gray lock a life

Less mine than yours: my nurse would tell me of you;

I babbled for you, as babies for the moon,

Vague brightness; when a boy, you stoop'd to me

From all high places, lived in all fair lights,

Came in long breezes rapt from inmost south

And blown to inmost north; at eve and dawn

With Ida, Ida, Ida, rang the woods; The leader wildswan in among the stars

Would clang it, and lapt in wreaths of glowworm light

The mellow breaker murmur'd Ida.

Now,
Because I would have reach'd you,

had you been Sphered up with Cassiopëia, or the

Sphered up with Cassiopëia, or the enthroned

Persephone in Hades, now at length, Those winters of abeyance all wornout, A man I came to see you: but, indeed, Not in this frequence can I lend full tongue,

O noble Ida, to those thoughts that wait

On you, their centre: let me say but this,

That many a famous man and woman, town

And landskip, have I heard of, after seen
The dwarfs of presage: tho' when

known, there grew Another kind of beauty in detail

Made them worth knowing; but in you I found My boyish dream involved and daz-

zled down And master'd, while that after-beauty

makes Such head from act to act, from hour

to hour, Within me, that except you slay me

here, According to your bitter statute-book, I cannot cease to followyou, as they say The seal does music; who desire you

Than growing boys their manhood; dying lips,

With many thousand matters left to

The breath of life; O more than poor men wealth,

Than sick men health — yours, yours, not mine — but half

Without you; with you, whole; and of those halves You worthiest; and howe'er you block

and bar
Your heart with system out from mine,

I hold

That it becomes no man to nurse

despair,
But in the teeth of clench'd antago-

nisms
To follow up the worthiest till he die:
Yet that I came not all unauthorized

Behold your father's letter."

On one knee

Kneeling, I gave it, which she caught, and dash'd Unopen'd at her feet: a tide of fierce

Invective seem'd to wait behind her lips,

As waits a river level with the dam Ready to burst and flood the world

with foam:
And so she would have spoken, but

there rose

A hubbub in the court of half the maids

Gather'd together: from the illumined

hall
Long lanes of splendor slanted o'er a
press

Of snowy shoulders, thick as herded

ewes,
And rainbow robes, and gems and
gemlike eyes,

And gold and golden heads; they to

Fluctuated, as flowers in storm, some red, some pale,

All open-mouth'd, all gazing to the light,

Some crying there was an army in the

land, And some that men were in the very

walls, And some they cared not; till a

clamor grew
As of a new-world Babel, woman-

built,

And worse-confounded: high above them stood

The placid marble Muses, looking peace.

Not peace she look'd, the Head: but rising up

Robed in the long night of her deep hair, so

o the open window moved, remaining there

rixt like a beacon-tower above the waves

of tempest, when the crimson-rolling eye Hares ruin, and the wild birds on the

light

Dash themselves dead. She stretch'd

her arms and call'd across the tumult and the tumult fell.

"What fear ye, brawlers? am not I your Head?

In me, me, me, the storm first breaks:

Il these male thunderbolts: what is it ye fear?

Peace! there are those to avenge us and they come:

If not, — myself were like enough, O girls,

To unfurl the maiden banner of our rights,

And clad in iron burst the ranks of war,

Or, falling, protomartyr of our cause, Die: yet I blame you not so much for fear;

Six thousand years of fear have made you that

From which I would redeem you: but for those

That stir this hubbub — you and you — I know

Your faces there in the crowd — tomorrow morn

We hold a great convention: then shall they

That love their voices more than duty, learn

With whom they deal, dismiss'd in shame to live

No wiser than their mothers, household stuff,

Live chattels, mincers of each other's fame,

Full of weak poison, turnspits for the clown,

The drunkard's football, laughing-

stocks of Time, Whose brains are in their hands and

in their heels,
But fit to flaunt, to dress, to dance, to
thrum,

To tramp, to scream, to burnish, and to scour,

For ever slaves at home and fools abroad."

She, ending, waved her hands: thereat the crowd

Muttering, dissolved: then with a smile, that look'd

A stroke of cruel sunshine on the cliff,

When all the glens are drown'd in azure gloom

Of thunder-shower, she floated to us

"You have done well and like a gentleman,

And like a prince: you have our thanks for all:

And you look well too in your woman's

Well have you done and like a gentle-

You saved our life: we owe you bitter thanks: Better have died and spilt our bones

in the flood -Then men had said - but now - What

hinders me To take such bloody vengeance on you

both?— Yet since our father -- Wasps in our

good hive, You would-be quenchers of the light

Barbarians, grosser than your native

O would I had his sceptre for one hour!

You that have dared to break our bound, and gull'd

Our servants, wrong'd and lied and thwarted us --

I wed with thee! I bound by precontract Your bride, your bondslave! not tho' all the gold

That veins the world were pack'd to make your crown,

And every spoken tongue should lord you. Sir,

Your falsehood and yourself are hateful to us:

I trample on your offers and on you: Begone: we will not look upon you more.

Here, push them out at gates."

In wrath she spake. Then those eight mighty daughters of the plough

Bent their broad faces toward us and address'd

Their motion: twice I sought to plead my cause,

But on my shoulder hung their heavy hands.

The weight of destiny: so from her face

They push'd us, down the steps, and thro' the court,

And with grim laughter thrust us ou at gates.

We cross'd the street and gain'd a petty mound

Beyond it, whence we saw the lights and heard

voices murmuring. While listen'd, came

On a sudden the weird seizure and the doubt: I seem'd to move among a world of

ghosts: The Princess with her monstrous

woman-guard, The jest and earnest working side by

The cataract and the tumult and the

Were shadows; and the long fantas

tic night With all its doings had and had no

And all things were and were not.

This went by As strangely as it came, and on my spirits

Settled a gentle cloud of melancholy Not long; I shook it off; for spite of doubts

And sudden ghostly shadowings I was

To whom the touch of all mischance but came

As night to him that sitting on a hill Sees the midsummer, midnight, Norway sun

Set into sunrise; then we moved away

Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums, That beat to battle where he stands; Thy face across his fancy comes, And gives the battle to his hands: A moment, while the trumpets blow,

He sees his brood about thy knee; The next, like fire he meets the foe,

And strikes him dead for thine and thee.

So Lilia sang: we thought her half-

possess'd, She struck such warbling fury thro

the words;

and, after, feigning pique at what she call'd

he raillery, or grotesque, or false sublime—

ike one that wishes at a dance to

'he musie—clapt her hands and cried for war.

r some grand fight to kill and make an end:

nd he that next inherited the tale alf turning to the broken statue, said, Sir Ralph has got your colors: if I

our knight, and fight your battle,

what for me?"

chanced, her empty glove upon the tomb

ay by her like a model of her hand. ne took it and she flung it. "Fight," she said.

And make us all we would be, great and good."

e knightlike in his cap instead of casque,

cap of 'Tyrol borrow'd from the hall, rranged the favor, and assumed the Prince.

V.

ow, scarce three paces measured from the mound,

'e stumbled on a stationary voice, nd "Stand, who goes?" "Two

from the palace" I.
The second two: they wait," he said,

"pass on; lis Highness wakes:" and one, that clash'd in arms,

y glimmering lanes and walls of canvass led

reading the soldier-city, till we heard

ne drowsy folds of our great ensign

shake
com blazon'd lions o'er the imperial
tent

hispers of war.

Entering, the sudden light azed me half-blind: I stood and seem'd to hear,

As in a poplar grove when a light wind wakes

A lisping of the innumerous leaf and dies,

Each hissing in his neighbor's ear; and then

A strangled titter, out of which there brake

On all sides, clamoring etiquette to death,

Unmeasured mirth; while now the two old kings

Began to wag their baldness up and down,

The fresh young captains flash'd their glittering teeth,

The huge bush-bearded Barons heaved and blew,

And slain with laughter roll'd the gilded Squire.

At length my Sire, his rough cheek wet with tears,

Panted from weary sides "King, you are free!

We did but keep you surety for our son,

If this be he,—or a draggled mawkin, thou,

That tends her bristled grunters in the sludge:"

For I was drench'd with ooze, and torn with briers,

More crumpled than a poppy from the sheath,

And all one rag, disprinced from head to heel.

Then some one sent beneath his

vaulted palm
A whisper'd jest to some one near

A whisper'd jest to some one near him, "Look,

He has been among his shadows."
"Satan take

The old women and their shadows!
(thus the King

Roar'd) make yourself a man to fight with men.

Go: Cyril told us all."

As boys that slink From ferule and the trespass-chiding eye,

Away we stole, and transient in a trice

From what was left of faded womanslough

To sheathing splendors and the golden scale

Of harness, issued in the sun, that now

Leapt from the dewy shoulders of the Earth,

And hit the Northern hills. Here

Cyril met us.

A little shy at first, but by and by

We twain, with mutual pardon ask'd and given

For stroke and song, resolder'd peace, whereon

Follow'd his tale. Amazed he fled away

Thro' the dark land, and later in the night

Had came on Psyche weeping: "then we fell

Into your father's hand, and there she lies,

But will not speak, nor stir."

He show'd a tent
A stone-shot off: we enter'd in, and

Among piled arms and rough accoutrements,

Pitiful sight, wrapp'd in a soldier's cloak,

Like some sweet sculpture draped from head to foot,

And push'd by rude hands from its pedestal,

All her fair length upon the ground she lay:

And at her head a follower of the

And at her head a follower of the camp,

A charr'd and wrinkled piece of womanhood,

Sat watching like a watcher by the dead.

Then Florian knelt, and "Come" he whisper'd to her,

"Lift up your head, sweet sister: lie not thus.

What have you done but right? you could not slay

Me, nor your prince: look up: be comforted:

Sweet is it to have done the thing one ought,

When fallen in darker ways." And likewise I:

"Be comforted: have I not lost her too, In whose least act abides the nameless

charm
That none has else for me?" She

heard, she moved,
She moan'd, a folded voice; and up
she sat.

And raised the cloak from brows as pale and smooth

As those that mourn half-shrouded over death

In deathless mouths "Her" she

In deathless marble. "Her," she said, "my friend—

Parted from her — betray'd her cause and mine —

Where shall I breathe? why kept ye not your faith?

O base and bad! what comfort? none for me!" To whom remorseful Cyril, "Yet I pray

Take comfort: live, dear lady, for your child!"

At which she lifted up her voice and cried.

"Ah me, my babe, my blossom, ah, my child,

My one sweet child, whom I shall see no more!

For now will cruel Ida keep her back; And either she will die from want of care,

Or sicken with ill-usage, when they say
The child is hers—for every little
fault.

The child is hers; and they will beat my girl

Remembering her mother: O my flower!

Or they will take her, they will make her hard,

ner nard,
And she will pass me by in after-life
With some cold reverence worse than
were she dead.

Ill mother that I was to leave her there,
To lag behind, scared by the cry
they made,

The horror of the shame among them all:

But I will go and sit beside the doors, And make a wild petition night and

day,

Until they hate to hear me like a wind Wailing for ever, till they open to me, And lay my little blossom at my feet, My babe, my sweet Aglaïa, my one

child: And I will take her up and go my way,

And satisfy my soul with kissing her: Ah! what might that man not deserve of me

Who gave me back my child?" "Be

comforted,"

Said Cyril, "you shall have it:" but

She veil'd her brows, and prope she sank, and so

Like tender things that being caught feign death,

Spoke not, nor stirr'd.

By this a murmur ran Thro' all the camp and inward raced the scouts

With rumor of Prince Arac hard at

We left her by the woman, and with-

Found the gray kings at parle: and "Look you" cried

My father "that our compact be fulfill'd:

You have spoilt this child; she laughs at you and man:

She wrongs herself, her sex, and me, and him:

But red-faced war has rods of steel and fire;

She yields, or war."

Then Gama turn'd to me:
"We fear, indeed, you spent a stormy
time

With our strange girl: and yet they say that still

You love her. Give us, then, your mind at large:

How say you, war or not?"

"Not war, if possible, O king," I said, "lest from the abuse of war,

The desecrated shrine, the trampled year,

The smouldering homestead, and the household flower

Torn from the lintel — all the common wrong —

A smoke go up thro' which I loom to

Three times a monster: now she lightens scorn

At him that mars her plan, but then would hate

(And every voice she talk'd with

ratify it,
And every face she look'd on justifyit)
The general foe. More soluble is this

The general foe. More soluble is this knot,

By gentleness than war. I want her love.

What were I nigher this altho' we dash'd

Your cities into shards with catapults, She would not love; — or brought her chain'd, a slave,

The lifting of whose eyelash is my lord, Not ever would she love; but brood-

ing turn
The book of scorn, till all my flitting
chance

Were caught within the record of her wrongs,

And crush'd to death: and rather, Sire, than this

I would the old God of war himself were dead,

Forgotten, rusting on his iron hills, Rotting on some wild shore with ribs of wreck.

Or like an old-world mammoth bulk'd in ice,

Not to be molten out."

And roughly spake
My father, "Tut, you know them not,
the girls.

Boy, when I hear you prate I almost think

That idiot legend credible. Look you,

Sir! Man is the hunter; woman is his

game:
The sleek and shining creatures of the chase.

We hunt them for the beauty of their skins:

They love us for it, and we ride them down.

Wheedling and siding with them!
Out! for shame!

Boy, there's no rose that's half so dear to them

As he that does the thing they dare not do,

Breathing and sounding beauteous battle, comes

With the air of the trumpet round him, and leaps in

Among the women, snares them by the score

Flatter'd and fluster'd, wins, tho' dash'd with death

He reddens what he kisses: thus I won Your mother, a good mother, a good wife,

Worth winning; but this firebrand—gentleness

To such as her! if Cyril spake her true, To catch a dragon in a cherry net, To trip a tigress with a gossamer, Were wisdom to it."

"Yea but Sire," I cried,
"Wild natures need wise curbs. The
soldier? No:

What dares not Ida do that she should prize

The soldier? I beheld her, when she

The yesternight, and storming in extremes,

Stood for her cause, and flung defiance

Gagelike to man, and had not shunn'd the death,

No, not the soldier's: yet I hold her, king,

True woman: but you clash them all in one,

That have as many differences as we.
The violet varies from the lily as far
As oak from elm: one loves the soldier, one

The silken priest of peace, one this, one that,

And some unworthily; their sinless faith,

A maiden moon that sparkles on a sty, Glorifying clown and satyr; whence they need

More breadth of culture: is not Ida right?

They worth it? truer to the law within?

Severer in the logic of a life?

Twice as magnetic to sweet influences Of earth and heaven? and she of whom you speak,

My mother, looks as whole as some serene

Creation minted in the golden moods Of sovereign artists; not a thought, a touch,

But pure as lines of green that streak the white Of the first snowdrop's inner leaves;

I say,
Not like the piebald miscellany, man,

Bursts of great heart and slips in sensual mire,

But whole and one: and take them all-in-all,

Were we ourselves but half as good, as kind, As truthful, much that Ida claims as

right Had ne'er been mooted, but as frankly

theirs
As dues of Nature. To our point:

Lest I lose all."

"Nay, nay, you spake but sense," Said Gama. "We remember love ourself

In our sweet youth; we did not rate him then

This red-hot iron to be shaped with blows.

You talk almost like Ida: she can talk; And there is something in it as you say:

But you talk kindlier: we esteem you for it. —

He seems a gracious and a gallant

Prince,
1 would he had our daughter: for the

Our own detention, why, the causes weigh'd.

Fatherly fears - you used us courteously -

We would do much to gratify your Prince -

We pardon it; and for your ingress

Upon the skirt and fringe of our fair

You did but come as goblins in the night,

Nor in the furrow broke the ploughman's head.

Nor burnt the grange, nor buss'd the milking-maid,

Nor robb'd the farmer of his bowl of cream:

But let your Prince (our royal word upon it, He comes back safe) ride with us to

our lines. And speak with Arac: Arac's word

is thrice As ours with Ida: something may be

done -I know not what - and ours shall see

us friends. You, likewise, our late guests, if so

you will, Follow us: who knows? we four may build some plan

Foursquare to opposition."

Here he reach'd White hands of farewell to my sire,

who growl'd An answer which, half-muffled in his beard.

Let so much out as gave us leave to go.

Then rode we with the old king across the lawns

Beneath huge trees, a thousand rings of Spring

In every bole, a song on every spray Of birds that piped their Valentines, and woke

Desire in me to infuse my tale of love

In the old king's ears, who promised help, and oozed

All o'er with honey'd answer as we rode

And blossom-fragrant slipt the heavy Gather'd by night and peace, with

each light air our mail'd heads: but other

thoughts than Peace Burnt in us, when we saw the em-

battled squares, And squadrons of the Prince, tramp-

ling the flowers With clamor: for among them rose a

As if to greet the king; they made a halt:

The horses yell'd; they clash'd their

arms; the drum Beat; merrily-blowing shrill'd the

martial fife; And in the blast and bray of the long

horn And serpent-throated bugle, undulated

The banner: anon to meet us lightly pranced

Three captains out; nor ever had I

Such thews of men: the midmost and the highest

Was Arac: all about his motion clung

The shadow of his sister, as the beam Of the East, that play'd upon them, made them glance

Like those three stars of the airy Giant's zone,

That glitter burnish'd by the frosty dark:

And as the fiery Sirius alters hue,

And bickers into red and emerald, shone

Their morions, wash'd with morning, as they came.

And I that prated peace, when first I heard

War-music, felt the blind wildbeast of of force,

Whose home is in the sinews of a

Stir in me as to strike: then took the king

His three broad sons; with now a wandering hand

And now a pointed finger, told them all: A common light of smiles at our disguise

Broke from their lips, and, ere the

windy jest Had labor'd down within his ample lungs.

The genial giant, Arac, roll'd himself Thrice in the saddle, then burst out in words.

"Our land invaded, 'sdeath! and he himself

Your captive, yet my father wills not

And, 'sdeath! myself, what care I, war or no?

But then this question of your troth remains:

And there's a downright honest meaning in her;

She flies too high, she flies too high! and vet

She ask'd but space and fairplay for her scheme;

She prest and prest it on me — I myself.

What know I of these things? but, life and soul!

I thought her half-right talking of her wrongs; I say she flies too high, 'sdeath! what

of that? I take her for the flower of woman-

kind,

And so I often told her, right or wrong, And, Prince, she can be sweet to those she loves.

And, right or wrong, I care not: this is all.

I stand upon her side: she made me swear it -

'Sdeath - and with solemn rites by candlelight --

Swear by St. something - I forget her name -

Her that talk'd down the fifty wisest

She was a princess too; and so I

Come, this is all; she will not: waive your claim

If not, the foughten field, what else, at once

Decides it, 'sdeath! against father's will."

I lagg'd in answer loth to render up My precontract, and loth by brainless

To cleave the rift of difference deeper

Till one of those two brothers, half aside

And fingering at the hair about his To prick us on to combat "Like to

like! The

woman's garment hid woman's heart." A taunt that clench'd his purpose

like a blow! For fiery-short was Cyril's counter-

scoff, And sharp I answer'd, touch'd upon

the point Where idle boys are cowards to their

shame. "Decide it here: why not? we are three to three."

Then spake the third "But three to

three? no more? No more, and in our noble sister's cause?

More, more, for honor: every captain waits

Hungry for honor, angry for his king. More, more, some fifty on a side, that each

May breathe himself, and quick! by overthrow

Of these or those, the question settled die."

"Yea," answer'd I, "for this wild wreath of air,

This flake of rainbow flying on the highest

Foam of men's deeds — this honor, if ve will.

It needs must be for honor if at all: Since, what decision? if we fail, we

fail.

And if we win, we fail: she would not | keep

Her compact." "'Sdeath! but we will send to her,"

Said Arac, "worthy reasons why she should

Bide by this issue:let our missive thro', And you shall have her answer by the word."

"Boys!" shriek'd the old king, but vainlier than a hen

To her false daughters in the pool;

Regarded; neither seem'd there more to say:

Back rode we to my father's camp, and found

and round

He thrice had sent a herald to the gates,

To learn if Ida yet would cede our claim,

Or by denial flush her babbling wells
With her own people's life: three
times he went:

The first, he blew and blew, but none appear'd:

He batter'd at the doors; none came:

the next, An awful voice within had warn'd

him thence:
The third, and those eight daughters
of the plough

Came sallying thro' the gates, and caught his hair,

And so belabor'd him on rib and cheek

They made him wild: not less one glance he caught

Thro' open doors of Ida station'd there

Unshaken, clinging to her purpose, firm
Tho' compass'd by two armies and

the noise Of arms; and standing like a stately

Pine

Set in a cataract on an island-crag,
When storm is on the heights, and
right and left

Euck'd from the dark heart of the long hills roll The torrents, dash'd to the vale: and yet her will

Bred will in me to overcome it or fall.

But when I told the king that I was pledged

To fight in tourney for my bride, he clash'd

His iron palms together with a cry;

Himself would tilt it out among the lads:

But overborne by all his bearded lords

With reasons drawn from age and state, perforce

He yielded, wroth and red, with fierce demur:

And many a bold knight started up in heat,

And sware to combat for my claim till death.

All on this side the palace ran the field

Flat to the garden-wall: and likewise here,

Above the garden's glowing blossombelts,

A column'd entry shone and marble stairs,

And great bronze valves, emboss'd with Tomyris And what she did to Cyrus after fight,

But now fast barr'd: so here upon the flat
All that long morn the lists were

hammer'd up,

And all that morn the heralds to and fro,

With message and defiance, went and came;

Last, Ida's answer, in royal hand, But shaken here and there, and rolling words

Oration-like. I kiss'd it and I read.

"O brother, you have known the pangs we felt,

What heats of indignation when we heard

Of those that iron-cramp'd their women's feet;

Of lands in which at the altar the poor bride

Gives her harsh groom for bridal-gift a scourge;

Of living hearts that crack within the fire

Where smoulder their dead despots; and of those,—

Mothers, — that, all prophetic pity, fling

Their pretty maids in the running flood, and swoops

The vulture, beak and talon, at the heart

Made for all noble motion: and I saw That equal baseness lived in sleeker times

With smoother men: the old leaven leaven'd all:

Millions of throats would bawl for civil rights,

No woman named: therefore I set my face

Against all men, and lived but for mine own.

Far off from men I built a fold for them:

I stored it full of rich memorial: I fenced it round with gallant insti-

And biting laws to scare the beasts

of prey
And prosper'd; till a rout of saucy
boys

Brake on us at our books, and marr'd our peace,

Mask'd like our maids, blustering I know not what

Of insolence and love, some pretext held

Of baby troth, invalid, since my will

Seal'd not the bond — the striplings!
—for their sport! —

I tamed my leopards: shall I not tame these?

Or you? or I? for since you think me touch'd

In honor—what, I would not aught of false—

Is not our cause pure? and whereas I know

Your prowess, Arac, and what mother's blood

You draw from, fight; you failing, I abide
What and account fail was all as a

What end socver: fail you will not. Still

Take not his life: he risk'd it for my own; His mother lives: yet whatsoe'er you

do, Fight and fight well; strike and strike home. O dear

Brothers, the woman's Angel guards you, you

The sole men to be mingled with our cause,

The sole men we shall prize in the aftertime,

Your very armor hallow'd, and your statues

Rear'd, sung to, when, this gad-fly brush'd aside,

We plant a solid foot into the Time, And mould a generation strong to

move
With claim on claim from right to

right, till she Whose name is yoked with children's,

know herself; And Knowledge in our own land

make her free,
And, ever following those two crowned
twins.

Commerce and conquest, shower the fiery grain

Of freedom broadcast over all that

Between the Northern and the Southern morn."

Then came a postscript dash'd across the rest.

"See that there be no traitors in your camp:

We seem a nest of traitors — none to

trust Since our arms fail'd—this Egypt-

plague of men!
Almost our maids were better at their homes,

Than thus man-girled here: indeed b

Our chiefest comfort is the little child Of one unworthy mother; which she left:

She shall not have it back: the child shall grow

To prize the authentic mother of her mind.

I took it for an hour in mine own bed This morning: there the tender orphan hands

Felt at my heart, and seem'd to charm from thence

The wrath I nursed against the world. farewell."

I ceased; he said, "Stubborn, but she may sit

Upon a king's right hand in thunderstorms,

And breed up warriors! See now, tho' yourself Be dazzled by the wildfire Love to

sloughs That swallow common sense, the

spindling king,

This Gama swamp'd in lazy tolerance. When the man wants weight, the woman takes it up,

And topples down the scales; but this is fixt

As are the roots of earth and base of all:

Man for the field and woman for the hearth:

Man for the sword and for the needle

Man with the head and woman with heart:

Man to command and woman to obey; All else confusion. Look you! the

gray mare

Is ill to live with, when her whinny shrills

From tile to scullery, and her small goodman

Shrinks in his arm-chair while the fires of Hell

Mix with his hearth: but you -she's yet a colt -

Take, break her: strongly groom'd and straitly curb'd

She might not rank with those detest

That let the bantling scald at home. and brawl

Their rights or wrongs like potherbs in the street.

They say she's comely; there's the fairer chance:

I like her none the less for rating at

Besides, the woman wed is not as we, But suffers change of frame. A lusty brace

Of twins may weed her of her folly Bov.

The bearing and training of a child Is woman's wisdom."

Thus the hard old king: I took my leave, for it was nearly

noon: I pored upon her letter which I held, And on the little clause "take not his

I mused on that wild morning in the woods.

And on the "Follow, follow, thou shalt

I thought on all the wrathful king had

And how the strange betrothment was to end: Then I remember'd that burnt sor-

cerer's curse

That one should fight with shadows and should fall: And like a flash the weird affection

King, camp and college turn'd to hollow shows:

I seem'd to move in old memorial tilts, And doing battle with forgotten ghosts,

To dream myself the shadow of a dream:

And ere I woke it was the point of

The lists were ready. Empanoplied and plumed

We enter'd in, and waited, fifty there Opposed to fifty, till the trumpet

blared

At the barrier like a wild horn in a land

Of echoes, and a moment, and once more

The trumpet, and again: at which the storm

Of galloping hoofs bare on the ridge of spears

And riders front to front, until they closed

In conflict with the crash of shivering points.

And thunder. Yet it seem'd a dream, I dream'd

Of fighting. On his haunches rose the steed,

And into fiery splinters leapt the lance,

And out of stricken helmets sprang the fire.

Part sat like rocks: part reel'd but kept their seats:

Part roll'd on the earth and rose again and drew:

Part stumbled mixt with floundering horses. Down

From those two bulks at Arac's side, and down

From Arac's arm, as from a giant's flail,

The large blows rain'd, as here and everywhere

He rode the mellay, lord of the ringing lists,

And all the plain, — brand, mace, and shaft, and shield —

Shock'd, like an iron-clanging anvil bang'd
With hammers; till I thought, can

this be he
From Gama's dwarfish loins? if this

be so, The mother makes us most — and in

my dream

I glanged saids and saw the palace-

I glanced aside, and saw the palacefront

Alive with fluttering scarfs and ladies'
eyes,
And highest among the statues

And highest, among the statues, statue-like,

Between a cymbal'd Miriam and a Jael,

With Psyche's babe, was Ida watching us,

A single band of gold about her hair, Like a Saint's glory up in heaven . but she

No saint — inexorable — no tenderness —

Too hard, too cruel: yet she sees me fight,
Yea, let her see me fall! with that I

(ea, let her see me fall! with that l

Among the thickest and bore down a Prince, And Cyril, one. Yea, let me make

my dream
All that I would. But that large-

moulded man,

His visage all agrin as at a wake, Made at me thro' the press, and, staggering back

With stroke on stroke the horse and horseman, came

As comes a pillar of electric cloud, Flaying the roofs and sucking up the drains,

And shadowing down the champaign till it strikes On a wood, and takes, and breaks, and

cracks, and splits, And twists the grain with such a roar

that Earth Reels, and the herdsmen cry; for

everything
Gave way before him: only Florian, he

That loved me closer than his own right eye,

Thrust in between; but Arac rode him down: And Cyril seeing it, push'd against

the Prince,
With Psyche's color round his helmet,

With Psyche's color round his helmet tough,

Strong, supple, sinew-corded, apt at

But tougher, heavier, stronger, he that smote

And threw him: last I spurr'd; I felt my veins

Stretch with fierce heat; a moment hand to hand,

And sword to sword, and horse to horse we hung,

'ill I struck out and shouted; the blade glanced,

did but shear a feather, and dream

and truth

'low'd from me; darkness closed me;

## VI.

Home they brought her warrior dead: She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry: All her maidens, watching, said, "She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low, Call'd him worthy to be loved, Truest friend and noblest foe; Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place, Lightly to the warrior stept Took the face-cloth from the face; Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years, Set his child upon her knee — Like summer tempest came her tears — "Sweet my child, I live for thee."

ly dream had never died or lived again.

s in some mystic middle state I lay; eeing I saw not, hearing not I heard: ho', if I saw not, yet they told me all

o often that I speak as having seen.

For so it seem'd, or so they said to me,

hat all things grew more tragic and more strange;

hat when our side was vanquish'd and my cause

or ever lost, there went up a great cry,

he Prince is slain. My father heard and ran on the lists, and there unlaced my

casque nd grovell'd on my body, and after

nd grovell'd on my body, and after him

ame Psyche, sorrowing for Aglaïa.

But high upon the palace Ida stood 'ith Psyche's babe in arm: there on the roofs

ke that great dame of Lapidoth she sang.

"Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n: the seed,

The little seed they laugh'd at in the dark, Has risen and cleft the soil, and grown a bulk Of spanless girth, that lays on every side A thousand arms and rushes to the Sun.

"Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n: they came;

The leaves were wet with women's tears: they heard

A noise of songs they would not understand: They mark'd it with the red cross to the fall, And would have strown it, and are fall'L themselves.

"Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n: they came,

The woodmen with their axes: lo the tree! But we will make it faggots for the hearth, And shape it plank and beam for roof and floor,

And boats and bridges for the use of men.

"Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n: they struck;

With their own blows they hurt themselves, nor knew

There dwelt an iron nature in the grain:
The glittering axe was broken in their arms,
Their arms were shatter'd to the shoulder
blade.

"Our enemies have fall'n, but înis shall grow

A night of Summer from the heat, a breadth Of Autumn, dropping fruits of power: and roll'd

With music in the growing breeze of Time, The tops shall strike from star to star, the fangs

Shall move the stony bases of the world.

"And now, O maids, behold our sanctuary

Is violate, our laws broken: fear we not

To break them more in their behoof,
whose arms

Champion'd our cause and won it with a day

Blanch'd in our annals, and perpetual feast,

When dames and heroines of the golden year

Shall strip a hundred hollows bare of Spring,

To rain an April of ovation round Their statues, borne aloft, the three but come.

We will be liberal, since our rights are won.

Let them not lie in the tents with coarse mankind, Ill nurses; but descend, and proffer

these

The brethren of our blood and cause, that there Lie bruised and maim'd, the tender

ministries

Of female hands and hospitality."

She spoke, and with the babe yet in her arms,

Descending, burst the great bronze valves, and led

A hundred maids in train across the

A hundred maids in train across the Park.

Some cowl'd, and some bare-headed,

on they came,
Their feet in flowers, her loveliest:

by them went The enamor'd air sighing, and on

their curls
From the high tree the blossom waver-

ing fell,
And over them the tremulous isles of

light
Slided, they moving under shade: but

Blanche
At distance follow'd: so they came:

Thro' open field into the lists they wound

Timorously; and as the leader of the herd

That holds a stately fretwork to the

Sun, And follow'd up by a hundred airy

does, Steps with a tender foot, light as on

The lovely, lordly creature floated

To where her wounded brethren lay;
there stay'd;

Knelt on one knee, - the child on one, - and prest

Their hands, and call'd them dear deliverers,

And happy warriors, and immortal names,

And said "You shall not lie in the tents but here,

And nursed by those for whom yo fought, and served

With female hands and hospitality.'

Then, whether moved by this, o was it chance,
She past my way. Up started from

my side
The old lion, glaring with his whelp

less eye, Silent; but when she saw me lyin

stark, Dishelm'd and mute, and motionlessl

Cold ev'n to her, she sigh'd; and whe

The haggard father's face and reverend beard

Of grisly twine, all dabbled with th

Of his own son, shudder'd, a twitch o

Tortured her mouth, and o'er he forehead past A shadow, and her hue changed, an

she said:
"He saved my life: my brother slev

him for it."
No more: at which the king in bitte

Drew from my neck the painting and the tress.

And held them up: she saw them and a day

Rose from the distance on her memory When the good Queen, her mother shore the tress

With kisses, ere the days of Lady Blanche:

And then once more she look'd at my pale face:

Till understanding all the foolis' work

Of fancy, and the bitter close of al., Her iron will was broken in he mind;

Her noble heart was molten in he breast;

She bow'd, she set the child on the earth; she laid

A feeling finger on my brows, and presently

O Sire," she said, "he lives: he is not dead:

) let me have him with my brethren here

n our own palace: we will tend on him.

Like one of these: if so, by any means

To lighten the great clog of thanks, that make

Our progress falter to the woman's goal."

She said: but at the happy word "he lives"

Iy father stoop'd, re-father'd o'er my wounds.

So those two foes above my fallen life, With brow to brow like night and evening mixt

Their dark and gray, while Psyche ever stole

ever stole

A little nearer, till the babe that by us,
Ialf-lapt in glowing gauze and golden

brede,
Lay like a new-fall'n meteor on the

grass,
Jncared for, spied its mother and

began beling laughter, and

to dance ts body, and reach its fatling inno-

cent arms
And lazy lingering fingers. She the

appeal

Brook'd not, but clamoring out "Mine

— mine — not yours, t is not yours, but mine: give me the

child"

Ceased all on tremble: piteous was

the cry:
so stood the unhappy mother open-

mouth'd, And turn'd each face her way: wan

was her cheek
Vith hollow watch, her blooming

mantle torn, ted grief and mother's hunger in her

eye,
Ind down dead-heavy sank her curls,
and half

The sacred mother's bosom, panting, burst

The laces toward her babe; but she nor cared

Nor knew it, clamoring on, till Ida heard,

Look'd up, and rising slowly from me, stood

Erect and silent, striking with her glance

The mother, me, the child; but he that lay

Beside us, Cyril, batter'd as he was, Trail'd himself up on one knee: then he drew

Her robe to meet his lips, and down she look'd

At the arm'd man sideways, pitying as it seem'd,

Or self-involved; but when she learnt his face,

Remembering his ill-omen'd song,

Once more thro' all her height, and o'er him grew

Tall as a figure lengthen'd on the sand When the tide ebbs in sunshine, and he said:

"O fair and strong and terrible! Lioness

That with your long locks play the Lion's mane!

But Love and Nature, these are two more terrible

And stronger. See, your foot is on our necks, We vanquish'd, you the Victor of

your will.

What would you more? give her the

child! remain
Orb'd in your isolation: he is dead.

Or all as dead: henceforth we let you be:

Win you the hearts of women; and beware

Lest, where you seek the common love of these,

The common hate with the revolving wheel

Should drag you down, and some great Nemesis

Break from a darken'd future, crown'd with fire,

And tread you out for ever: but howsoe'er

Fix'd in yourself, never in your own arms

To hold your own, deny not hers to her,

Give her the child! O if, I say, you keep

One pulse that beats true woman, if you loved

The breast that fed or arm that dandled you,

Or own one port of sense not flint to prayer,

Give her the child! or if you scorn to lay it,

Yourself, in hands so lately claspt with yours,

Or speak to her, your dearest, her one fault

The tenderness, not yours, that could not kill,

Give me it: I will give it her."

He said:
At first her eye with slow dilation

Dry flame, she listening; after sank and sank

And, into mournful twilight mellow-

ing, dwelt

Full on the child; she took it:

"Pretty bud!

Lifty of the vale! half open'd bell of the woods!

Sole comfort of my dark hour, when a world

Of traitorous friend and broken system made

No purple in the distance, mystery, Pledge of a love not to be mine, farewell:

These men are hard upon us as of old, We two must part: and yet how fain was I

To dream thy cause embraced in mine, to think

I might be something to thee, when I felt

Thy helpless warmth about my barren breast

In the dead prime: but may thy mother prove

As true to thee as false, false, false to

me!
And, if thou needs must bear the yoke, I wish it

Gentle as freedom" — here she kiss'd it: then —

"All good go with thee! take it, Sir,"
and so

Laid the soft babe in his hard-mailed hands,

Who turn'd half-round to Psyche as she sprang

To meet it, with an eye that swum in thanks;
Then felt it sound and whole from

head to foot,
And hugg'd and never hugg'd it close

enough,
And in her hunger mouth'd and mumbled it.

And hid her bosom with it; after that Put on more calm and added suppliantly:

"We two were friends: I go to mine own land

For ever: find some other: as for me I scarce am fit for your great plans: yet speak to me,

Say one soft word and let me part forgiven."

But Ida spoke not, rapt upon the child.

Then Arac. "Ida—'sdeath! you blame the man;

You wrong yourselves — the woman is so hard

Upon the woman. Come, a grace to me!

I am your warrior. I and mine have fought

Your battle: kiss her; take her hand she weeps:

'Sdeath! I would sooner fight thrice o'er than see it."

But Ida spoke not, gazing on the ground,

And reddening in the furrows of his chin,

And moved beyond his custom, Gama said:

"I've heard that there is iron in the blood,

And I believe it. Not one word? not one?

Whence drew you this steel temper? not from me,

Not from your mother, now a saint with saints.

She said you had a heart—I heard her say it—

'Our Ida has a heart'—just ere she

'But see that some one with authority Be near her still' and I—I sought

for one —
All people said she had authority —
The Lady Blanche: much profit!

Not one word;

No! tho' your father sues: see how you stand

Stiff as Lot's wife, and all the good knights maim'd,

I trust that there is no one hurt to death,

For your wild whim: and was it then for this.

Was it for this we gave our palace up, Where we withdrew from summer heats and state.

And had our wine and chess beneath

the planes,
And many a pleasant hour with her
that's gone.

Ere you were born to vex us? Is it kind?

Speak to her I say: is this not she of whom,

When first she came, all flush'd you said to me

Now had you got a friend of your own age,

Now could you share your thought; now should men see

I'wo women faster welded in one love

Chan pairs of wedlock; she you walk'd with, she

You talk'd with, whole nights long, up in the tower,

Of sine and arc, spheroid and azimuth, And right ascension, Heaven knows what; and now

A word, but one, one little kindly word,

Not one to spare her: out upon you, flint!

You love nor her, nor me, nor any;

You shame your mother's judgment too. Not one?

You will not? well—no heart have you, or such

As fancies like the vermin in a nut Have fretted all to dust and bitterness."

So said the small king moved beyond his wont.

But Ida stood nor spoke, drain'd of her force

By many a varying influence and so long.

Down thro' her limbs a drooping languor wept:

Her head a little bent; and on her mouth A doubtful smile dwelt like a clouded

moon
In a still water: then brake out my

sire, Lifting his grim head from my

wounds. "O you, Woman, whom we thought woman even now.

And were half fool'd to let you tend our son,

Because he might have wish'd it but we see

The accomplice of your madness un forgiven,

forgiven,
And think that you might mix his

draught with death,
When your skies change again: the
rougher hand

Is safer: on to the tents: take up the Prince."

He rose, and while each ear was prick'd to attend

A tempest, thro' the cloud that dimm'd her broke

A genial warmth and light once more, and shone

Thro' glittering drops on her sad friend.

O Psyche," she cried out, "embrace me, come

Quick while I melt; make reconcilement sure

With one that cannot keep her mind an hour:

Come to the hollow heart they slander so!

Kiss and be friends, like children being chid!

I seem no more: I want forgiveness too:
I should have had to do with none

but maids,
That have no links with men. Ah

false but dear,

Dear traitor, too much loved, why? — why? — Yet see,

Before these kings we embrace you yet once more

With all forgiveness, all oblivion, And trust, not love, you less.

And now, O sire,

Grant me your son, to nurse, to wait upon him,

Like mine own brother. For my debt to him,

This nightmare weight of gratitude, I know it:

Taunt me no more: yourself and yours shall have

Free adit; we will scatter all our maids

Till happier times each to her proper hearth:

What use to keep them here — now? grant my prayer.

Help, father, brother, help; speak to the king:

Thaw this male nature to some touch of that

Which kills me with myself, and drags me down

From my fixt height to mob me up with all

The soft and milky rabble of woman-kind,

Poor weakling ev'n as they are."

Passionate tears
Follow'd: the king replied not: Cyril
said:

"Your brother, Lady — Florian, —
ask for him

Of your great head — for he is wounded too —

That you may tend upon him with the prince."
"Ay so," said Ida with a bitter smile,

"Ay so," said Ida with a bitter smile,
"Our laws are broken: let him enter
too."

Then Violet, she that sang the mournful song,

And had a cousin tumbled on the plain, Petition'd too for him. "Ay so," she said.

"I stagger in the stream: I cannot keep My heart an eddy from the brawling

We break our laws with ease, but let it be."

"Ay so?" said Blanche: "Amazed am I to hear

Your Highness: but your Highness breaks with ease

The law your Highness did not make:
'twas I.
I had been wedded wife, I knew man-

kind, And block'd them out; but these men

came to woo
Your Highness — verily I think to

win."

So she, and turn'd askance a wintry eye:

But Ida with a voice, that like a bell Toll'd by an earthquake in a trembling tower,

Rang ruin, answer'd full of grief and scorn.

"Fling our doors wide! all, all, not one, but all,

Not only he, but by my mother's soul, Whatever man lies wounded, friend or foe. Shall enter, if he will. Let our girls flit,

Till the storm die! but had you stood by us,

The roar that breaks the Pharos from his base

Had left us rock. She fain would sting us too,

But shall not. Pass, and mingle with your likes.

We brook no further insult but are gone."

She turn'd; the very nape of her white neck

Was rosed with indignation: but the Prince

Her brother came; the king her father charm'd

Her wounded soul with words: nor did mine own

Refuse her proffer, lastly gave his hand.

Then us they lifted up, dead weights, and bare

Straight to the doors: to them the doors gave way

Groaning, and in the Vestal entry shriek'd

The virgin marble under iron heels:

And on they moved and gain'd the
hall, and there

Rested. but great the crush was, and each base,

To left and right, of those tall columns drown'd

In silken fluctuation and the swarm
Of female whisperers: at the further
end

Was Ida by the throne, the two great cats

Close by her, like supporters on a shield,

Bow-back'd with fear: but in the centre stood

The common men with rolling eyes; amazed

They glared upon the women, and aghast

The women stared at these, all silent, save

When armor clash'd or jingled, while the day,

Descending, struck athwart the hall, and shot

A flying splendor out of brass and steel,

That o'er the statues leapt from head to head,

Now fired an angry Pallas on the helm,

Now set a wrathful Dian's moon on flame.

And now and then an echo started

And shuddering fled from room to room, and died

Of fright in far apartments.

Then the voice Of Ida sounded, issuing ordinance:

And me they bore up the broad stairs, and thro'

The long-laid galleries past a hundred doors

To one deep chamber shut from sound, and due

To languid limbs and sickness; left me in it:

And others otherwhere they laid; and

That afternoon a sound arose of hoof And chariot, many a maiden passing

Till happier times; but some were left of those

Held sagest, and the great lords out and in,

From those two hosts that lay beside the walls,

Walked at their will, and everything was chang'd.

## VII.

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea;

The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;

But O too fond, when have I answer'd thee?

Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: what answer should I

I love not hollow cheek or faded eye: Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die! Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live; Ask me no more. Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are seal'd:

I strove against the stream and all in vain:

Let the great river take me to the main:

No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;

Ask me no more.

So was their sanctuary violated,

So their fair college turn'd to hospital;

At first with all confusion: by and by

Sweet order lived again with other laws:

A kindlier influence reign'd; and everywhere

Low voices with the ministering hand Hung round the sick: the maidens came, they talk'd,

They sang, they read: till she not fair began

To gather light, and she that was, be-

Her former beauty treble; and to and

fro With books, with flowers, with Angel

offices, Like creatures native unto gracious

And in their own clear element, they moved.

But sadness on the soul of Ida fell, And hatred of her weakness, blent with shame.

Old studies fail'd; seldom she spoke: but oft

Clomb to the roofs, and gazed alone for hours

On that disastrous leaguer, swarms of men

Darkening her female field: void was her use,

And she as one that climbs a peak to gaze

O'er land and main, and sees a great black cloud

Drag inward from the deeps, a wall of night,

Blot out the slope of sea from verge to shore,

And suck the blinding splendor from the sand,

And quenching lake by lake and tarn by tarn Expunge the world: so fared she gaz-

ing there;
So blacken'd all her world in secret.

blank

And waste it seem'd and vain; till down she came,

And found fair peace once more among the sick.

And twilight dawn'd; and morn by morn the lark

Shot up and shrill'd in flickering gyres, but I Lay silent in the muffled cage of life:

And twilight gloom'd; and broadergrown the bowers

Drew the great night into themselves, and Heaven,

Star after star, arose and fell; but I, Deeper than those weird doubts could reach me, lay

Quite sunder'd from the moving Uni-

Nor knew what eye was on me, nor the hand

That nursed me, more than infants in their sleep.

But Psyche tended Florian: with her oft,

Melissa came; for Blanche had gone, but left

Her child among us, willing she should keep

Court-favor here and there the small bright head,

A light of healing, glanced about the couch,

Or thro' the parted silks the tender face Peep'd, shining in upon the wounded

With blush and smile, a medicine in themselves

To wile the length from languorous hours, and draw

The sting from pain; nor seem'd it strange that soon

He rose up whole, and those fair charities

Join'd at her side; nor stranger seem'd that hearts

So gentle, so employ'd, should close in love,

I'han when two dewdrops on the petal

To the same sweet air, and tremble deeper down.

and slip at once all-fragrant into one.

Less prosperously the second suit

At first with Psyche. Not the Blanche had sworn

Chat after that dark night among the fields

She needs must wed him for her own

good name; Not tho' he built upon the babe re-

` stored;

Nor tho' she liked him, yielded she, but fear'd

Co incense the Head once more; till on a day When Cyril pleaded, Ida came behind

Seen but of Psyche: on her foot she hung

1 moment, and she heard, at which her face

A little flush'd, and she past on; but each .

Assumed from thence a half-consent involved

n stillness, plighted troth, and were at peace.

Nor only these: Love in the sacred halls

Held carnival at will, and flying struck Vith showers of random sweet on maid and man.

Vor did her father cease to press my claim,

for did mine own now reconciled; nor yet

Oid those twin brothers, risen again and whole;

for Arac, satiate with his victory.

But I lay still, and with me oft she sat:

Then came a change; for sometimes
I would catch

Herhand in wild delirium, gripe it hard, And fling it like a viper off, and shriek "Youare not Ida;" clasp it once again, And call her Ida, tho' I know her not, And call her sweet, as if in irony,

And call her hard and cold which seem'd a truth:

And still she fear'd that I should lose my mind,

And often she believed that I should die:

Till out of long frustration of her care.
And pensive tendance in the all-weary noons.

And watches in the dead, the dark, when clocks

Throbb'd thunder thro' the palace floors, or call'd

On flying Time from all their silver tongues—

And out of memories of her kindlier days,

And sidelong glances at my father's grief,

And at the happy lovers heart in heart —

And out of hauntings of my spoken love,

And lonely listenings to my mutter'd dream,

And often feeling of the helpless hands,

And wordless broodings on the wasted cheek —
From all a closer interest flourish'd up.

Tenderness touch by touch, and ast,

Love, like an Alpine harebell hung with tears

By some cold morning glacier; frail at first

And feeble, all unconscious of itself, But such as gather'd color day by day.

Last I woke sane, but well-nigh close to death

For weakness: it was evening: silent

Slept on the painted walls, wherein were wrought

Two grand designs; for on one side arose

The women up in wild revolt, and storm'd

At the Oppian law. Titanic shapes, they cramm'd

The forum, and half-crush'd among the rest

A dwarf-like Cato cower'd. On the other side

Hortensia spoke against the tax; behind,

A train of dames: by axe and eagle sat,

With all their foreheads drawn in Roman scowls.

And half the wolf's-milk curdled in their veins,

The fierce triumvirs; and before them paused

Hortensia pleading: angry was her face.

I saw the forms: I knew not where I was:

They did but look like hollow shows;

Sweet Ida: palm to palm she sat: the dew

Dwelt in her eyes, and softer all her shape

And rounder seem'd: I moved: I sigh'd: a touch

Came round my wrist, and tears upon my hand:

Then all for languor and self-pity ran Mine down my face, and with what life I had,

And like a flower that cannot all unfold,

So drench'd it is with tempest, to the sun,

Yet, as it may, turns toward him, I on her

Fixt my faint eyes, and utter'd whisperingly:

"If you be, what I think you, some sweet dream,

I would but ask you to fulfil yourself: But if you be that Ida whom I knew. I ask you nothing: only, if a dream, Sweet dream, be perfect. I shall die tonight.

Stoop down and seem to kiss me ere l

I could no more, but lay like one in trance,

That hears his burial talk'd of by his friends,
And cannot speak, nor move, no

make one sign,
But lies and dreads his doom. She

turn'd; she paused; She stoop'd; and out of languor leap

a cry; Leapt flery Passion from the brinks o

death;
And I believed that in the living world
My spirit closed with Ida's at the lips

My spirit closed with Ida's at the lips
Till back I fell, and from mine arm
she rose

Glowing all over noble shame; and al Her falser self slipt from her like a robe,

And left her woman, lovelier in he mood

Than in her mould that other, when she came From barren deeps to conquer al

with love;
And down the streaming crysta

And down the streaming crysta dropt; and she Far-fleeted by the purple island-sides

To meet her Graces, where the deck'd her out

For worship without end; nor end o mine,

Stateliest, for thee! but mute sh

Nor glanced behind her, and I san and slept,

Fill'd thro' and thro' with Love, happy sleep.

Deep in the night I woke: she, nea me, held

A volume of the Poets of her land: There to herself, all in low tones, sh read. "Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;

Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk; Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font: The fire-fly wakens: waken thou with me.

Now droops the milkwhite peacock like a ghost,

And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

Now lies the earth all Danaë to the stars, And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up, And slips into the bosom of the lake: So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip Into my bosom and be lost in me."

I heard her turn the page; she found a small Sweet Idyl, and once more, as low, she read:

"Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height:

What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang)

In height and cold, the splendor of the hills? But cease to move so near the Heavens, and

To glide a sunbeam by the blasted Pine, To sit a star upon the sparkling spire; And come, for Love is of the valley, come, For Love is of the valley, come thou down And find him; by the happy threshold, he, Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize, Or red with spirted purple of the vats, Or foxlike in the vine; nor cares to walk With Death and Morning on the silver horns, Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,

Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice,

That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls To roll the torrent out of dusky doors: But follow; let the torrent dance thee down To find him in the valley; let the wild Lean-headed Eagles yelp alone, and leave The monstrous ledges there to slope, and

spill
Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-

smoke.

That like a broken purpose waste in air: So waste not thou; but come; for all the vales Await thee; azure pillars of the hearth Arise to thee; the children call, and I Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound, Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet; Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn, The moan of doves in immemorial elms, And murmuring of innumerable bees.'

So she low-toned; while with shut eyes I lay

Listening; then look'd. Pale was the perfect face;

The bosom with long sighs labor'd: and meek

Seem'd the full lips, and mild the luminous eyes,

And the voice trembled and the hand. She said

Brokenly, that she knew it, she had fail'd

In sweet humility; had fail'd in all: That all her labor was but as a block Left in the quarry; but she still were

loth, She still were loth to yield herself to

That wholly scorn'd to help their equal rights

Against the sons of men, and barbarous laws.

She pray'd me not to judge their cause from her

That wrong'd it, sought far less for truth than power

In knowledge: something wild within her breast,

A greater than all knowledge, beat her down.

And she had nursed me there from week to week:

Much had she learnt in little time. In part

It was ill counsel had misled the girl To vex true hearts: yet was she but a girl —

"Ah fool, and made myself a Queen of farce!

When comes another such? never, I think,

Till the Sun drop, dead, from the signs." Her voice

Choked, and her forehead sank upon her hands,

And her great heart thro' all the faultful Past

Went sorrowing in a pause I dared not break;

Till notice of a change in the dark world

Was lispt about the acacias, and a bird.

That early woke to feed her little ones, | The man be more of woman, she of Sent from a dewy breast a cry for light:

She moved, and at her feet the volume fell.

"Blame not thyself too much," I said, "nor blame

Too much the sons of men and barbarous laws;

These were the rough ways of the world till now.

Henceforth thou hast a helper, me, that know

The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink

Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free:

For she that out of Lethe scales with man

The shining steps of Nature, shares with man

His nights, his days, moves with him to one goal.

Stays all the fair young planet in her hands -

If she be small, slight-natured, miserable.

How shall men grow? but work no more alone!

Our place is much: as far as in us lies We two will serve them both in aiding her -

Will clear away the parasitic forms That seem to keep her up but drag her down ---

Will leave her space to burgeon out of all

Within her-let her make herself her own

To give or keep, to live and learn and be All that not harms distinctive woman-

hood.

For woman is not undevelopt man, But diverse: could we make her as the man.

Sweet Love were slain: his dearest bond is this.

Not like to like, but like in difference. Yet in the long years liker must they grow;

man: He gain in sweetness and in moral

height, Nor lose the wrestling thews that

throw the world: She mental breadth, nor fail in child-

ward care, Nor lose the childlike in the larger

mind: Till at the last she set herself to man,

Like perfect music unto noble words; And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,

Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,

Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be, Self-reverent each and reverencing each.

Distinct in individualities,

But like each other ev'n as those who

Then comes the statelier Eden back

Then reign the world's great bridals. chaste and calm:

Then springs the crowning race of human-kind.

May these things be!"

Sighing she spoke "I fear

They will not."

"Dear, but let us type them now In our own lives, and this proud watchword rest

Of equal; seeing either sex alone Is half itself, and in true marriage lies Nor equal, nor unequal: each fulfils Defect in each, and always thought

in thought. Purpose in purpose, will in will, they

The single pure and perfect animal,

The two-cell'd heart beating, with one full stroke,

And again sighing she spoke: "A dream

That once was mine! what woman taught you this?"

" Alone," I said, "from earlier than I know,

Immersed in rich foreshadowings of the world,

I loved the woman: he, that doth not, lives

A drowning life, besotted in sweet

self,
Or pines in sad experience worse than death,

Or keeps his wing'd affections clipt with crime:

Yet was there one thro' whom I loved her, one

Not learned, save in gracious household ways,

Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,

No Angel, but a dearer being, all dipt

In Angel instincts, breathing Paradise,

Interpreter between the Gods and

men, Who look'd all native to her place,

and yet
On tiptoe seem'd to touch upon a

sphere

Too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce

Sway'd to her from their orbits as they moved,

And girdled her with music. Happy

With such a mother! faith in womankind

Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high

Comes easy to him, and tho' he trip and fall

He shall not blind his soul with clay."
"But I,"

Said Ida, tremulously, "so all unlike —

It seems you love to cheat yourself

with words:
This mother is your model. I have

heard
Of your strange doubts: they well
might be: I seem

A mockery to my own self. Never, Prince:

You cannot love me."

"Nay but thee," I said

"From yearlong poring on thy pictured eyes,

Ere seen I loved, and loved thee seen, and saw

Thee woman thro' the crust of iron moods

That mask'd thee from men's reverence up, and forced

Sweet love on pranks of saucy boyhood: now,

Giv'n back to life, to life indeed, thro' thee,

Indeed I love: the new day comes, the light

Dearer for night, as dearer thou for faults

Lived over: lift thine eyes; my doubts are dead,

My haunting sense of hollow shows the change,

This truthful change in thee has kill'd it. Dear,

Look up, and let thy nature strike on mine,

Like yonder morning on the blind half-world;

Approach and fear not; breathe upon my brows;

In that fine air I tremble, all the past Melts mist-like into this bright hour, and this

Is morn to more, and all the rich tocome

Reels, as the golden Autumn woodland reels

Athwart the smoke of burning weeds.

Forgive me,

I waste my heart in signs: let be. My bride,

My wife, my life. O we will walk this world,

Yoked in all exercise of noble end, And so thro' those dark gates across

the wild
That no man knows. Indeed I love
thee: come,

Yield thyself up: my hopes and thine are one:

Accomplish thou my manhood and thyself;

Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me."

## CONCLUSION.

So closed our tale, of which I give you all

The random scheme as wildly as it

The words are mostly mine; for when we ceased

There came a minute's pause, and Walter said,

"I wish she had not yielded!" then to me,

"What, if you drest it up poetically!"
So pray'd the men, the women: I gave
assent:

Yet how to bind the scatter'd scheme of seven

Together in one sheaf? What style could suit?

The men required that I should give throughout

The sort of mock-heroic gigantesque, With which we banter'd little Lilia first:

The women—and perhaps they felt

their power,
For something in the ballads which

they sang, Or in their silent influence as they sat, Had ever seem'd to wrestle with bur-

Had ever seem'd to wrestle with burlesque, And drove us, last, to quite a solemn

close — They hated banter, wish'd for some-

thing real,
A gallant fight, a noble princess—

why
Not make her true-heroic — true-

Not make her true-heroic — truesublime?

Or all, they said, as earnest as the

close? Which yet with such a framework

scarce could be.

Then rose a little feud betwixt the two,

Betwixt the mockers and the realists:
And I, betwixt them both, to please them both,

And yet to give the story as it rose, I moved as in a strange diagonal,

And maybe neither pleased myself nor them.

But Lilia pleased me, for she took no part

In our dispute: the sequel of the tale Had touch'd her; and she sat, she pluck'd the grass,

She flung it from her, thinking: last, she fixt

A showery glance upon her aunt, and said,

"You — tell us what we are" who might have told,

For she was cramm'd with theories out of books,

But that there rose a shout: the gates
were closed
At sunset, and the crowd were swarm.

ing now, To take their leave, about the garden

rails.

So I and some went out to these:
we climb'd

The slope to Vivian-place, and turning saw

The happy valleys, half in light, and half

Far-shadowing from the west, a land of peace;

Gray halls alone among their massive groves; Trim hamlets; here and there a rustic

tower

Helf lest in helts of hon and breadth

Half-lost in belts of hop and breadths of wheat;

The shimmering glimpses of a stream:
the seas;
A red sail, or a white; and far be-

A red sail, or a white; and far beyond, Imagined more than seen, the skirts

of France.

"Look there, a garden!" said my college friend,

The Tory member's elder son, "and there!

God bless the narrow sea which keeps her off,

And keeps our Britain, whole within herself.

A nation yet, the rulers and the ruled —

Some sense of duty, something of a faith.

Some reverence for the laws ourselves have made.

Some patient force to change them when we will,

Some civic manhood firm against the crowd -

But yonder, whiff! there comes a sudden heat.

The gravest citizen seems to lose his

The king is scared, the soldier will not fight,

The little boys begin to shoot and stab.

A kingdom topples over with a shriek Like an old woman, and down rolls the world

In mock heroics stranger than our

Revolts, republics, revolutions, most No graver than a schoolboys' barring out;

Too comic for the solemn things they

Too solemn for the comic touches in them,

Like our wild Princess with as wise a dream

As some of theirs - God bless the narrow seas!

I wish they were a whole Atlantic broad."

"Have patience," I replied, "ourselves are full

Of social wrong; and maybe wildest dreams Are but the needful preludes of the

truth: For me, the genial day, the happy

crowd,

The sport half-science, fill me with a faith.

This fine old world of ours is but a child

Yet in the go-cart. Patience! Give it time

To learn its limbs: there is a hand that guides."

In such discourse we gain'd the garden rails,

And there we saw Sir Walter where he stood.

Before a tower of crimson holly-oaks, Among six boys, head under head, and look'd

No little lily-handed Baronet he,

A great broad-shoulder'd genial Englishman.

A lord of fat prize-oxen and of sheep, A raiser of huge melons and of pine, A patron of some thirty charities,

A pamphleteer on guano and on grain,

A quarter-sessions chairman, abler none;

Fair-hair'd and redder than a windy morn:

Now shaking hands with him, now him, of those

That stood the nearest - now address'd to speech -

Who spoke few words and pithy, such as closed

Welcome, farewell, and welcome for the year

To follow: a shout rose again, and made

The long line of the approaching rookerv swerve

From the broad elms, and shook the branches of the deer

From slope to slope thro' distant ferns, and rang

Beyond the bourn of sunset; O, a shout More joyful than the city-roar that

hails Premier or king! Why should not

these great Sirs

Give up their parks some dozen times a year So thrice

To let the people breathe? they cried,

I likewise, and in groups they stream'd away.

But we went back to the Abbey, and sat on,

much the gathering darkness So charm'd: we sat

But spoke not, rapt in nameless reverie.

Perchance upon the future man: the walls

Blacken'd about us, bats wheel'd, and owls whoop'd,
And gradually the powers of the

night,

That range above the region of the wind,

Deepening the courts of twilight broke them up

Thro' all the silent spaces of the worlds,

Beyond all thought into the Heaven of Heavens.

Last little Lilia, rising quietly, Disrobed the glimmering statue of Sir Ralph

From those rich silks, and home well pleased we went.

# MAUD; A MONODRAMA.

## PART I.

I.

I HATE the dreadful hollow behind the little wood, Its lips in the field above are dabbled with blood-red heath, The red-ribb'd ledges drip with a silent horror of blood, And Echo there, whatever is ask'd her, answers "Death."

TT

For there in the ghastly pit long since a body was found, His who had given me life — O father! O God! was it well? — Mangled, and flatten'd, and crush'd, and dinted into the ground: There yet lies the rock that fell with him when he fell.

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Did he fling himself down? who knows? for a vast speculation had fail'd, And ever he mutter'd and madden'd, and ever wann'd with despair, And out he walk'd when the wind like a broken worldling wail'd, / And the flying gold of the ruin'd woodlands drove thro' the air.

v.

I remember the time, for the roots of my hair were stirr'd By a shuffled step, by a dead weight trail'd, by a whisper'd fright, And my pulses closed their gates with a shock on my heart as I heard The shrill-edged shrick of a mother divide the shuddering night.

v.

Villany somewhere! whose? One says, we are villains all.

Not he: his honest fame should at least by me be maintained:
But that old man, now lord of the broad estate and the Hall,
Dropt off gorged from a scheme that had left us flaccid and drain'd.

71.

Why do they prate of the blessings of Peace? we have made them a curse, Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is not its own; And lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain, is it better or worse Than the heart of the citizen hissing in war on his own hearthstone?

## VII.

But these are the days of advance, the works of the men of mind, When who but a fool would have faith in a tradesman's ware or his word? Is it peace or war? Civil war, as I think, and that of a kind The viler, as underhand, not openly bearing the sword.

## VIII.

Sooner or later I too may passively take the print
Of the golden age — why not? I have neither hope nor trust;
May make my heart as a millstone, set my face as a flint,
Cheat and be cheated, and die: who knows? we are ashes and dust.

## IX.

Peace sitting under her olive, and slurring the days gone by,
When the poor are hovell'd and hustled together, each sex, like swine,
When only the ledger lives, and when only not all men lie;
Peace in her vineyard — yes! — but a company forges the wine.

## x.

And the vitriol madness flushes up in the ruffian's head,
Till the filthy by-lane rings to the yell of the trampled wife,
And chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the poor for bread,
And the spirit of murder works in the very means of life,

### XI.

And Sleep must lie down arm'd, for the villanous centre-bits Grind on the wakeful ear in the hush of the moonless nights, While another is cheating the sick of a few last gasps, as he sits To pestle a poison'd poison behind his crimson lights.

### XII.

When a Mammonite mother kills her babe for a burial fee, And Timour-Mammon grins on a pile of children's bones, Is it peace or war? better, war! loud war by land and by sea, War with a thousand battles, and shaking a hundred thrones.

### XIII.

For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder round by the hill,
And the rushing battle-bolt sang from the three-decker out of the foam,
That the smooth-faced snubnosed rogue would leap from his counter and till,
And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating yardwand, home.—

## xiv.

What! am I raging alone as my father raged in his mood? Must I too creep to the hollow and dash myself down and die Rather than hold by the law that I made, nevermore to brood On a horror of shatter'd limbs and a wretched swindler's lie?

## XV.

Would there be sorrow for me? there was love in the passionate shriek, Love for the silent thing that had made false haste to the grave — Wrapt in a cloak, as I saw him, and thought he would rise and speak And rave at the lie and the liar, ah God, as he used to rave.

## XVI.

I am sick of the Hall and the hill, I am sick of the moor and the main. Why should I stay? can a sweeter chance ever come to me here? O, having the nerves of motion as well as the nerves of pain, Were it not wise if I fled from the place and the pit and the fear?

## XVII.

Workmen up at the Hall!—they are coming back from abroad; The dark old place will be gilt by the touch of a millionaire: I have heard, I know not whence, of the singular beauty of Maud; I play'd with the girl when a child; she promised then to be fair.

## XVIII.

Maud with her venturous climbings and tumbles and childish escapes, Maud the delight of the village, the ringing joy of the Hall, Maud with her sweet purse-mouth when my father dangled the grapes, Maud the beloved of my mother, the moon-faced darling of all,—

### XIX.

What is she now? My dreams are bad. She may bring me a curse. No, there is fatter game on the moor; she will let me alone. Thanks, for the fiend best knows whether woman or man be the worse. I will bury myself in myself, and the Devil may pipe to his own.

## TT.

Long have I sigh'd for a calm: God grant I may find it at last! It will never be broken by Maud, she has neither savor nor salt, But a cold and clear-cut face, as I found when her carriage past, Perfectly beautiful: let it be granted her: where is the fault? All that I saw (for her eyes were downcast, not to be seen) Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null, Dead perfection, no more; nothing more, if it had not been For a chance of travel, a paleness, an hour's defect of the rose, Or an underlip, you may call it a little too ripe, too full, Or the least little delicate aquiline curve in a sensitive nose, From which I escaped heart-free, with the least little touch of spleen.

### Ш.

Cold and clear-cut face, why come you so cruelly meek, Breaking a slumber in which all spleenful folly was drown'd, Pale with the golden beam of an eyelash dead on the cheek, Passionless, pale, cold face, star-sweet on a gloom profound; Womanlike, taking revenge too deep for a transient wrong Done but in thought to your beauty, and ever as pale as before Growing and fading and growing upon me without a sound, Luminous, gemlike, ghostlike, deathlike, half the night long Growing and fading and growing, till I could bear it no more, But arose, and all by myself in my own dark garden ground, Listening now to the tide in its broad-flung shipwrecking roar, Now to the scream of a madden'd beach dragg'd down by the wave, Walk'd in a wintry wind by a ghastly glimmer, and found The shining daffodil dead, and Orion low in his grave.

## IV.

Τ.

A million emeralds break from the ruby-budded lime In the little grove where I sit—ah, wherefore cannot I be Like things of the season gay, like the bountiful season bland, When the far-off sail is blown by the breeze of a softer clime, Half-lost in the liquid azure bloom of a crescent of sea, The silent sapphire-spangled marriage ring of the land?

II.

Below me, there, is the village, and looks how quiet and small! And yet bubbles o'er like a city, with gossip, scandal, and spite; And Jack on his ale-house bench has as many lies as a Czar; And here on the landward side, by a red rock, glimmers the Hall; And up in the high Hall-garden I see her pass like a light; But sorrow seize me if ever that light be my leading star!

### III.

When have I bow'd to her father, the wrinkled head of the race? I met her to-day with her brother, but not to her brother I bow'd: I bow'd to his lady-sister as she rode by on the moor; But the fire of a foolish pride flash'd over her beautiful face. O child, you wrong your beauty, believe it, in being so proud; Your father has wealth well-gotten, and I am nameless and poor.

### IV.

I keep but a man and a maid, ever ready to slander and steal;
I know it, and smile a hard-set smile, like a stoic, or like
A wiser epicurean, and let the world have its way:
For nature is one with rapine, a harm no preacher can heal;
The Mayfly is torn by the swallow, the sparrow spear'd by the shrike,
And the whole little wood where I sit is a world of plunder and prey.

v.

We are puppets, Man in his pride, and Beauty fair in her flower; Do we move ourselves, or are moved by an unseen hand at a game That pushes us off from the board, and others ever succeed? Ah yet, we cannot be kind to each other here for an hour; We whisper, and hint, and chuckle, and grin at a brother's shame; However we brave it out, we men are a little breed.

VI.

A monstrous eft was of old the Lord and Master of Earth, For him did his high sun flame, and his river billowing ran, And he felt himself in his force to be Nature's crowning race. As nine months go to the shaping an infant ripe for his birth, So many a million of ages have gone to the making of man: He now is first, but is he the last? is he not too base?

VII

The man of science himself is fonder of glory, and vain, An eye well-practised in nature, a spirit bounded and poor; The passionate heart of the poet is whirl'd into folly and vice. I would not marvel at either, but keep a temperate brain; For not to desire or admire, if a man could learn it, were more Than to walk all day like the sultan of old in a garden of spice.

VIII.

For the drift of the Maker is dark, an Isis hid by the veil. Who knows the ways of the world, how God will bring them about? Our planet is one, the suns are many, the world is wide. Shall I weep if a Poland fall? shall I shriek if a Hungary fail? Or an infant civilization be ruled with rod or with knout? I have not made the world, and He that made it will guide.

IX.

Be mine a philosopher's life in the quiet woodland ways,

Where if I cannot be gay let a passionless peace be my lot,
Far-off from the clamor of liars belied in the hubbub of lies;
From the long-neck'd geese of the world that are ever hissing dispraise
Because their natures are little, and, whether he heed it or not,
Where each man walks with his head in a cloud of poisonous flies.

x.

And most of all would I flee from the cruel madness of love, The honey of poison-flowers and all the measureless ill. Ah Maud, you milk-white fawn, you are all unmeet for a wife. Your mother is mute in her grave as her image in marble above, Your father is ever in London, you wander about at your will; You have but fed on the roses and lain in the lilies of life.

٧.

1.

A voice by the cedar tree
In the meadow under the Hall!
She is singing an air that is known to
me,

A passionate ballad gallant and gay, A martial song like a trumpet's call! Singing alone in the morning of life, In the happy morning of life and of May, Singing of men that in battle array, Ready in heart and ready in hand, March with banner and bugle and fife To the death, for their native land.

Ι.

Maud with her exquisite face,
And wild voice pealing up to the
sunny sky,

And feet like sunny gems on an English green,

Maud in the light of her youth and her grace,

Singing of Death, and of Honor that cannot die,

Till I well could weep for a time so sordid and mean, And myself so languid and base.

anguia ana bas

III.

Silence, beautiful voice!

Be still, for you only trouble the mind

With a joy in which I cannot rejoice, A glory I shall not find.

Still! I will hear you no more,

For your sweetness hardly leaves me a choice

But to move to the meadow and fall before

Her feet on the meadow grass, and adore,

Not her, who is neither courtly nor kind,

Not her, not her, but a voice.

VI.

Τ.

Morning arises stormy and pale,
No sun, but a wannish glare
In fold upon fold of hueless cloud,
And the budded peaks of the wood are
bow'd

Caught and cuff'd by the gale: I had fancied it would be fair.

TT

Whom but Maud should I meet
Last night, when the sunset burn'd
On the blossom'd gable-ends
At the head of the village street,
Whom but Maud should I meet?
And she touch'd my hand with a smile
so sweet.

She made me divine amends For a courtesy not return'd.

III.

And thus a delicate spark
Of glowing and growing light
Thro' the livelong hours of the darb

Kept itself warm in the heart of my dreams,

Ready to burst in a color'd flame; Till at last when the morning came In a cloud, it faded, and seems But an ashen-gray delight.

IV.

What if with her sunny hair,
And smile as sunny as cold,
She meant to weave me a snare
Of some coquettish deceit,
Cleopatra-like as of old
To entangle me when we met,
To have her lion roll in a silken net
And fawn at a victor's feet.

v.

Ah, what shall I be at fifty
Should Nature keep me alive,
If I find the world so bitter
When I am but twenty-five?
Yet, if she were not a cheat,
If Mand were all that she seem'd,
And her smile were all that I dream n,
Then the world were not so bitter
But a smile could make it sweet.

VI.

What if tho' her eye seem'd full Of a kind intent to me, What if that dandy-despot, he, That jewell'd mass of millinery, That oil'd and curl'd Assyrian Bull Smelling of musk and of insolence, Her brother, from whom I keep aloof, Who wants the finer politic sense To mask, tho' but in his own behoof, With a glassy smile his brutal scorn — What if he had told her yestermorn How prettily for his own sweet sake A face of tenderness might be feign'd, And a moist mirage in desert eyes, That so, when the rotten hustings shake

In another month to his brazen lies, A wretched vote may be gain'd.

VII.

For a raven ever croaks, at my side, Keep watch and ward, keep watch and ward, Or thou wilt prove their tool. Yea, too, myself from myself I guard, For often a man's own angry pride Is cap and bells for a fool.

## VIII.

Perhaps the smile and tender tone Came out of her pitying womanhood, For am I not, am I not, here alone So many a summer since she died, My mother, who was so gentle and good?

Living alone in an empty house, Here half-hid in the gleaming wood, Where I hear the dead at midday

And the shrieking rush of the wainscot mouse,

And my own sad name in corners cried,

When the shiver of dancing leaves is thrown

About its echoing chambers wide, Till a morbid hate and horror have grown

Of a world in which I have hardly mixt,

And a morbid eating lichen fixt On a heart half-turn'd to stone.

### τx

O heart of stone, are you flesh, and caught

By that you swore to withstand? For what was it else within me wrought But, I fear, the new strong wine of love,

That made my tongue so stammer and trip

When I saw the treasured splendor, her hand,

Come sliding out of her sacred glove, And the sunlight broke from her lip?

### X

I have play'd with her when a child; She remembers it now we meet. Ah well, well, well, I may be beguiled By some coquettish deceit. Yet, if she were not a cheat,

If Maud were all that she seem'd, And her smile had all that I dream'd, Then the world were not so bitter But a smile could make it sweet.

## VII.

T.

Did I hear it half in a doze
Long since, I know not where?
Did I dream it an hour ago,
When asleep in this arm-chair?

Ι.

Men were drinking together,
Drinking and talking of me;
"Well, if it prove a girl, the boy
Will have plenty: so let it be."

III.

Is it an echo of something Read with a boy's delight, Viziers nodding together In some Arabian night?

IV.

Strange, that I hear two men, Somewhere, talking of me; "Well, if it prove a girl, my boy Will have plenty; so let it be."

## VIII.

She came to the village church,
And sat by a pillar alone;
An angel watching an urn
Wept over her, carved in stone;
And once, but once, she lifted her

And suddenly, sweetly, strangely blush'd

To find they were met by my own; And suddenly, sweetly, my heart beat stronger

And thicker, until I heard no longer The snowy-banded, dilettante, Delicate-handed priest intone;

And thought, is it pride, and mused and sigh'd

"No surely, now it cannot be pride."

IX.

I was walking a mile, More than a mile from the shore, The sun look'd out with a smile Betwixt the cloud and the moor, And riding at set of day Over the dark moor land, Rapidly riding far away, She waved to me with her hand. There were two at her side, Something flash'd in the sun, Down by the hill I saw them ride, In a moment they were gone: Like a sudden spark Struck vainly in the night, Then returns the dark With no more hope of light.

 $\mathbf{x}$ 

Т

Sick, am I sick of a jealous dread?
Was not one of the two at her side
This new-made lord, whose splendor
plucks

The slavish hat from the villager's

head?

Whose old grandfather has lately died, Gone to a blacker pit, for whom Grimy nakedness dragging his trucks And laying his trams in a poison'd gloom

Wrought, till he crept from a gutted

mine

Master of half a servile shire,
And left his coal all turn'd into gold
To a grandson, first of his noble line,
Rich in the grace all women desire,
Strong in the power that all men
adore.

And simper and set their voices lower, And soften as if to a girl, and hold Awe-stricken breaths at a work divine, Seeing his gewgaw castle shine, New as his title, built last year, There amid perky larches and pine, And over the sullen-purple moor (Look at it) pricking a cockney ear.

II.

What, has he found my jewel out?
For one of the two that rode at her side

Bound for the Hall, I am sure was he: Bound for the Hall, and I think for a bride.

Blithe would her brother's acceptance be.

Maud could be gracious too, no doubt To a lord, a captain, a padded shape, A bought commission, a waxen face, A rabbit mouth that is ever agape—Bought? what is it he cannot buy? And therefore splenetic, personal,

A wounded thing with a rancorous cry, At war with myself and a wretched

Sick, sick to the heart of life, am I.

III.

Last week came one to the county town,

To preach our poor little army down, And play the game of the despot kings, Tho' the state has done it and thrice as well:

This broad-brimm'd hawker of holy things,

Whose ear is cramm'd with his cotton, and rings

Even in dreams to the chink of his pence.

This huckster put down war! can he

Whether war be a cause or a consequence?

Put down the passions that make earth Hell!

Down with ambition, avarice, pride, Jealousy, down! cut off from the mind The bitter springs of anger and fear; Down too, down at your own fireside, With the evil tongue and the evil ear, For each is at war with mankind.

IV.

I wish I could hear again
The chivalrous battle-song
That she warbled alone in her joy!
I might persuade myself then
She would not do herself this great
wrong,

To take a wanton dissolute boy For a man and leader of men. v.

Ah God, for a man with heart, head, hand,

Like some of the simple great ones gone

For ever and ever by, One still strong man in a blatant land, Whatever they call him, what care I, Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one Who can rule and dare not lie.

VI

And ah for a man to arise in me, That the man I am may cease to be!

XI.

I.

O let the solid ground
Not fail beneath my feet
Before my life has found
What some have found so sweet;
Then let come what come may,
What matter if I go mad,
I shall have had my day.

II.

Let the sweet heavens endure,
Not close and darken above me
Before I am quite quite sure
That there is one to love me;
Then let come what come may
To a life that has been so sad,
I shall have had my day.

XII.

I.

Birds in the high Hall-garden When twilight was falling, Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud, They were crying and calling.

H

Where was Maud? in our wood; And I, who else, was with her, Gathering woodland lilies, Myriads blow together.

III.

Birds in our wood sang
Ringing thro' the valleys,
Maud is here, here, here
In among the lilies.

IV

I kiss'd her slender hand, She took the kiss sedately; Maud is not seventeen, But she is tall and stately.

v.

I to cry out on pride
Who have won her favor!
O Maud were sure of Heaven
If lowliness could save her.

VI.

I know the way she went
Home with her maiden posy,
For her feet have touch'd the meadows
And left the daisies rosy.

VII.

Birds in the high Hall-garden
Were crying and calling to her,
Where is Maud, Maud, Maud?
One is come to woo her.

VIII.

Look, a horse at the door,
And little King Charley snarling,
Go back, my lord, across the moor,
You are not her darling.

XIII.

Scorn'd, to be scorn'd by one that I scorn,

Is that a matter to make me fret?
That a calamity hard to be borne?
Well, he may live to hate me yet.
Fool that I am to be vext with his pride!
I past him, I was crossing his lands;
He stood on the path a little aside;
His face, as I grant, in spite of spite,
Has a broad-blown comeliness, red
and white,

And six feet two, as I think, he stands; But his essences turn'd the live air sick, And barbarous opulence jewel-thick Sunn'd itself on his breast and his hands.

TT

Who shall call me ungentle, unfair, I long'd so heartily then and there To give him the grasp of fellowship;

But while I past he was humming an air, Stopt, and then with a riding whip Leisurely tapping a glossy boot, And curving a contumelious lip, Gorgonized me from head to foot With a stony British stare.

Why sits he here in his father's chair? That old man never comes to his place: Shall I believe him ashamed to be seen ?

For only once, in the village street, Last year, I caught a glimpse of his

face.

A gray old wolf and a lean. Scarcely, now, would I call him a cheat

For then, perhaps, as a child of deceit, She might by a true descent be untrue; And Maud is as true as Maud is sweet: Tho' I fancy her sweetness only due To the sweeter blood by the other side; Her mother has been a thing complete, However she came to be so allied. And fair without, faithful within, Maud to him is nothing akin: Some peculiar mystic grace Made her only the child of her mother, And heap'd the whole inherited sin On that huge scapegoat of the race,

Peace, angry spirit, and let him be! Has not his sister smiled on me?

All, all upon the brother.

XIV.

1.

Maud has a garden of roses And lilies fair on a lawn; There she walks in her state And tends upon bed and bower, And thither I climb'd at dawn And stood by her garden-gate; A lion ramps at the top, He is claspt by a passion-flower.

Maud's own little oak-room (Which Maud, like a precious stone Set in the heart of the carven gloom, Lights with herself, when alone She sits by her music and books And her brother lingers late With a roystering company) looks Upon Maud's own garden-gate: And I thought as I stood, if a hand, as white

As ocean-foam in the moon, were laid On the hasp of the window, and my Delight

Had a sudden desire, like a glorious ghost, to glide,

Like a beam of the seventh Heaven, down to my side, There were but a step to be made.

The fancy flatter'd my mind, And again seem'd overbold; Now I thought that she cared for me, Now I thought she was kind Only because she was cold.

IV.

I heard no sound where I stood But the rivulet on from the lawn Running down to my own dark wood; Or the voice of the long sea-wave as it swell'd

Now and then in the dim-gray dawn, But I look'd, and round, all round the house I beheld

The death-white curtain drawn; Felt a horror over me creep, Prickle my skin and catch my breath, Knew that the death-white curtain meant but sleep,

Yet I shudder'd and thought like a fool of the sleep of death.

## XV.

So dark a mind within me dwells. And I make myself such evil cheer, That if I be dear to some one else, Then some one else may have much to fear;

But if I be dear to some one else, Then I should be to myself more dear.

Shall I not take care of all that I think, Yea ev'n of wretched meat and drink, If I be dear, If I be dear to some one else.

## XVI.

1.

This lump of earth has left his estate The lighter by the loss of his weight; And so that he find what he went to seek.

And fulsome Pleasure clog him, and drown

His heart in the gross mud-honey of town,

He may stay for a year who has gone for a week:

But this is the day when I must speak, And I see my Oread coming down, O this is the day!

O beautiful creature, what am I That I dare to look her way;

Think I may hold dominion sweet, Lord of the pulse that is lord of her breast.

And dream of her beauty with tender dread.

From the delicate Arab arch of her feet

To the grace that, bright and light as the crest

Of a peacock, sits on her shining head, And she knows it not: O, if she knew it, To know her beauty might half undo it. I know it the one bright thing to save My yet young life in the wilds of Time, Perhaps from madness, perhaps from crime,

Perhaps from a selfish grave.

II.

What, if she be fasten'd to this fool lord,

Dare I bid her abide by her word? Should I love her so well if she Had given her word to a thing so low? Shall I love her as well if she

Can break her word were it even for me?

I trust that it is not so.

III.

Catch not my breath, O clamorous heart,

Let not my tongue be a thrall to my
eye,
For I must tell her before we part,

I must tell her, or die.

## XVII.

Go not, happy day, From the shining fields. Go not, happy day, Till the maiden yields. Rosy is the West, Rosy is the South, Roses are her cheeks, And a rose her mouth When the happy Yes Falters from her lips. Pass and blush the news Over glowing ships; Over blowing seas. Over seas at rest, Pass the happy news, Blush it thro' the West: Till the red man dance By his red cedar-tree, And the red man's babe Leap, beyond the sea.

Blush from West to East, Blush from East to West, Till the West is East, Blush it thro' the West. Rosy is the West, Rosy is the South, Roses are her cheeks, And a rose her mouth.

## XVIII.

Į.

I have led her home, my love, my only friend.

There is none like her, none.

And never yet so warmly ran my

And sweetly, on and on

Calming itself to the long-wish'd-for end,

Full to the banks, close on the promised good.

None like her, none.

Just now the dry-tongued laurels' pattering talk

Seem'd her light foot along the garden walk,

And shook my heart to think she comes once more;

But even then I heard her close the door,

The gates of Heaven are closed, and she is gone.

There is none like her, none.

Nor will be when our summers have deceased.

O, art thou sighing for Lebanon In the long breeze that streams to thy delicious East,

Sighing for Lebanon,

Dark cedar, tho' thy limbs have here increased,

Upon a pastoral slope as fair,

And looking to the South, and fed With honey'd rain and delicate air, And haunted by the starry head

Of her whose gentle will has changed my fate,

And made my life a perfumed altar-

And over whom thy darkness must have spread

With such delight as theirs of old, thy great

Forefathers of the thornless garden, there

Shadowing the snow-limb'd Eve from whom she came.

### IV.

Here will I lie, while these long branches sway,

And you fair stars that crown a happy day

Go in and out as if at merry play, Who am no more so all forlorn, As when it seem'd far better to be

To labor and the mattock-harden'd hand.

Than nursed at ease and brought to understand

A sad astrology, the boundless plan That makes you tyrants in your iron

skies, Innumerable, pitiless, passionless eyes, Cold fires, yet with power to burn and

brand His nothingness into man.

But now shine on, and what care I, Who in this stormy gulf have found a pearl

The countercharm of space and hollow sky,

And do accept my madness, and would

To save from some slight shame one simple girl.

## VI.

Would die; for sullen-seeming Death may give

More life to Love than is or ever was In our low world, where yet 'tis sweet to live.

Let no one ask me how it came to pass;

.It seems that I am happy, that to me A livelier emerald twinkles in the

A purer sapphire melts into the sea.

Not die; but live a life of truest breath.

And teach true life to fight with mortal wrongs.

O, why should Love, like men in drinking-songs,

Spice his fair banquet with the dust of death?

Make answer, Maud my bliss,

Maud made my Maud by that long loving kiss,

Life of my life, wilt thou not answer this? "The dusky strand of Death inwoven

With dear Love's tie, makes Love himself more dear."

VIII.

Is that enchanted moan only the swell

Of the long waves that roll in yonder bay?

And hark the clock within, the silver knell

Of twelve sweet hours that past in bridal white,

And died to live, long as my pulses play;

But now by this my love has closed her sight

And given false death her hand, and stol'n away

To dreamful wastes where footless fancies dwell

Among the fragments of the golden day.

May nothing there her maiden grace affright!

Dear heart, I feel with thee the drowsy spell.

My bride to be, my evermore delight, My own heart's heart, my ownest own, farewell:

It is but for a little space I go:

And ye meanwhile far over moor and fell

Beat to the noiseless music of the night!

Has our whole earth gone nearer to the glow

Of your soft splendors that you look
so bright?

I have climb'd poorer out of look

I have climb'd nearer out of lonely
Hell.

Beat, happy stars, timing with things below,

Beat with my heart more blest than heart can tell,

Blest, but for some dark undercurrent woe

That seems to draw — but it shall not be so:

Let all be well, be well.

# XIX.

ı.

Her brother is coming back to-night, Breaking up my dream of delight. II.

My dream? do I dream of bliss?
I have walk'd awake with Truth.
O when did a morning shine
So rich in atonement as this
For my dark-dawning youth,
Darken'd watching a mother decline
And that dead man at her heart and
mine:

For who was left to watch her but I? Yet so did I let my freshness die.

III.

I trust that I did not talk
To gentle Maud in our walk
(For often in lonely wanderings
I have cursed him even to lifeless
things)

things)
But I trust that I did not talk,
Not touch on her father's sin:
I am sure I did but speak
Of my mother's faded cheek
When it slowly grew so thin,
That I felt she was slowly dying
Vext with lawyers and harass'd with
debt:

For how often I caught her with eyes all wet,

Shaking her head at her son and sighing

A world of trouble within!

IV.

And Maud too, Maud was moved
To speak of the mother she loved
As one scarce less forlorn,
Dying abroad and it seems apart
From him who had ceased to share
her heart.

And ever mourning over the feud, The household Fury sprinkled with blood

blood

By which our houses are torn:

How strange was what she said,

When only Maud and the brother

Hung over her dying bed —

That Maud's dark father and mine

Had bound us one to the other,

Betrothed us over their wine,

On the day when Maud was born;

Seal'd her mine from her first sweet

breath.

Mine, mine by a right, from birth till death.

Mine, mine - our fathers have sworn.

But the true blood spilt had in it a To dissolve the precious seal on a

bond.

That, if left uncancell'd, had been so sweet:

And none of us thought of a something beyond,

A desire that awoke in the heart of

the child,

As it were a duty done to the tomb, To be friends for her sake, to be reconciled;

And I was cursing them and my doom.

And letting a dangerous thought run

While often abroad in the fragrant gloom

foreign churches - I see her Of there,

lily, breathing Bright English praver To be friends, to be reconciled!

VI.

But then what a flint is he! Abroad, at Florence, at Rome, I find whenever she touch'd on me This brother had laugh'd her down, And at last, when each came home, He had darken'd into a frown, Chid her, and forbid her to speak To me, her friend of the years before:

And this was what had redden'd her cheek

When I bow'd to her on the moor.

VII.

Yet Maud, altho' not blind To the faults of his heart and mind, I see she cannot but love him, And says he is rough but kind, And wishes me to approve him, And tells me, when she lay

Sick once, with a fear of worse, Then he left his wine and horses and

Sat with her, read to her, night and day,

And tended her like a nurse.

## VIII.

Kind? but the deathbed desire Spurn'd by this heir of the liar -Rough but kind? yet I know He has plotted against me in this, That he plots against me still. Kind to Maud? that were not amiss. Well, rough but kind; why let it be so:

For shall not Maud have her will?

## IX.

For, Maud, so tender and true, As long as my life endures I feel I shall owe you a debt, That I never can hope to pay; And if ever I should forget That I owe this debt to you And for your sweet sake to yours; () then, what then shall I say? -If ever I should forget, May God make me more wretched Than ever I have been yet!

So now I have sworn to bury All this dead body of hate, I feel so free and so clear By the loss of that dead weight, That I should grow light-headed, I fear.

Fantastically merry;

But that her brother comes, like a blight

On my fresh hope, to the Hall tonight.

## XX.

Strange, that I felt so gay, Strange, that I tried to-day To beguile her melancholy; The Sultan, as we name him,-

She did not wish to blame him -But he vext her and perplext her With his worldly talk and folly: Was it gentle to reprove her For stealing out of view From a little lazy lover Who but claims her as his due? Or for chilling his caresses By the coldness of her manners, Nay, the plainness of her dresses? Now I know her but in two, Nor can pronounce upon it If one should ask me whether The habit, hat, and feather, Or the frock and gipsy bonnet Be the neater and completer; For nothing can be sweeter Than maiden Maud in either.

But to-morrow, if we live, Our ponderous squire will give A grand political dinner To half the squirelings near: And Maud will wear her jewels, And the bird of prey will hover, And the titmouse hope to win her With his chirrup at her ear.

A grand political dinner To the men of many acres, A gathering of the Tory. A dinner and then a dance For the maids and marriage-makers, And every eye but mine will glance At Maud in all her glory.

IV.

For I am not invited, But, with the Sultan's pardon. I am all as well delighted. For I know her own rose-garden, And mean to linger in it Till the dancing will be over; And then, oh then, come out to me For a minute, but for a minute, Come out to your own true lover, That your true lover may see Your glory also, and render All homage to his own darling, Queen Maud in all her splendor.

## XXI.

Rivulet crossing my ground, And bringing me down from the Hall This garden-rose that I found, Forgetful of Maud and me, And lost in trouble and moving round Here at the head of a tinkling fall. And trying to pass to the sea; O Rivulet, born at the Hall. My Maud has sent it by thee (If I read her sweet will right) On a blushing mission to me. Saying in odor and color, "Ah, be Among the roses to-night."

## XXII.

Come into the garden, Maud, For the black bat, night, has flown, Come into the garden, Maud, I am here at the gate alone; And the woodbine spices are wafted

abroad. And the musk of the rose is blown.

For a breeze of morning moves. And the planet of Love is on high, Beginning to faint in the light that she loves

On a bed of daffodil sky, To faint in the light of the sun she

To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard The flute, violin, bassoon; All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd

To the dancers dancing in tune; Till a silence fell with the waking bird,

And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one With whom she has heart to be gay When will the dancers leave her alone?

She is weary of dance and play." Now half to the setting moon are gone, And half to the rising day; Low on the sand and loud on the

stone

The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night

In babble and revel and wine. O young lord-lover, what sighs are

those,

For one that will never be thine? But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,

"For ever and ever, mine."

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,

As the music clash'd in the hall; And long by the garden lake I stood, For I heard your rivulet fall

From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood.

Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet

That whenever a March-wind sighs He sets the jewel-print of your feet

In violets blue as your eyes, To the woody hollows in which we

And the valleys of Paradise.

VIII.

The slender acacia would not shake One long milk-bloom on the tree; The white lake-blossom fell into the

As the pimpernel dozed on the lea; But the rose was awake all night for your sake,

Knowing your promise to me; The lilies and roses were all awake. They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of

Come hither, the dances are done,

In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,

Queen lily and rose in one;

Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,

To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear From the passion-flower at the gate. She is coming, my dove, my dear;

She is coming, my life, my fate; The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"

And the white rose weeps, "She is late:"

The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;" And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet; Were it ever so airy a tread,

My heart would hear her and beat, Were it earth in an earthy bed; My dust would hear her and beat,

Had I lain for a century dead; Would start and tremble under her feet.

And blossom in purple and red.

# PART II.

"THE fault was mine, the fault was mine " —

Why am I sitting here so stunn'd and still. Plucking the harmless wild-flower on

the hill?—

It is this guilty hand! -

And there rises ever a passionate cry From underneath in the darkening land -

What is it, that has been done? O dawn of Eden bright over earth

and sky,

The fires of Hell brake out of thy rising sun,

The fires of Hell and of Hate; For she, sweet soul, had hardly spoken

a word,

When her brother ran in his rage to the gate,

He came with the babe-faced lord; Heap'd on her terms of disgrace, And while she wept, and I strove to be cool.

He fiercely gave me the lie, Till I with as fierce an anger spoke, And he struck me, madman, over the

Struck me before the languid fool, Who was gaping and grinning by: Struck for himself an evil stroke; Wrought for his house an irredeemable woe:

For front to front in an hour we stood,
And a million horrible bellowing
echoes broke

From the red-ribb'd hollow behind the wood.

And thunder'd up into Heaven the Christless code.

That must have life for a blow.

Ever and ever afresh they seem'd to grow.

Was it he lay there with a fading eye?
"The fault was mine," he whisper'd,
"fly!"

Then glided out of the joyous wood
The ghastly Wraith of one that I
know;

And there rang on a sudden a passionate cry,

A cry for a brother's blood:

It will ring in my heart and my ears, till I die, till I die.

I.

Is it gone? my pulses beat— What was it? a lying trick of the brain?

Yet I thought I saw her stand,
A shadow there at my feet,
High over the shadowy land.
It is gone; and the heavens fall in a
gentle rain,

When they should burst and drown with deluging storms The feeble vassals of wine and anger

and lust,
The little hearts that know not how
to forgive:

Arise, my God, and strike, for we hold Thee just, Strike dead the whole weak race of

venomous worms,
That sting each other here in the dust;
We are not worthy to live.

11.

I.

See what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl,
Lying close to my foot,
Frail, but a work divine,
Made so fairily well
With delicate spire and whorl,
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design!

II.

What is it? a learned man Could give it a clumsy name. Let him name it who can, The beauty would be the same.

III.

The tiny cell is forlorn, Void of the little living will That made it stir on the shore. Did he stand at the diamond door Of his house in a rainbow frill? Did he push, when he was uncurl'd, A golden foot or a fairy horn Thro' his dim water-world?

IV.

Slight, to be crush'd with a tap Of my finger-nail on the sand, Small, but a work divine, Frail, but of force to withstand, Year upon year, the shock Of cataract seas that snap The three decker's oaken spine Athwart the ledges of rock, Here on the Breton strand!

V.

Breton, not Briton; here Like a shipwreck'd man on a coast Of ancient fable and fearPlagued with a flitting to and fro, a disease, a hard mechanic ghost hat never came from on high for ever arose from below, but only moves with the moving eye, elying along the land and the main — Why should it look like Maud? Am I to be overawed by what I cannot but know a juggle born of the brain?

VI

Back from the Breton coast, Sick of a nameless fear, Back to the dark sea-line Looking, thinking of all I have lost; An old song vexes my ear; But that of Lamech is mine.

VII.

For years, a measureless ill,
For years, for ever, to part—
But she, she would love me still;
And as long, O God, as she
Have a grain of love for me,
So long, no doubt, no doubt,
Shall I nurse in my dark heart,
However weary, a spark of will
Not to be trampled out.

VIII.

Strange, that the mind, when fraught With a passion so intense One would think that it well Might drown all life in the eye, — That it should, by being so overwrought,

Suddenly strike on a sharper sense For a shell, or a flower, little things Which else would have been past by! And now I remember, I, When he lay dying there, I noticed one of his many rings

(For he had many, poor worm) and

thought It is his mother's hair.

TY

Who knows if he be dead? Whether I need have fled? Am I guilty of blood? However this may be, Comfort her, comfort her, all things good,

While I am over the sea! Let me and my passionate love go by, But speak to her all things holy and

high, .
Whatever happen to me!
Me and my harmful love go by;
But come to her waking, find her asleep.

Powers of the height, Powers of the deep,

And comfort her tho' I die.

## III.

Courage, poor heart of stone!

I will not ask thee why
Thou canst not understand
That thou art left for ever alone:
Courage, poor stupid heart of stone. —
Or if I ask thee why,
Care not thou to reply:
She is but dead, and the time is at
hand

IV.

Ι.

O that 'twere possible After long grief and pain To find the arms of my true love Round me once again!

When thou shalt more than die.

II.

When I was wont to meet her In the silent woody places By the home that gave me birth, We stood tranced in long embraces Mixt with kisses sweeter sweeter Than anything on earth.

III.

A shadow flits before me,
Not thou, but like to thee:
Ah Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might
tell us

What and where they be.

IV

It leads me forth at evening,
It lightly winds and steals
In a cold white robe before me,
When all my spirit reels
At the shouts, the leagues of lights,
And the roaring of the wheels.

v.

Half the night I waste in sighs, Half in dreams I sorrow after The delight of early skies; In a wakeful doze I sorrow For the hand, the lips, the eyes, For the meeting of the morrow, The delight of happy laughter, The delight of low replies.

VI.

'Tis a morning pure and sweet, And a dewy splendor falls On the little flower that clings To the turrets and the walls; 'Tis a morning pure and sweet, And the light and shadow fleet; She is walking in the meadow, And the woodland echo rings; In a moment we shall meet; She is singing in the meadow And the rivulet at her feet Ripples on in light and shadow To the ballad that she sings.

VII.

Do I hear her sing as of old,
My bird with the shining head,
My own dove with the tender eye?
But there rings on a sudden a passionate cry,

There is some one dying or dead,
And a sullen thunder is roll'd;
For a tumult shakes the city,
And I wake, my dream is fled;
In the shuddering dawn, behold,
Without knowledge, without pity,
By the curtains of my bed
That abiding phantom cold.

VIII.

Get thee hence, nor come again,

Mix not memory with doubt, Pass, thou deathlike type of pain, Pass and cease to move about! "Tis the blot upon the brain That will show itself without.

IX.

Then I rise, the eavedrops fall, And the yellow vapors choke The great city sounding wide; The day comes, a dull red ball Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke On the misty river-tide.

X

Thro' the hubbub of the market I steal, a wasted frame, It crosses there, it crosses there, Thro' all that crowd confused and loud, The shadow still the same;

The shadow still the same; And on my heavy eyelids My anguish hangs like shame.

XI.

Alas for her that met me, That heard me softly call, Came glimmering thro' the laurels At the quiet evenfall, In the garden by the turrets Of the old manorial hall.

XII.

Would the happy spirit descend, From the realms of light and song, In the chamber or the street, As she looks among the blest, Should I fear to greet my friend Or to say "Forgive the wrong," Or to ask her, "Take me, sweet, To the regions of thy rest"?

XIII.

But the broad light glares and beata, And the shadow flits and fleets And will not let me be; And I loathe the squares and streets, And the faces that one meets, Hearts with no love for me: Always I long to creep

nto some still cavern deep, There to weep, and weep, and weep My whole soul out to thee.

## V.

I

Dead, long dead,
Long dead!
And my heart is a handful of dust,
And the wheels go over my head,
And my bones are shaken with pain,
For into a shallow grave they are

thrust,
Only a yard beneath the street,
And the hoofs of the horses beat,

beat,

The hoofs of the horses beat, Beat into my scalp and my brain, With never an end to the stream of

passing feet, Driving, hurrying, marrying, burying, Clamor and rumble, and ringing and

clatter,

And here beneath it is all as bad, For I thought the dead had peace, but it is not so;

To have no peace in the grave, is that

not sad?

But up and down and to and fro, Ever about me the dead men go; And then to hear a dead man chatter Is enough to drive one mad.

TT.

Wretchedest age, since Time began, They cannot even bury a man; And tho' we paid our tithes in the

days that are gone, Not a bell was rung, not a prayer was

read;

It is that which makes us loud in the world of the dead;

There is none that does his work, not one:

A touch of their office might have sufficed,

But the churchmen fain would kill their church,

As the churches have kill'd their Christ.

III.

See, there is one of us sobbing, No limit to his distress;

And another, a lord of all things, praying

To his own great self, as I guess, And another, a statesman there, betraying

His party-secret, fool, to the press; And yonder a vile physician, blabbing The case of his patient—all for

what?
To tickle the maggot born in an empty head,

And wheedle a world that loves him not,

For it is but a world of the dead.

IV.

Nothing but idiot gabble!
For the prophecy given of old
And then not understood,
Has come to pass as foretold;
Not let any man think for the public

good, But babble, merely for babble.

For I never whisper'd a private affair Within the hearing of cat or mouse, No, not to myself in the closet alone, But I heard it shouted at once from

the top of the house; Everything came to be known. Who told him we were there?

v.

Not that gray old wolf, for he came not back From the wilderness, full of wolves,

where he used to lie;

He has gather'd the bones for his o'ergrown whelp to crack;

Crack them now for yourself, and howl, and die.

VI.

Prophet, curse me the blabbing lip, And curse me the British vermin, the rat;

I know not whether he came in the Hanover ship, But I know that he lies and listens mute

In an ancient mansion's crannies and

Arsenic, arsenic, sure, would do it, Except that now we poison our babes, poor souls!

It is all used up for that.

Tell him now: she is standing here at my head;

Not beautiful now, not even kind; He may take her now; for she never speaks her mind,

But is ever the one thing silent here. She is not of us, as I divine; She comes from another stiller world of the dead.

Stiller, not fairer than mine.

## VIII.

But I know where a garden grows, Fairer than aught in the world beside,

All made up of the lily and rose That blow by night, when the season is good,

To the sound of dancing music and flutes:

It is only flowers, they had no fruits, And I almost fear they are not roses, but blood:

For the keeper was one, so full of pride.

He linkt a dead man there to a spectral bride;

For he, if he had not been a Sultan of brutes.

Would he have that hole in his side?

IX.

But what will the old man say? He laid a cruel snare in a pit To catch a friend of mine one stormy day;

Yet now I could even weep to think of it;

For what will the old man say When he comes to the second corpse in the pit?

Friend, to be struck by the public foe.

Then to strike him and lay him low, That were a public merit, far, Whatever the Quaker holds, from

But the red life spilt for a private blow -

I swear to you, lawful and lawless

Are scarcely even akin.

### XI.

O me, why have they not buried me deep enough?

Is it kind to have made me a grave so rough,

Me, that was never a quiet sleeper? Maybe still I am but half-dead: Then I cannot be wholly dumb; I will cry to the steps above my head And somebody, surely, some kind

heart will come To bury me, bury me Deeper, ever so little deeper.

# PART III.

# VI.

My life has crept so long on a broken wing Thro' cells of madness, haunts of horror and fear. That I come to be grateful at last for a little thing: My mood is changed, for it fell at a time of year When the face of night is fair on the dewy downs,

And the shining daffodil dies, and the Charioteer And starry Gemini hang like glorious crowns Over Orion's grave low down in the west, That like a silent lightning under the stars She seem'd to divide in a dream from a band of the blest, And spoke of a hope for the world in the coming wars—"And in that hope, dear soul, let trouble have rest, Knowing I tarry for thee," and pointed to Mars.

As he glow'd like a ruddy shield on the Lion's breast.

## II.

And it was but a dream, yet it yielded a dear delight
To have look'd, tho' but in a dream, upon eyes so fair,
That had been in a weary world my one thing bright;
And it was but a dream, yet it lighten'd my despair
When I thought that a war would arise in defence of the right.
That an iron tyranny now should bend or cease,
The glory of manhood stand on his ancient height,
Nor Britain's one sole God be the millionaire:
No more shall commerce be all in all, and Peace
Pipe on her pastoral hillock a languid note,
And watch her harvest ripen, her herd increase,
Nor the cannon-bullet rust on a slothful shore,
And the cobweb woven across the cannon's throat
Shall shake its threaded tears in the wind no more.

### III.

And as months ran on and rumor of battle grew,
"It is time, it is time, O passionate heart," said I
(For I cleaved to a cause that I felt to be pure and true),
"It is time, O passionate heart and morbid eye,
That old hysterical mock-disease should die."
And I stood on a giant deck and mix'd my breath
With a loyal people shouting a battle cry,
Till I saw the dreary phantom arise and fly
Far into the North, and battle, and seas of death.

### IV.

Let it go or stay, so I wake to the higher aims Of a land that has lost for a little her lust of gold, And love of a peace that was full of wrongs and shames, Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told; And hail once more to the banner of battle unroll'd! Tho' many a light shall darken, and many shall weep For those that are crush'd in the clash of jarring claims, Yet God's just wrath shall be wreak'd on a giant liar; And many a darkness into the light shall leap, And shine in the sudden making of splendid names, And noble thought be freër under the sun, And the heart of a people beat with one desire;

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For the peace, that I deem'd no peace, is over and done, And now by the side of the Black and the Baltic deep, And deathful-grinning mouths of the fortress, flames The blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire.

v.

Let it flame or fade, and the war roll down like a wind, We have proved we have hearts in a cause, we are noble still, And myself have awaked, as it seems, to the better mind; It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill; I have felt with my native land, I am one with my kind, I embrace the purpose of God, and the doom assign'd.

# ENOCH ARDEN

## AND OTHER POEMS.

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# ENOCH ARDEN.

Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm:

And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands;

Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf

In cluster; then a moulder'd church; and higher

A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill;

And high in heaven behind it a gray down

With Danish barrows; and a hazelwood,

By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

Here on this beach a hundred years ago,

Three children of three houses, Annie Lee.

The prettiest little damsel in the port, And Philip Ray the miller's only son, And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, play'd

Among the waste and lumber of the shore,

Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets,

Anchors of rusty-fluke, and boats updrawn; And built their castles of dissolving sand

To watch them overflow'd, or following up

And flying the white breaker, Gaily left

The little footprint daily wash'd away

A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff:

In this the children play'd at keeping house Enoch was host one day, Philip the

next,
While Annie still was mistress; but

While Annie still was mistress; but at times

Enoch would hold possession for a week:

"This is my house and this my little
wife."
"Mine too" said Philip "turn and

turn about": When, if they quarrell'd, Enoch

stronger-made
Was master: then would Philip, his

blue eyes
All flooded with the helpless wrath of
tears,

Shriek out "I hate you, Enoch," and

The little wife would weep for company,

And pray them not to quarrel for he sake,

And say she would be little wife to both.

But when the dawn of rosy childhood past,

And the new warmth of life's ascending sun

Was felt by either, either fixt his heart

On that one girl; and Enoch spoke his love,

But Philip loved in silence; and the girl

Seem'd kinder unto Philip than to him;

But she loved Enoch; the she knew it not,

And would if ask'd deny it. Enoch

A purpose evermore before his eyes, To hoard all savings to the uttermost, To purchase his own boat, and make a home

For Annie: and so prosper'd that at last

A luckier or a bolder fisherman,

A carefuller in peril, did not breathe For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast

Than Enoch. Likewise had he served a year

On board a merchantman, and made himself

Full sailor; and he thrice had pluck'd a life

From the dread sweep of the downstreaming seas:

And all men look'd upon him favorably:

And ere he touch'd his one-andtwentieth May,

He purchased his own boat, and made a home

For Annie, neat and nestlike, halfway up

The narrow street that clamber'd toward the mill.

Then, on a golden autumn eventide,

The younger people making holiday, With bag and sack and basket, great and small,

Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stay'd

(His father lying sick and needing him)
An hour behind; but as he climb'd the hill.

Just where the prone edge of the wood began

To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair,

Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-

hand,
His large gray eyes and weatherbeaten face

All-kindled by a still and sacred fire, That burn'd as on an altar. Philip look'd.

And in their eyes and faces read his doom;

Then, as their faces drew together, groan'd,

And slipt aside, and like a wounded life

Crept down into the hollows of the wood:

There, while the rest were loud in merrymaking,

Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.

So these were wed, and merrily

rang the bells, And merrily ran the years, seven

happy years, -Seven happy years of health and

competence, And mutual love and honorable toil; With children; first a daughter. In

With children; first a daughter. If
him woke,
With his first bahe's first cry, the

With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish

To save all earnings to the uttermost, And give his child a better bringing-up Than his had been, or hers; a wish renew'd,

When two years after came a boy to be The rosy idol of her solitudes,

While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,

Or often journeying landward; for in truth

Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean-spoil

In ocean-smelling osier, and his face, Rough-redden'd with a thousand winter gales,

Not only to the market-cross were

known,

But in the leafy lanes behind the down.

Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp, And peacock-yewtree of the lonely

Whose Friday fare was Enoch's min-

istering.

Then came a change, as all things human change.

Ten miles to northward of the narrow

port

Dpen'd a larger haven: thither used Enoch at times to go by land or

And once when there, and clambering

on a mast

n harbor, by mischance he slipt and fell:

I limb was broken when they lifted him;

And while he lay recovering there, his wife

Bore him another son, a sickly one: Another hand crept too across his trade

'aking her bread and theirs: and on

him fell.

Ultho' a grave and staid God-fearing man,

et lying thus inactive, doubt and

gloom. le seem'd, as in a nightmare of the

night, 'o see his children leading evermore ow miserable lives of hand-to-mouth. and her, he loved, a beggar: then he pray'd

Save them from this, whatever

comes to me."

and while he pray'd, the master of that ship

noch had served in, hearing his mischance.

ame, for he knew the man and valued him.

eporting of his vessel China-bound,

And wanting yet a boatswain. Would he go?

There yet were many weeks before she sail'd.

Sail'd from this port. Would Enoch have the place?

And Enoch all at once assented to it, Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

So now that shadow of mischance appear'd

No graver than as when some little cloud

Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun, And isles a light in the offing: yet the

wife -When he was gone — the children —

what to do? Then Enoch lay long-pondering on his

plans: To sell the boat - and yet he loved

her well-

How many a rough sea had he weather'd in her!

He knew her, as a horseman knows his horse —

And yet to sell her - then with what she brought

Buy goods and stores - set Annie forth in trade

With all that seamen needed or their wives -

So might she keep the house while he was gone. Should he not trade himself out yon-

der? go This voyage more than once? yea twice

or thrice -

As oft as needed - last, returning rich, Become the master of a larger craft, With fuller profits lead an easier life, Have all his pretty young ones educated.

And pass his days in peace among his own.

Thus Enoch in his heart determined

Then moving homeward came on Annie pale,

Nursing the sickly babe, her latest-born. Forward she started with a happy cry

And laid the feeble infant in his arms; Whom Enoch took, and handled all his limbs,

Appraised his weight and fondled

fatherlike,

But had no heart to break his purposes
To Annie, till the morrow, when he
spoke.

Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt

Her finger, Annie fought against his

will:

Yet not with brawling opposition she, But manifold entreaties, many a tear, Many a sad kiss by day by night renew'd

(Sure that all evil would come out of

it

Besought him, supplicating, if he cared For her or his dear children, not to go. He not for his own self caring but her, Her and her children, let her plead in vain;

So grieving held his will, and bore it

thro'.

For Enoch parted with his old seafriend,

Bought Annie goods and stores, and

set his hand

To fit their little streetward sittingroom With shelf and corner for the goods

and stores.
So all day long till Enoch's last at

home,

Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and axe.

Auger and saw, while Annie seem'd to hear Her own death-scaffold raising, shrill'd

and rang, Till this was ended, and his careful

hand,—
The space was narrow,—having order'd all

Almost as neat and close as Nature

Her blossom or her seedling, paused; and he,

Who needs would work for Annie to the last,

Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn.

And Enoch faced this morning of farewell

Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears,

Save, as his Annie's, were a laughter to him. Yet Enoch as a brave God-fearing man

Yet Enoch as a brave God-fearing man Bow'd himself down, and in that mystery

Where God-in-man is one with manin-God,

Pray'd for a blessing on his wife and babes

Whatever came to him: and then he said

"Annie, this voyage by the grace of God

Will bring fair weather yet to all of us Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for

For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it."

Then lightly rocking baby's cradle "and he,

This pretty, puny, weakly little one,— Nay — for I love him all the better for it —

God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees

And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,

And make him merry, when I com-

Come, Annie, come, cheer up before go."

Him running on thus hopefully sheard,

And almost hoped herself; but when he turn'd

The current of his talk to graver thing In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing On providence and trust in Heaver

she heard, Heard and not heard him; as the vil lage girl,

Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,

Iusing on him that used to fill it for

lears and not hears, and lets it overflow.

At length she spoke "O Enoch, you are wise;

and yet for all your wisdom well know I

'hat I shall look upon your face no more."

"Well then," said Enoch, "I shall look on yours.

Annie, the ship I sail in passes here He named the day) get you a seaman's

glass, by out my face, and laugh at all your

fears."

But when the last of those last moments came,

'Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted.

Look to the babes, and till I come again

Keep everything shipshape, for I must

And fear no more for me; or if you fear

Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds.

Is He not yonder in those uttermost Parts of the morning? if I flee to these Can I go from Him? and the sea is His, The sea is His: He made it."

Enoch rose, Cast his strong arms about his droop-

ing wife, And kiss'd his wonder-stricken little ones;

But for the third, the sickly one, who slept

After a night of feverous wakefulness, When Annie would have raised him Enoch said

Wake him not; let him sleep; how should the child

Remember this?" and kiss'd him in his cot.

But Annie from her baby's forehead clipt

A tiny curl, and gave it: this he kept Thro' all his future; but now hastily caught

His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way.

She, when the day that Enoch mention'd, came,

Borrow'd a glass, but all in vain: perhaps

She could not fix the glass to suit her

Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremulous:

She saw him not: and while he stood on deck

Waving, the moment and the vessel past.

Ev'n to the last dip of the vanishing

She watch'd it, and departed weeping for him:

Then, tho' she mourn'd his absence as his grave,

Set her sad will no less to chime with his.

But throve not in her trade, not being

To barter, nor compensating the want By shrewdness, neither capable of lies, Nor asking overmuch and taking less, And still foreboding "what would

Enoch say?" For more than once, in days of difficulty

And pressure, had she sold her wares for less

Than what she gave in buying what she sold:

She fail'd and sadden'd knowing it; and thus,

Expectant of that news which never came, Gain'd for her own a scanty suste-

And lived a life of silent melancholy.

Now the third child was sickly-born

and grew Yet sicklier, tho' the mother cared for

With all a mother's care: nevertheless,

Whether her business often call'd her from it.

Or thro' the want of what it needed most,

Or means to pay the voice who best could tell

What most it needed — howsoe'er it was,

After a lingering, — ere she was aware, —

Like the caged bird escaping suddenly, The little innocent soul flitted away.

In that same week when Annie buried it,

Fhilip's true heart, which hunger'd for her peace

(Since Enoch left he had not look'd upon her),

Smote him, as having kept aloof so long.

"Surely," said Philip, "I may see her now,

May be some little comfort"; therefore went,

Past thro' the solitary room in front, Paused for a moment at an inner door, Then struck it thrice, and, no one opening,

Enter'd; but Annie, seated with her grief,

Fresh from the burial of her little one, Cared not to look on any human face, But turn'd her own toward the wall and wept.

Then Philip standing up said falteringly

"Annie, I came to ask a favor of you."

He spoke; the passion in her moan'd reply

"Favor from one so sad and so forlorn As I am!" half abash'd him; yet unask'd,

His bashfulness and tenderness at war, He set himself beside her, saying to her:

Lame to speak to you of what he wish'd,

Enoch, your husband: I have ever said

You chose the best among us—a

strong man:
For where he fixt his heart he set his

hand To do the thing he will'd, and bore it

thro'.

And wherefore did he go this weary

And leave you lonely? not to see the world—

For pleasure?—nay, but for the wherewithal

To give his babes a better bringing-up Than his had been, or yours: that was his wish.

And if he come again, vext will he be To find the precious morning hours were lost.

And it would vex him even in his

If he could know his babes were run-

ning wild Like colts about the waste. So, Annie

Have we not known each other all our lives?

I do beseech you by the love you

Him and his children not to say me

For, if you will, when Enoch comes again

Why then he shall repay me — if you

Why then he shall repay me — if you will,

Annie — for I am rich and well-to-do. Now let me put the boy and girl to school:

This is the favor that I came to ask."

Then Annie with her brows agains the wall

Answer'd "I cannot look you in the face:

I seem so foolish and so broken down When you came in my sorrow broke me down:

And now I think your kindness breakme down;

But Enoch lives; that is borne in or

repaid;

Not kindness such as yours."

And Philip ask'd "Then you will let me, Annie?"

There she turn'd, She rose, and fixt her swimming eyes

upon him,

And dwelt a moment on his kindly face.

Then calling down a blessing on his

Caught at his hand, and wrung it passionately,

And past into the little garth beyond. So lifted up in spirit he moved away.

Then Philip put the boy and girl to school.

And bought them needful books, and everyway,

Like one who does his duty by his own, Made himself theirs; and tho' for

Annie's sake, Fearing the lazy gossip of the port,

He oft denied his heart his dearest wish. And seldom crost her threshold, yet

he sent Gifts by the children, garden-herbs

and fruit,

The late and early roses from his wall, Or conies from the down, and now and

With some pretext of fineness in the meal

To save the offence of charitable, flour From his tall mill that whistled on the waste.

But Philip did not fathom Annie's mind:

Scarce could the woman when he came upon her,

Out of full heart and boundless grati-

tude Light on a broken word to thank him

with. But Philip was her children's all-inall;

He will repay you: money can be From distant corners of the street they

To greet his hearty welcome heartily; Lords of his house and of his mill were they;

Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs

Or pleasures, hung upon him, play'd with him

And call'd him Father Philip. Philip gain'd

As Enoch lost; for Enoch seem'd to them

Uncertain as a vision or a dream, Faint as a figure seen in early dawn

Down at the far end of an avenue,

Going we know not where: and so ten vears. Since Enoch left his hearth and native

land,

Fled forward, and no news of Enoch

It chanced one evening Annie's children long'd

To go with others, nutting to the wood, And Annie would go with them; then they begg'd

For Father Philip (as the, call'd him)

Him, like the working bee in blossom-

Blanch'd with his mill, they found; and saying to him

"Come with us Father Philip" he denied: But when the children pluck'd at him

to go, He laugh'd, and yielded readily to

their wish,

For was not Annie with them? and they went.

But after scaling half the weary down.

Just where the prone edge of the wood

To feather toward the hollow, all her

Fail'd her; and sighing, "Let me rest" she said:

So Philip rested with her well-content

While all the younger ones with jubilant cries

Broke from their elders, and tumul-

tuously

Down thro' the whitening hazels made a plunge

To the bottom, and dispersed, and bent or broke

The lithe reluctant boughs to tear away

Their tawny clusters, crying to each

And calling, here and there, about the wood.

But Philip sitting at her side forgot Her presence, and remember'd one dark hour

Here in this wood, when like a wounded

He crept into the shadow: at last he said,

Lifting his honest forehead, "Listen, Annie.

How merry they are down yonder in

the wood. Tired, Annie?" for she did not speak

a word.
"Tired?" but her face had fall'n upon
her hands:

At which, as with a kind of anger in him.

"The ship was lost," he said, "the ship was lost!

No more of that! why should you kill yourself

And make them orphans quite?" And Annie said

"I thought not of it: but — I know not why —

Their voices make me feel so solitary."

Then Philip coming somewhat closer spoke.

"Annie, there is a thing upon my

And it has been upon my mind so long, That tho' I know not when it first came there,

I know that it will out at last. O Annie,

It is beyond all hope, against all chance,
That he who left you ten long years

ago

Should still be living; well then—
let me speak.

I grieve to see you poor and wanting

help:

I cannot help you as I wish to do
Unless — they say that women are so
quick —

Perhaps you know what I would have you know—

I wish you for my wife. I fain would prove

A father to your children: I do think

They love me as a father: I am sure
That I love them as if they were mine

And I believe, if you were fast my wife,

That after all these sad uncertain years.

We might be still as happy as God grants

To any of his creatures. Think upon it:

For I am well-to-do — no kin, no care, No burthen, save my care for you and yours:

And we have known each other all our lives.

And I have loved you longer than you know."

Then answer'd Annie; tenderly she spoke:

"You have been as God's good angel in our house.

God bless you for it, God reward you for it,

Philip, with something happier than myself.

Can one love twice? can you be even loved

As Enoch was? what is it that you ask?"

"I am content" he answer'd "to be

A little after Enoch." "O" she

Scared as it were, "dear Philip, wait | a while:

If Enoch comes — but Enoch will not come —

Yet wait a year, a year is not so long: Surely I shall be wiser in a year:

O wait a little!" Philip sadly said "Annie, as I have waited all my life I well may wait a little." "Nay" she

cried "I am bound: you have my promise

— in a year:

Will you not bide your year as I bide mine?"

And Philip answer'd "I will bide my year."

Here both were mute, till Philip glancing up

Beheld the dead flame of the fallen day

Pass from the Danish barrow overhead,

Then fearing night and chill for Annie, rose

And sent his voice beneath him thro' the wood.

Up came the children laden with their

spoil; Then all descended to the port, and

there
At Annie's door he paused and gave
his hand,

Saying gently "Annie, when I spoke to you,

That was your hour of weakness. I was wrong,

I am always bound to you, but you are free."

Then Annie weeping answer'd "I am bound."

She spoke; and in one moment as it were,

While yet she went about her household ways,

Ev'n as she dwelt upon his latest words,

That he had loved her longer than she knew,

That autumn into autumn flash'd again,

And there he stood once more before her face.

Claiming her promise. "Is it a year?" she ask'd.

"Yes, if the nuts" he said "be ripe again:

Come out and see." But she—she put him off—

So much to look to — such a change —a month —

Give her a month—she knew that she was bound—

A month — no more. Then Philip with his eyes

Full of that lifelong hunger, and his voice

Shaking a little like a drunkard's hand "Take your own time, Annie, tak your own time."

And Annie could have wept for pity of him:

And yet she held him on delayingly With many a scarce-believable excuse, Trying his truth and his long-suffer ance.

Till half-another year had slipt away.

By this the lazy gossips of the port, Abhorrent of a calculation crost, Began to chafe as at a personal wrong.

Began to chafe as at a personal wrong. Some thought that Philip did but trifle with her;

Some that she but held off to draw him on;

And others laugh'd at her and Philip

As simple folk that knew not their own minds,

And one, in whom all evil fancies clung Like serpent eggs together, laughingly Would hint at worse in either. Her own son

Was silent, tho' he often look'd his wish:

But evermore the daughter prest upon her

To wed the man so dear to all of them And lift the household out of poverty; And Philip's rosy face contracting grew

Careworn and wan; and all these things fell on her Sharp as reproach.

At last one night it chanced That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly

Pray'd for a sign "my Enoch is he gone?"

Then compass'd round by the blind wall of night

Brook'd not the expectant terror of her heart,

Started from bed, and struck herself a light,

Then desperately seized the holy Book, Suddenly set it wide to find a sign, Suddenly put her finger on the text,

"Under the palm-tree." That was nothing to her:

No meaning there: she closed the Book and slept:

When lo! her Enoch sitting on a height,

Under a palm-tree, over him the Sun:

"He is gone," she thought, "he is happy, he is singing

Hosanna in the highest: yonder shines The Sun of Righteousness, and these he palms

be palms Whereof the happy people strowing

'Hosanna in the highest!'" Here she woke,

Resolved, sent for him and said wildly to him

"There is no reason why we should not wed."

"Then for God's sake," he answer'd,
"both our sakes,

So you will wed me, let it be at once."

So these were wed and merrily rang the bells,

Merrily rang the bells and they were wed.

But never merrily beat Annie's heart. A footstep seem'd to fall beside her path,

She knew not whence; a whisper on her ear,

She knew not what; nor loved she to be left

Alone at home, nor ventured out alone.

What ail'd her then, that ere she enter'd, often

Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch,

Fearing to enter: Philip thought he knew:

Such doubts and fears were common to her state,

Being with child: but when her child was born,

Then her new child was as herself renew'd,

Then the new mother came about her heart,

Then her good Philip was her all-in-all, And that mysterious instinct wholly died.

And where was Enoch? prosperously sail'd

The ship "Good Fortune," tho' at setting forth

The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward, shook

And almost overwhelm'd her, yet unvext

She slipt across the summer of the world,

Then after a long tumble about the Cape
And frequent interchange of foul and

fair, She passing thro' the summer world

again,

The breath of heaven came continu-

ally
And sent her sweetly by the golden

isles, Till silent in her oriental haven.

There Enoch traded for himself, and bought

Quaint monsters for the market of those times,

A gilded dragon, also, for the babes.

Less lucky her home-voyage: at first indeed

Thro' many a fair sea-circle, day by day,

Scarce-rocking, her full-busted figurehead

Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows:

Then follow'd calms, and then winds variable,

Then baffling, a long course of them; and last

Storm, such as drove her under moonless heavens

Till hard upon the cry of "breakers" came

The crash of ruin, and the loss of all But Enoch and two others. Half the night,

Buoy'd upon floating tackle and broken spars,

These drifted, stranding on an isle at

Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea.

No want was there of human suste-

Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing roots;

Nor save for pity was it hard to take The helpless life so wild that it was tame.

There in a seaward-gazing mountaingorge

They built, and thatch'd with leaves of palm, a hut,

of palm, a hut,
Half hut, half native cavern. So the
three.

Set in this Eden of all plenteousness, Dwelt with eternal summer, illcontent.

For one, the youngest, hardly more than boy,

Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck,

Lay lingering out a five-years' deathin-life.

They could not leave him. After he was gone,

The two remaining found a fallen stem;

And Enoch's comrade, careless of himself,

Fire-hollowing this in Indian fashion,

Sun-stricken, and that other lived alone.

In those two deaths he read God's warning "wait."

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns

And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,

The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,

The lightning flash of insect and of bird,

The lustre of the long convolvuluses That coil'd around the stately stems, and ran

Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows And glories of the broad belt of the world,

All these he saw; but what he fain

He could not see, the kindly human face,

Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard The myriad shriek of wheeling oceanfowl,

The league-long roller thundering on the reef.

The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd

And blossom'd in the zenith, or the

sweep
Of some precipitous rivulet to the

wave,
As down the shore he ranged, or all

day long
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,

A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail:

No sail from day to day, but every day The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts Among the palms and ferns and

precipices;
The blaze upon the waters to the east;
The blaze upon his island overhead;

The blaze upon the waters to the west;
Then the great stars that globed
themselves in Heaven,

The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again

The scarlet shafts of sunrise — but no sail.

There often as he watch'd or seem'd to watch,
So still, the golden lizard on him

paused,
A phantom made of many phantoms

moved

Before him haunting him, or he himself

Moved haunting people, things and places, known

Far in a darker isle beyond the line; The babes, their babble, Annie, the small house,

The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes,

The peacock-yewtree and the lonely Hall,

The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill

November dawns and de" v-glooming downs,

The gentle shower, the smen of dying leaves,

And the low moan of leaden-color'd

And the low moan of leaden-color'd seas.

Once likewise, in the ringing of his ears,

Tho' faintly, merrily — far and far away —

He heard the pealing of his parish bells;

Then, tho' he knew not wherefore, started up Shuddering, and when the beauteous

hateful isle

Return'd upon him, had not his poor heart

Spoken with That, which being everywhere

Lets none, who speaks with Him, seem all alone,

Surely the man had died of solitude.

Thus over Enoch's early-silvering head

The sunny and rainy seasons came and went

Year after year. His hopes to see his own,

And pace the sacred old familiar fields,

Not yet had perish'd, when his lonely doom

Came suddenly to an end. Another ship

(She wanted water) blown by baffling winds,

Like the Good Fortune, from her destined course,

Stay'd by this isle, not knowing where she lay:

For since the mate had seen at early

dawn Across a break on the mist-wreathen

isle
The silent water slipping from the

hills,
They sent a crew that landing burst

away In search of stream or fount, and

fill'd the shores
With clamor. Downward from his
mountain gorge

Stept the long-hair'd, long-bearded solitary,

Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,

Muttering and mumbling, idiotlike it seem'd,

With inarticulate rage, and making signs
They knew not what: and yet he led

the way

To where the rivulets of sweet water

To where the rivulets of sweet water ran;

And ever as he mingled with the crew, And heard them talking, his longbounden tongue

Was loosen'd, till he made them understand;

Whom, when their casks were fill'd they took aboard:

And there the tale he utter'd brokenly, Scarce-credited at first but more and more,

Amazed and melted all who listen'd to it:

And clothes they gave him and free passage home;

But oft he work'd among the rest and shook

His isolation from him. None of these

Came from his country, or could answer him,

If question'd, aught of what he cared to know.

And dull the voyage was with long delays,

The vessel scarce sea-worthy; but evermore

His fancy fled before the lazy wind Returning, till beneath a clouded moon

He like a lover down thro' all his

Drew in the dewy meadowy morning-

Of England, blown across her ghostly

And that same morning officers and men

Levied a kindly tax upon themselves, Pitying the lonely man, and gave him

Then moving up the coast they landed

him, Ev'n in that harbor whence he sail'd before.

There Enoch spoke no word to any

But homeward—home—what home?

His home, he walk'd. Bright was that afternoon,
Sunny but chill; till drawn thro' either

chasm.

Where either haven open'd on the deeps,

Roll'd a sea-haze and whelm'd the world in gray;

Cut off the length of highway on before,

And left but narrow breadth to left and right

Of wither'd holt or tilth or pasturage. On the nigh-naked tree the robin piped

Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping

The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down:

Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom;

Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted light

Flared on him, and he came upon the place.

Then down the long street having slowly stolen,

His heart foreshadowing all calamity, His eyes upon the stones, he reach'd the home

Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes

In those far-off seven happy years were born;

But finding neither light nor murmur there

(A bill of sale gleam'd thro' the drizzle) crept

Still downward thinking "dead or dead to me!"

Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went,

Seeking a tavern which of old he knew, A front of timber-crost antiquity, So propt, worm eaten, ruinously old,

He thought it must have gone; but he was gone

Who kept it; and his widow Miriam Lane, With daily-dwindling profits held the

house; A haunt of brawling seamen once, but

Stiller, with yet a bed for wandering men.

There Enoch rested silent many days.

But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous,

Nor let him be, but often breaking in, Told him, with other annals of the

Not knowing — Enoch was so brown, so bow'd,

So broken — all the story of his house. His baby's death, her growing poverty, How Philip put her little ones to

school, And kept them in it, his long wooing

her,

Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth

Of Philip's child: and o'er his countenance

No shadow past, nor motion: any one, Regarding, well had deem'd he felt the tale

Less than the teller: only when she closed

"Enoch, poor man, was east away and lost"

He, shaking his gray head pathetically, Repeated muttering "cast away and lost";

Again in deeper inward whispers "lost!"

But Enoch yearn'd to see her face again;

"If I might look on her sweet face again

And know that she is happy." So the thought

Haunted and harass'd him, and drove him forth,

At evening when the dull November day

Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.

There he sat down gazing on all below; There did a thousand memories roll upon him,

Unspeakable for sadness. By and by The ruddy square of comfortable light, Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,

Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures

The bird of passage, till he madly strikes

Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,

The latest house to landward; but behind,

With one small gate that open'd on the waste,

Flourish'd a little garden square and wall'd:

And in it throve an ancient evergreen, A yewtree, and all round it ran a walk Of shingle, and a walk divided it But Enoch shunn'd the middle walk

and stole

Up by the wall, behind the yew; and thence
That which he better might have

That which he better might have shunn'd, if griefs

Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver of the burnish'd board

Sparkled and shone; so genial was the hearth:

And on the right hand of the hearth he saw

Philip, the slighted suitor of old times, Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees;

And o'er her second father stoopt a girl,

A later but a loftier Annie Lee,

Fair-hair'd and tall, and from her lifted hand

Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring To tempt the babe, who rear'd his creasy arms,

Caught at and ever miss'd it, and they laugh'd;

And on the left hand of the hearth he saw

The mother glancing often toward her

babe,
But turning now and then to speak

with him,

Her son, who stood beside her tall and

strong,
And saying that which pleased him.

for he smiled.

Now when the dead man come to life beheld

His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe

Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,

And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,

And his own children tall and beautiful,

And him, that other, reigning in his place,

Lord of his rights and of his children's love, —

Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all,

Because things seen are mightier than things heard,

Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and fear'd

To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry.

Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,

Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He therefore turning softly like a thief.

Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,

And feeling all along the garden-wall, Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found.

Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed,

As lightly as a sick man's chamberdoor,

Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees

Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug

His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd.

"Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?

O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou

That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,

Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
A little longer! aid me, give me
strength

Not to tell her, never to let her know. Help me not to break in upon her

My children too! must I not speak to these?

They know me not. I should betray myself.

Never: No father's kiss for me - the girl

So like her mother, and the boy, my son."

There speech and thought and nature fail'd a little,

And he lay tranced; but when he rose and paced

Back toward his solitary home again, All down the long and narrow street he went

Beating it in upon his weary brain,

As tho' it were the burthen of a song, "Not to tell her, never to let her know."

He was not all unhappy. His resolve Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore

Prayer from a living source within the will,

And beating up thro' all the bitter world,

Like fountains of sweet water in the

Kept him a living soul. "This miller's wife"

He said to Miriam "that you spoke about,

Has she no fear that her first husband lives?"

"Ay, ay, poor soul" said Miriam,
"fear enow!

If you could tell her you had seen him

dead, Why, that would be her comfort;"

and he thought
"After the Lord has call'd me she

shall know,
I wait His time," and Enoch set him-

self,

Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live.

Almost to all things could he turn his hand.

Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought

To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or help'd

At lading and unlading the tall barks, That brought the stinted commerce of those days:

Thus earn'd a scanty living for him-

Yet since he did but labor for himself. Work without hope, there was not life

Whereby the man could live; and as the vear

Roll'd itself round again to meet the

When Enoch had return'd, a languor came

Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually Weakening the man, till he could do no more,

But kept the house, his chair, and last

his bed.

And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully. For sure no gladlier does the stranded

wreck

See thro' the grav skirts of a lifting squall The boat that bears the hope of life

approach

of all.

To save the life despair'd of, than he Death dawning on him, and the close

For thro' that dawning gleam'd a kindlier hope

On Enoch thinking "after I am gone,

Then may she learn I lov'd her to the last."

He call'd aloud for Miriam Lane and said

"Woman, I have a secret -only swear, Before I tell you - swear upon the

Not to reveal it, till you see me dead." "Dead," clamor'd the good woman, "hear him talk!

I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round."

"Swear" added Enoch sternly "on the book."

And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.

Then Enoch rolling his gray eyes upon her,

"Did you know Enoch Arden of this town?"

"Know him?" she said "I knew him far away.

Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the street; Held his head high, and cared for no

man, he." Slowly and sadly Enoch answer'd

"His head is low, and no man cares for him.

I think I have not three days more to

I am the man." At which the woman

half-incredulous, half-hysterical

"You Arden, you! nay, - sure he was a foot

Higher than you be." Fnoch said again "My God has bow'd me down to what

I am: My grief and solitude have broken

Nevertheless, know you that I am he

Who married - but that name has twice been changed -I married her who married Philip

Ray. Sit, listen." Then he told her of his

voyage, His wreck, his lonely life, his coming

back, His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,

And how he kept it. As the woman heard,

Fast flow'd the current of her easy tears.

While in her heart she yearn'd incessantly

To rush abroad all round the little haven,

Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes:

But awed and promise-bounden she forbore,

Saying only "See your bairns before you go!

Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden," and arose

Eager to bring them down, for Enoch

hung

A moment on her words, but then replied:

"Woman, disturb me not now at the last,

But let me hold my purpose till I die. Sit down again; mark me and understand,

While I have power to speak.

When you shall see her, tell her that

I died

Blessing her, praying for her, loving her;

Save for the bar between us, loving her

As when she laid her head beside my own.

And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw

So like her mother, that my latest breath

Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.

And tell my son that I died blessing him.

And say to Philip that I blest him too;

He never meant us any thing but good. But if my children care to see me dead.

Who hardly knew me living, let them come,

I am their father; but she must not come,

For my dead face would vex her afterlife.

And now there is but one of all my blood

Who will embrace me in the world-tobe:

This hair is his: she cut it off and gave it,

And I have borne it with me all these years.

And thought to bear it with me to my grave;

But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,

My babe in bliss: wherefore when I am gone,

Take, give her this, for it may comfort her:

It will moreover be a token to her, That I am he."

He ceased; and Miriam Lane Made such a voluble answer promising all,

That once again he roll'd his eyes upon her

Repeating all he wish'd, and once again She promised.

Then the third night after this, While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,

And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,

There came so loud a calling of the sea, That all the houses in the haven rang. He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad

Crying with a loud voice "A sail! a sail!

I am saved;" and so fell back and spoke no more.

So past the strong heroic soul away. And when they buried him the little port

Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.

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# IN MEMORIAM A. H. H.

## OBIIT MDCCCXXXIII.

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love, Whom we, that have not seen thy

By faith, and faith alone, embrace, Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade:

Thou madest Life in man and brute:

Thou madest Death; and lo, thy

foot

Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust: Thou madest man, he knows not

He thinks he was not made to die; And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine, The highest, holiest manhood, thou:

Our wills are ours, we know not

Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day, They have their day and cease to be:

They are but broken lights of

And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know; For knowledge is of things we see; And yet we trust it comes from thee.

A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more.

But more of reverence in us dwell:

That mind and soul, according well.

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May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight; We mock thee when we do not fear:

But help thy foolish ones to bear; Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me; What seem'd my worth since I began;

For merit lives from man to man, And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed, Thy creature, whom I found so fair.

I trust he lives in thee, and there I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries.

Confusions of a wasted youth; Forgive them where they fail in truth,

And in thy wisdom make me wise.

Τ.

I HELD it truth, with him who sings To one clear harp in divers tones, That men may rise on steppingstones

Of their dead selves to higher things.

But who shall so forecast the years And find in loss a gain to match? Or reach a hand thro' time to catch

The far-off interest of tears?

Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drown'd.

Let darkness keep her raven gloss:

Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss, To dance with death, to beat the ground,

Than that the victor Hours should

The long result of love, and

"Behold the man that loved and lost.

But all he was is overworn."

#### II.

Old Yew, which graspest at the stones That name the under-lying dead, Thy fibres net the dreamless head, Thy roots are wrapt about the bones.

The seasons bring the flower again,
And bring the firstling to the
flock;
And in the dusk of thee, the

clock
Beats out the little lives of men.

O not for thee the glow, the bloom,
Who changest not in any gale,
Nor branding summer suns avail
To touch thy thousand years of
gloom:

And gazing on thee, sullen tree,
Sick for thy stubborn hardihood,
I seem to fail from out my blood
And grow incorporate into thee.

## III.

O Sorrow, cruel fellowship,
O Priestess in the vaults of Death,
O sweet and bitter in a breath,
What whispers from thy lying lip?

"The stars," she whispers, "blindly run;

A web is wov'n across the sky; From out waste places comes a

And murmurs from the dying sun:

"And all the phantom, Nature.

With all the music in her tone, A hollow echo of my own,— A hollow form with empty hands."

And shall I take a thing so blind, Embrace her as my natural good; Or crush her, like a vice of blood, Upon the threshold of the mind?

#### ıv.

To Sleep I give my powers away;
My will is bondsman to the dark;
I sit within a helmless bark,
And with my heart I muse and say:

O heart, how fares it with thee now, That thou should'st fail from thy desire,

Who scarcely darest to inquire, "What is it makes me beat so low?"

Something it is which thou hast lost.

Some pleasure from thine early years.

Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears,

That grief hath shaken into frost!

Such clouds of nameless trouble cross All night below the darken'd eyes; With morning wakes the will, and

cries,

"Thou shalt not be the fool of loss."

## v.

I sometimes hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel;
For words, like Nature, half reveal

And half conceal the Soul within.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain, A use in measured language lies; The sad mechanic exercise, Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er, Like coarsest clothes against the cold: But that large grief which these enfold

Is given in outline and no more.

## VI.

One writes, that "Other friends remain,"

That "Loss is common to the race"—

And common is the commonplace, And vacant chaff well meant for grain.

That loss is common would not make
My own less bitter, rather more:
Too common! Never morning
wore

To evening, but some heart did break.

O father, wheresoe'er thou be,

Who pledgest now thy gallant son; A shot, ere half thy draught be done.

Hath still'd the life that beat from thee.

O mother, praying God will save Thy sailor. — while thy head is bow'd

His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud

Drops in his vast and wandering grave.

Ye know no more than I who wrought At that last hour to please him well;

Who mused on all I had to tell,
And something written, something
thought;

Expecting still his advent home; And ever met him on his way With wishes, thinking, "here today,"

Or "here to-morrow will he come."

O somewhere, meek, unconscious dove, That sittest ranging golden hair; And glad to find thyself so fair, Poor child, that waitest for thy love!

For now her father's chimney glows In expectation of a guest; And thinking "this will please him best,"

She takes a riband or a rose;

For he will see them on to-night;
And with the thought her color burns;

And, having left the glass, she

Once more to set a ringlet right;

And, even when she turn'd, the curse Had fallen, and her future Lord Was drown'd in passing thro' the ford,

Or kill'd in falling from his horse.

O what to her shall be the end?

And what to me remains of good?

To her, perpetual maidenhood,
And unto me no second friend.

#### VII.

Dark house, by which once more I stand

Here in the long unlovely street,

Doors, where my heart was used to beat

So quickly, waiting for a hand,

A hand that can be clasp'd no more— Behold me, for I cannot sleep, And like a guilty thing I creep At earliest morning to the door.

He is not here; but far away
The noise of life begins again,
And ghastly thro' the drizzling
rain

On the bald street breaks the blank day.

## VIII.

A happy lover who has come To look on her that loves him well, Who 'lights and rings the gateway bell,

And learns her gone and far from home;

He saddens, all the magic light

Dies off at once from bower and hall.

And all the place is dark, and all The chambers emptied of delight:

So find I every pleasant spot In which we two were wont to meet.

The field, the chamber and the street.

For all is dark where thou art not.

Yet as that other, wandering there In those deserted walks, may find A flower beat with rain and wind, Which once she foster'd up with care;

So seems it in my deep regret, O my forsaken heart, with thee And this poor flower of poesy Which little cared for fades not yet.

But since it pleased a vanish'd eye, I go to plant it on his tomb, That if it can it there may bloom, Or dying, there at least may die.

Fair ship, that from the Italian shore Sailest the placid ocean-plains With my lost Arthur's loved re-Spread thy full wings, and waft him

o'er.

So draw him home to those that mourn In vain; a favorable speed Ruffle thy mirror'd mast, and lead Thro' prosperous floods his holy urn.

All night no ruder air perplex Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor,

As our pure love, thro' early light Shall glimmer on the dewy decks.

Sphere all your lights around, above; Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow;

Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps

My friend, the brother of my love;

My Arthur, whom I shall not see Till all my widow'd race be run; Dear as the mother to the son, More than my brothers are to me.

I hear the noise about thy keel; I hear the bell struck in the night I see the cabin-window bright; I see the sailor at the wheel.

Thou bring'st the sailor to his wife, And travell'd men from foreign lands:

And letters unto trembling hands; And, thy dark freight, a vanish'd life.

So bring him: we have idle dreams: This look of quiet flatters thus Our home-bred fancies: () to us. The fools of habit, sweeter seems

To rest beneath the clover sod, That takes the sunshine and the rains. Or where the kneeling hamlet

drains

The chalice of the grapes of God;

Than if with thee the roaring wells Should gulf him fathom-deep in And hands so often clasp'd in

Should toss with tangle and with shells.

Calm is the morn without a sound, Calm as to suit a calmer grief, And only thro' the faded leaf The chestnut pattering to the ground:

Calm and deep peace on this high wold, And on these dews that drench the furze,

And all the silvery gossamers That twinkle into green and gold:

Calm and still light on you great plain That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,

And crowded farms and lessening

To mingle with the bounding main:

Calm and deep peace in this wide air, These leaves that redden to the

And in my heart, if calm at all, If any calm, a calm despair:

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep, And waves that sway themselves in rest,

And dead calm in that noble breast

Which heaves but with the heaving deep.

#### XII.

Lo, as a dove when up she springs To bear thro' Heaven a tale of woe. Some dolorous message knit below The wild pulsation of her wings;

Like her I go; I cannot stay; I leave this mortal ark behind, A weight of nerves without a mind. And leave the cliffs, and haste away

O'er ocean-mirrors rounded large, And reach the glow of southern

And see the sails at distance rise, And linger weeping on the marge,

And saying; "Comes he thus, my friend? Is this the end of all my care?" And circle moaning in the air: "Is this the end? Is this the end?"

And forward dart again, and play About the prow, and back return To where the body sits, and learn That I have been an hour away.

#### XIII.

Tears of the widower, when he sees A late-lost form that sleep reveals, And moves his doubtful arms, and feels

Her place is empty, fall like these;

Which weep a loss for ever new,

A void where heart on heart reposed:

And, where warm hands have prest and closed,

Silence, till I be silent too.

Which weep the comrade of my choice,

An awful thought, a life removed.

The human-hearted man I loved. A Spirit, not a breathing voice.

Come Time, and teach me, many years,

I do not suffer in a dream: For now so strange do these things seem,

Mine eyes have leisure for their tears:

My fancies time to rise on wing. And glance about the approaching sails,

As tho' they brought but merchants' bales.

And not the burthen that they bring.

#### XIV.

If one should bring me this report, That thou hadst touch'd the land to-day.

And I went down unto the quay, And found thee lying in the port;

And standing, muffled round with

Should see thy passengers in

rank Come stepping lightly down the

plank, And beckoning unto those they know;

And if along with these should come The man I held as half-divine: Should strike a sudden hand in mine,

And ask a thousand things of home:

And I should tell him all my pain, And how my life had droop'd of late.

And he should sorrow o'er my state

And marvel what possess'd my brain;

And I perceived no touch of change, No hint of death in all his frame, But found him all in all the same.

I should not feel it to be strange.

## XV.

To-night the winds begin to rise And roar from yonder dropping day:

The last red leaf is whirl'd away. The rooks are blown about the skies:

The forest crack'd, the waters curl'd, The cattle huddled on the lea; And wildly dash'd on tower and

The sunbeam strikes along the world:

And but for fancies, which aver That all thy motions gently pass Athwart a plane of molten glass, I scarce could brook the strain and stir

That makes the barren branches loud:

And but for fear it is not so, The wild unrest that lives in woe Would dote and pore on yonder cloud

That rises upward always higher, And onward drags a laboring

And topples round the dreary

A looming bastion fringed with fire.

## XVI.

What words are these have fall'n from me?

Can calm despair and wild unrest Be tenants of a single breast, Or sorrow such a changeling be?

Or doth she only seem to take

The touch of change in calm or storm:

But knows no more of transient form

In her deep self, than some dead lake

That holds the shadow of a lark

Hung in the shadow of a heaven? Or has the shock, so harshly given.

Confused me like the unhappy bark

That strikes by night a craggy shelf, And staggers blindly ere she sink?

And stunn'd me from my power to think

And all my knowledge of myself;

And made me that delirious man Whose fancy fuses old and new, And flashes into false and true, And mingles all without a plan?

## XVII.

Thou comest, much wept for: such a breeze

Compell'd thy canvas, and my prayer

Was as the whisper of an air To breathe thee over lonely seas.

For I in spirit saw thee move Thro' circles of the bounding

> sky, Week after week: the days go

Come quick, thou bringest all I love.

Henceforth, wherever thou may'st roam,

My blessing, like a line of light, Is on the waters day and night,

And like a beacon guards thee home.

So may whatever tempest mars

Mid-ocean, spare thee, sacred bark: And balmy drops in summer

Slide from the bosom of the stars.

So kind an office hath been done, Such precious relics brought by thee;

The dust of him I shall not see Till all my widow'd race be run.

## XVIII.

'Tis well; 'tis something; we may stand Where he in English earth is laid, And from his ashes may be made

The violet of his native land.

'Tis little; but it looks in truth
As if the quiet bones were blest
Among familiar names to rest
And in the places of his youth.

Come then, pure hands, and bear the head

That sleeps or wears the mask of sleep,

And come, whatever loves to weep,

And hear the ritual of the dead.

Ah yet, ev'n yet, if this might be,
I, falling on his faithful heart,
Would breathing thro' his lips
impart

The life that almost dies in me;

That dies not, but endures with pain,
And slowly forms the firmer
mind,

Treasuring the look it cannot find,

The words that are not heard again.

## XIX.

The Danube to the Severn gave
The darken'd heart that beat no
more;

They laid him by the pleasant shore,

And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills;
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling
Wye,

And makes a silence in the hills.

The Wye is hush'd nor moved along, And hush'd my deepest grief of all,

1 1 1 1 1

When fill'd with tears that cannot fall,

I brim with sorrow drowning song.

The tide flows down, the wave again
Is vocal in its wooded walls;
My deeper anguish also falls,
And I can speak a little then.

## XX.

The lesser griefs that may be said,
That breathe a thousand tender
yows,

Are but as servants in a house Where lies the master newly dead;

Who speak their feeling as it is,
And weep the fulness from the
mind:

"It will be hard," they say, "to find

Another service such as this."

My lighter moods are like to these, That out of words a comfort win;

But there are other griefs within, And tears that at their fountain freeze;

For by the hearth the children sit Cold in that atmosphere of Death,

And scarce endure to draw the breath,

Or like to noiseless phantoms flit:

But open converse is there none,
So much the vital spirits sink
To see the vacant chair, and
think,

"How good! how kind! and he is gone."

#### XXI.

I sing to him that rests below,
And, since the grasses round me
wave,

I take the grasses of the grave, And make them pipes whereon to blow.

The traveller hears me now and then, And sometimes harshly will he speak:

"This fellow would make weak-

ness weak,

And melt the waxen hearts of men."

Another answers, "Let him be,
He loves to make parade of pain,
That with his piping he may gain
The praise that comes to constancy."

A third is wroth: "Is this an hour For private sorrow's barren song, When more and more the people throng

The chairs and thrones of civil power?

"A time to sicken and to swoon,
When Science reaches forth her
arms

To feel from world to world, and charms

Her secret from the latest moon?"

Behold, ye speak an idle thing:
Ye never knew the sacred dust:
I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing:

And one is glad; her note is gay,

For now her little ones have

ranged;

And one is sad; her note is changed,

Because her brood is stol'n away.

## XXII.

The path by which we twain did go, Which led by tracts that pleased us well,

Thro' four sweet years arose and

fell.

From flower to flower, from snow to snow:

And we with singing cheer'd the way, And, crown'd with all the season lent,

From April on to April went, And glad at heart from May to May:

But where the path we walk'd began To slant the fifth autumnal slope, As we descended following Hope, There sat the Shadow fear'd of man;

Who broke our fair companionship,
And spread his mantle dark and
cold,
And wrapt thee formless in the

fold.

And dull'd the murmur on thy lip,

And bore thee where I could not see
Nor follow, tho' I walk in haste,
And think, that somewhere in the
waste

The Shadow sits and waits for me.

## XXIII.

Now, sometimes in my sorrow shut, Or breaking into song by fits, Alone, alone, to where he sits, The Shadow cloak'd from head to foot,

Who keeps the keys of all the creeds,
I wander, often falling lame,
And looking back to whence I
came,

Or on to where the pathway leads;

And crying, How changed from where it ran

Thro' lands where not a leaf was dumb;

But all the lavish hills would hum The murmur of a happy Pan:

When each by turns was guide to each,
And Fancy light from Fancy
caught,

And Thought leapt out to wed

with Thought

Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech;

MALY IN

And all we met was fair and good,
And all was good that Time could
bring,

And all the secret of the Spring Moved in the chambers of the blood;

And many an old philosophy

On Argive heights divinely sang, And round us all the thicket rang To many a flute of Arcady.

#### XXIV.

And was the day of my delight
As pure and perfect as I say?
The very source and fount of Day
Is dash'd with wandering isles of
night.

If all was good and fair we met,
This earth had been the Paradise
It never look'd to human eyes
Since our first Sun arose and set.

And is it that the haze of grief Makes former gladness loom so great?

The lowness of the present state, That sets the past in this relief?

Or that the past will always win A glory from its being far; And orb into the perfect star We saw not, when we moved therein?

#### XXV.

I know that this was life,—the track Whereon with equal feet we fared;

> And then, as now, the day prepared

The daily burden for the back.

But this it was that made me move
As light as carrier-birds in air;
I loved the weight I had to bear,
Because it needed help of Love:

Nor could I weary, heart or limb,
When mighty Love would cleave
in twain
The lading of a single pain,

And part it, giving half to him.

#### XXVI.

Still onward winds the dreary way;
I with it; for I long to prove
No lapse of moons can canker
Love

Whatever fickle tongues may say.

And if that eye which watches guilt And goodness, and hath power to see

Within the green the moulder'd tree,

And towers fall'n as soon as built -

Oh, if indeed that eye foresee
Or see (in Him is no before)
In more of life true life no more
And Love the indifference to be,

Then might I find, ere yet the morn
Breaks hither over Indian seas,
That shadow waiting with the
keys,

To shroud me from my proper scorn.

#### XXVII.

I envy not in any moods
The captive void of noble rage,
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods:

I envy not the beast that takes
His license in the field of time,
Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes;

Nor, what may count itself as blest, The heart that never plighted troth

But stagnates in the weeds of sloth;

Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, what'er befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

#### XXVIII.

The time draws near the birth of Christ:

The moon is hid; the night is still

The Christmas bells from hill to pill

Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round, From far and near, on mead and moor.

Swell out and fail, as if a door Were shut between me and the sound:

Each voice four changes on the wind, That now dilate, and now decrease,

> Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,

Peace and goodwill, to all mankind.

This year I slept and woke with pain, I almost wish'd no more to wake, And that my hold on life would break

Refore I heard those bells again:

But they my troubled spirit rule, For they controll'd mewhen a boy: They bring me sorrow touch'd with joy,

The merry merry bells of Yule

#### XXIX.

With such compelling cause to grieve As daily vexes household peace, And chains regret to his decease, How dare we keep our Christmas-eve;

Which brings no more a welcome guest

To enrich the threshold of the night

With shower'd largess of delight In dance and song and game and jest?

Yet go, and while the holly boughs Entwine the cold baptismal font, Make one wreath more for Use and Wont.

That guard the portals of the house;

Old sisters of a day gone by, Gray nurses, loving nothing new; Why should they miss their yearly due

Before their time? They too will

die.

XXX.

With trembling fingers did we weave The holly round the Christmas hearth:

A rainy cloud possess'd the earth. And sadly fell our Christmas-eve.

At our old pastimes in the hall We gambol'd, making vain pre-

Of gladness, with an awful sense Of one mute Shadow watching all.

We paused: the winds were in the beech:

We heard them sweep the winter land:

And in a circle hand-in-hand Sat silent, looking each at each.

Then echo-like our voices rang; We sung, tho' every eye was dim, A merry song we sang with him Last year: impetuously we sang:

We ceased: a gentler feeling crept Upon us: surely rest is meet: "They rest," we said, "their sleep

is sweet.' And silence follow'd, and we wept.

Our voices took a higher range; Once more we sang: "They do not die

Nor lose their mortal sympathy, Nor change to us, although they change:

"Rapt from the fickle and the frail With gather'd power, yet the same.

Pierces the keen seraphic flame From orb to orb, from veil to veil."

Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn, Draw forth the cheerful day from night:

O Father, touch the east, and

The light that shone when Hope was born.

#### XXXI.

When Lazarus left his charnel-cave, And home to Mary's house return'd,

Was this demanded—if he yearn'd To hear her weeping by his grave?

"Where wert thou, brother, those four days?"

There lives no record of reply, Which telling what it is to die Had surely added praise to praise.

From every house the neighbors met, The streets were fill'd with joyful sound,

A solemn gladness even crown'd The purple brows of Olivet.

Behold a man raised up by Christ!

The rest remaineth unreveal'd;

He told it not; or something seal'd

The lips of that Evangelist.

#### XXXII.

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer, Nor other thought her mind admits

But, he was dead, and there he

And he that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede
All other, when her ardent gaze
Roves from the living brother's
face,

And rests upon the Life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears, Borne down by gladness so complete,

She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet

With costly spikenard and with tears.

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,

Whose loves in higher love endure; What souls possess themselves so pure.

Or is their blessedness like theirs?

## XXXIII.

O thou that after toil and storm

Mayst seem to have reach'd a

purer air,

Whose faith has centre everywhere.

where,

Nor cares to fix itself to form,

Leave thou thy sister when she prays,
Her early Heaven, her happy
views;
Nor the with shedow'd birt con

Nor thou with shadow'd hint confuse

A life that leads melodious days.

Her faith thro' form is pure as thine, Her hands are quicker unto good: Oh, sacred be the flesh and blood To which she links a truth divine!

See thou, that countest reason ripe
In holding by the law within,
Thou fail not in a world of sin,
And ev'n for want of such a type.

#### XXXIV.

My own dim life should teach me

That life shall live for evermore, Else earth is darkness at the core, And dust and ashes all that is;

This round of green, this orb of flame, Fantastic beauty; such as lurks In some wild Poet, when he works Without a conscience or an aim.

What then were God to such as I?
"Twere hardly worth my while to
choose

Of things all mortal, or to use A little patience ere I die;

'Twere best at once to sink to peace, Like birds the charming serpent draws, To drop head-foremost in the

Of vacant darkness and to cease.

#### XXXV.

Yet if some voice that man could trust

Should murmur from the narrow house,

"The cheeks drop in; the body bows:

Man dies: nor is there hope in dust:"

Might I not say? "Yet even here, But for one hour, O Love, I strive To keep so sweet a thing alive:"

To keep so sweet a thing alive:"
But I should turn mine ears and hear

The moanings of the homeless sea,

The sound of streams that swift
or slow

Draw down Æonian hills, and

The dust of continents to be;

And Love would answer with a sigh,
"The sound of that forgetful
shore

Will change my sweetness more and more,

Half-dead to know that I shall die."

O me, what profits it to put

An idle case? If Death were seen

At first as Death, Love had not been,

Or been in narrowest working shut,

Mere fellowship of sluggish moods, Or in his coarsest Satyr-shape Had bruised the herb and crush'd the grape,

And bask'd and batten'd in the woods.

### XXXVI.

Tho' truths in manhood darkly join,
Deep-seated in our mystic frame,
We yield all blessing to the name
of Him that made them current coin;

For Wisdom dealt with mortal powers, Where truth in closest words shall fail,

When truth embodied in a tale Shall enter in at lowly doors.

And so the Word had breath, and wrought

With human hands the creed of creeds

In loveliness of perfect deeds, More strong than all poetic thought;

Which he may read that binus the sheaf,

Or builds the house, or digs the

And those wild eyes that watch the wave

In roarings round the coral reef.

#### XXXVII.

Urania speaks with darken'd brow:
"Thou pratest here where thou
art least;

This faith has many a purer priest, And many an abler voice than thou.

"Go down beside thy native rill,
On thy Parnassus set thy feet,
And hear thy laurel whisper sweet
About the ledges of the hill."

And my Melpomene replies,
A touch of shame upon her cheek:
"I am not worthy ev'n to speak
Of thy prevailing mysteries;

"For I am but an earthly Muse,
And owning but a little art
To lull with song an aching heart
And render human love his dues;

"But brooding on the dear one dead,
And all he said of things divine,
(And dear to me as sacred wine
To dying lips is all he said),

"I murmur'd, as I came along,
Of comfort clasp'd in truth reveal'd;

And loiter'd in the master's field, And darken'd sanctities with song."

#### XXXVIII.

With weary steps I loiter on,
Tho' always under alter'd skies
The purple from the distance dies,
My prospect and horizon gone.

No joy the blowing season gives, The herald melodies of spring, But in the songs I love to sing A doubtful gleam of solace lives.

If any care for what is here
Survive in spirits render'd free,
Then are these songs I sing of
thee

Not all ungrateful to thine ear.

## XXXIX.

Old warder of these buried bones, And answering now my random stroke With fruitful cloud and living

smoke.

Dark vew, that graspest at the stones

And dippest toward the dreamless

head,

To thee too comes the golden hour

When flower is feeling after flower;

But Sorrow - fixt upon the dead,

And darkening the dark graves of men, —

What whisper'd from her lying lips?

Thy gloom is kindled at the tips, And passes into gloom again.

#### XL.

Could we forget the widow'd hour And look on Spirits breathed away,

As on a maiden in the day

Then first she wears her orangeflower!

When crown'd with blessing she doth rise

To take her latest leave of home,

And hopes and light regrets that

Make April of her tender eyes;

And doubtful joys the father move, And tears are on the mother's face,

As parting with a long embrace She enters other realms of love;

Her office there to rear, to teach,
Becoming as is meet and fit
A link among the days, to knit
The generations each with each;

And, doubtless, unto thee is given
A life that bears immortal fruit
In those great offices that suit
The full-grown energies of heaven.

Ay me, the difference I discern!

How often shall her old fireside

Be cheer'd with tidings of the
bride,

How often she herself return,

And tell them all they would have told,

And bring her babe, and make her boast.

Till even those that miss'd her

Shall count new things as dear as old:

But thou and I have shaken hands,

Till growing winters lay me low;

My paths are in the fields I know,

And thine in undiscover'd lands.

#### XLI.

Thy spirit ere our fatal loss
Did ever rise from high to higher;
As mounts the heavenward altar
fire,

As flies the lighter thro' the gross.

But thou art turn'd to something strange, And I have lost the links that bound Thy changes; here upon the ground,

o more partaker of thy change.

peep folly! yet that this could be-That I could wing my will with might

To leap the grades of life and

and flash at once, my friend, to thee.

'or tho' my nature rarely yields To that vague fear implied in death:

Nor shudders at the gulfs beneath,

The howlings from forgotten fields;

Tet oft when sundown skirts the moor An inner trouble I behold, A spectral doubt which makes me

That I shall be thy mate no more,

Tho' following with an upward mind The wonders that have come to

Thro' all the secular to-be, But evermore a life behind.

#### XLII.

I vex my heart with fancies dim: He still outstript me in the race; It was but unity of place

That made me dream I rank'd with him.

And so may Place retain us still, And he the much-beloved again, A lord of large experience, train To riper growth the mind and will:

And what delights can equal those That stir the spirit's inner deeps, When one that loves but knows not, reaps

A truth from one that loves and

knows?

If Sleep and Death be truly one, And every spirit's folded bloom

Thro' all its intervital gloom In Jome long trance should slumber on,

Unconscious of the sliding hour, Bare of the body, might it last, And silent traces of the past Be all the color of the flower:

So then were nothing lost to man; So that still garden of the souls In many a figured leaf enrolls The total world since life began;

And love will last as pure and whole As when he loved me here in Time.

And at the spiritual prime Rewaken with the dawning soul. mulen

How fares it with the happy dead? For here the man is more and

But he forgets the days before God shut the doorways of his head.

The days have vanish'd, tone and tint, And yet perhaps the hoarding

Gives out at times (he knows not whence)

A little flash, a mystic hint;

And in the long harmonious years (If Death so taste Lethean springs),

May some dim touch of earthly things

Surprise thee ranging with thy peers.

If such a dreamy touch should fall, O turn thee round, resolve the doubt:

My guardian angel will speak out In that high place, and tell thee all.

#### XLV.

The baby new to earth and sky, What time his tender palm is prest Against the circle of the breast, Has never thought that "this is I:"

But as he grows he gathers much, And learns the use of "I," and " me,"

And finds "I am not what I see, And other than the things I touch."

So rounds he to a separate mind From whence clear memory may

> As thro' the frame that binds him in

His isolation grows defined.

This use may lie in blood and breath, Which else were fruitless of their due.

Had man to learn himself anew Beyond the second birth of Death.

#### XLVI.

We ranging down this lower track, The path we came by, thorn and flower,

Is shadow'd by the growing hour, Lest life should fail in looking back.

So be it: there no shade can last In that deep dawn behind the

> But clear from marge to marge shall bloom

The eternal landscape of the past;

A lifelong tract of time reveal'd:

The fruitful hours of still increase; Days order'd in a wealthy peace, And those five years its richest field.

O Love, thy province were not large, A bounded field, nor stretching far:

Look also, Love, a brooding star, A rosy warmth from marge to marge.

#### XLVII.

That each, who seems a separate whole,

Should move his rounds, and fusing all

The skirts of self again, should fall

Remerging in the general Soul,

Is faith as vague as all unsweet: Eternal form shall still divide The eternal soul from all beside: And I shall know him when we meet

And we shall sit at endless feast, Enjoying each the other's good: What vaster dream can hit the mood

Of Love on earth? He seeks at least

Upon the last and sharpes, height, Before the spirits face away, Some landing-place, to clasp and

" Farewell! We lose ourselves in

light."

## XLVIII.

If these brief lays, of Sorrow born, Were taken to be such as closed Grave doubts and answers here proposed,

Then these were such as men might

scorn:

Her care is not to part and prove; She takes, when harsher moods What slender shade of doubt may

And makes it vassal unto love:

And hence, indeed, she sports with words,

But better serves a wholesome

And holds it sin and shame to draw

The deepest measure from the chords

Nor dare she trust a larger lay, But rather loosens from the lip Short swallow-flights of song, that dip

Their wings in tears, and skim away.

## XLIX.

From art, from nature, from the schools,

Let random influence; siance,

Like light in many a shiver'd lance That breaks about the dappled pools:

The lightest wave of thought shall lisp,
The fancy's tenderest eddy
wreathe,

The slightest air of song shall breathé

To make the sullen surface crisp.

And look thy look, and go thy way,
But blame not thou the winds that
make

The seeming-wanton ripple break, The tender-pencil'd shadow play.

Beneath all fancied hopes and fears Ay me, the sorrow deepens down, Whose muffled motions blind.y drown

The bases of my life in tears.

L.

Be near me when my light is low, When the blood creeps, and the nerves prick

And tingle; and the heart is sick, And all the wheels of Being slow.

Be near me when the sensuous frame Is rack'd with pangs that conquer trust;

And Time, a maniac scattering dust,

And Life, a Fury slinging flame.

Be near me when my faith is dry,
And men the flies of latter spring,
That lay their eggs, and sting
and sing

And weave their petty cells and die.

Be near me when I fade away,
To point the term of human strife,
And on the low dark verge of life
The twilight of eternal day.

LI.

Do we indeed desire the dead Should still be near us at our side? Is there no baseness we would hide?

No inner vileness that we dread?

Shall he for whose applause I strove, I had such reverence for his blame,

See with clear eye some hidden shame

And I be lessen'd in his love?

I wrong the grave with fears untrue.
Shall love be blamed for want of
faith?

There must be wisdom with great Death:

The dead shall look me thro' and thro'.

Be near us when we climb or fall:
Ye watch, like God, the rolling
hours

With larger other eyes than ours, To make allowance for us all.

T.TT

I cannot love thee as I ought,

For love reflects the thing be loved;

My words are only words, and

Upon the topmost froth of thought.

"Yet blame not thou my plaintive song,"

The Spirit of true love replied;
"Thou canst not move me from
thy side,

Nor human frailty do me wrong.

"What keeps a spirit wholly true
To that ideal which he bears?
What record? not the sinless

That breathed beneath the Syrian blue:

"So fret not, like an idle girl,
That life is dash'd with flecks of
sin.

Abide: thy wealth is gather'd in, When Time hath sunder'd shell from pearl."

#### LIII.

How many a father have I seen,
A sober man, among his boys,
Whose youth was full of foolish
noise,

Who wears his manhood hale and green:

And dare we to this fancy give, That had the wild oat not been sown,

The soil, left barren, scarce had grown

The grain by which a man may live?

Or, if we held the doctrine sound For life outliving heats of youth, Yet who would preach it as a truth

To those that eddy round and round?

Hold thou the good: define it well:

For fear divine Philosophy
Should push beyond her mark,
and be

Procuress to the Lords of Hell.

## LIV.

Oh yet we trust that somehow good Will be the final goal of ill, To pangs of nature, sins of will, Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,

Or cast as rubbish to the void, When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall
fall

At last — far off — at last to all, And every winter change to spring. So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.

## LV.

The wish, that of the living whole No life may fail beyond the grave, Derives it not from what we have The likest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature lends such evil
dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,

So careless of the single life;

That I, considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of
cares

Upon the great world's altar-stairs That slope thro' darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope, And gather dust and chaff, and

call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

## LVI.

"So careful of the type?" but no.
From scarped cliff and quarried
stone
She cries, "A thousand types are

gone:
I care for nothing, all shall go.

"Thou makest thine appeal to me:
I bring to life, I bring to death
The spirit does but mean the
breath:

I know no more." And he, shall be.

Man, her last work, who seem'a so fair,

Such splendid purpose in his eyes, Who roil'd the psalm to wintry skies.

Vho built him fanes of fruitless praver.

Vho trusted God was love indeed And love Creation's final law -Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw

Vith ravine, shriek'd against his creed -

Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills, Who battled for the True, the Just.

Be blown about the desert dust, or seal'd within the iron hills?

No more? A monster then, a dream, A discord. Dragons of the prime,

That tare each other in their

slime.

Vere mellow music match'd with him.

) life as futile, then, as frail! O for thy voice to soothe and bless!

What hope of answer, or redress? Behind the veil, behind the veil.

#### LVII.

Peace; come away: the song of woe Is after all an earthly song: Peace; come away: we do him wrong

To sing so wildly: let us go.

Come; let us go: your cheeks are But half my life I leave behind:

Methinks my friend is richly shrined:

But I shall pass; my work will fail.

Yet in these ears, till hearing dies, One set slow bell will seem to toll The passing of the sweetest soul That ever look'd with human eyes.

I hear it now, and o'er and o'er, Eternal greetings to the dead; And "Ave, Ave, Ave," said, "Adieu, adieu" for evermore.

## LVIII.

In those sad words I took farewell: Like echoes in sepulchral halls, As drop by drop the water falls In vaults and catacombs, they fell;

And, falling, idly broke the peace Of hearts that beat from day to

Half-conscious of their dying

And those cold crypts where they shall cease.

The high Muse answer'd: "Wherefore grieve

Thy brethren with a fruitless

Abide a little longer here, And thou shalt take a nobler leave."

## LIX.

O Sorrow, wilt thou live with me No casual mistress, but a wife, My bosom-friend and half of

As I confess it needs must be;

O Sorrow, wilt thou rule my blood, Be sometimes lovely like a bride, And put thy harsher moods aside, If thou wilt have me wise and good.

My centred passion cannot move, Nor will it lessen from to-day; But I'll have leave at times to play

As with the creature of my love;

And set thee forth, for thou art mine, With so much hope for years to come,

That, howsoe'er I know thee, some Could hardly tell what name were thine.

## LX.

He past; a soul of nobler tone:
My spirit loved and loves him
yet,

Like some poor girl whose heart is set

On one whose rank exceeds her own.

He mixing with his proper sphere, She finds the baseness of her lot, Half jealous of she knows not what,

And envying all that meet him there.

The little village looks forlorn;
She sighs amid her narrow days,
Moving about the household
ways,
In that dark house where the ways

In that dark house where she was

The foolish neighbors come and go,
And tease her till the day draws
by:

At night she weeps, "How vain am I!

How should he love a thing so low?"

#### LXI.

If, in thy second state sublime,
Thy ransom'd reason change
replies

With all the circle of the wise, The perfect flower of human time;

And if thou cast thine eyes below, How dimly character'd and slight, How dwarf'd a growth of cold and night,

How blanch'd with darkness must I grow!

Yet turn thee to the doubtful shore, Where thy first form was made a man;

I loved thee, Spirit, and love, nor can

The soul of Shakspeare love thee more.

#### LXII.

Tho' if an eye that's downward cast Could make thee somewhat blenc or fail,

Then be my love an idle tale, And fading legend of the past;

And thou, as one that once declined When he was little more than boy On some unworthy heart with joy But lives to wed an equal mind;

And breathes a novel world, the whii His other passion wholly dies, Or in the light of deeper eyes Is matter for a flying smile.

#### LXIII.

Yet pity for a horse o'er-driven, And love in which my hound ha part, Can hang no weight upon m

heart

In its assumptions up to heaven;

And I am so much more than these, As thou, perchance, art more tha I,

And yet I spare them sympathy And I would set their pains at ease.

So mayst thou watch me where I weep As, unto vaster motions bound, The circuits of thine orbit round A higher height, a deeper deep.

## LXIV.

Dost thou look back on what hat been,

As some divinely gifted man, Whose life in low estate began And on a simple village green;

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar And grasps the skirts of happy chance,

And breasts the blows of circum stance,

And grapples with his evil star:

Who makes by force his merit known
And lives to clutch the golden
keys,

To mould a mighty state's decrees, And shape the whisper of the throne;

And moving up from high to higher, Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope

The pillar of a people's hope, The centre of a world's desire:

Yet feels, as in a pensive dream,
When all his active powers are
still,

A distant dearness in the hill, A secret sweetness in the stream,

The limit of his narrower fate,
While yet beside its vocal springs
He play'datcounsellors and kings,
With one that was his earliest mate;

Who ploughs with pain his native lea And reaps the labor of his hands, Or in the furrow musing stands; "Does my old friend remember me?"

#### LXV.

Sweet soul, do with me as thou wilt;
I lull a fancy trouble-tost
With "Love's too precious to be
lost,

A little grain shall not be spilt."

And in that solace can I sing,
Till out of painful phases wrought
There flutters up a happy thought,
Belf-balanced on a lightsome wing:

Since we deserved the name of friends, And thine effect so lives in me, A part of mine may live in thee And move thee on to noble ends.

#### LXVI.

You thought my heart too far diseased; You wonder when my fancies play To find me gay among the gay, Like one with any trifle pleased. The shade by which my life was crost,
Which makes a desert in the mind,
Has made me kindly with my kind,
And like to him whose sight is lost:

Whose feet are guided thro' the land, Whose jest among his friends is \_\_free,

Who takes the children on his knee,

And winds their curls about his hand:

He plays with threads, he beats his chair

For pastime, dreaming of the sky, His inner day can never die, His night of loss is always there.

#### LXVII.

When on my bed the moonlight falls,
I know that in thy place of rest
By that broad water of the west,
There comes a glory on the walls:

Thy marble bright in dark appears, As slowly steals a silver flame Along the letters of thy name, And o'er the number of thy years

The mystic glory swims away;
From off my bed the moonlight
dies;

And closing eaves of wearied eyes
I sleep till dusk is dipt in gray:

And then I know the mist is drawn
A lucid veil from coast to coast,
And in the dark church like a
ghost
Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn.

#### LXVIII.

When in the down I sink my head, Sleep, Death's twin-brother, times my breath; Sleep, Death's twin-brother, knows

not Death, Nor can I dream of thee as dead:

I walk as ere I walk'd forlorn,
When all our path was fresh with
dew.

And all the bugle breezes blew Reveillée to the breaking morn.

But what is this? I turn about, I find a trouble in thine eye, Which makes me sad I know not why,

Nor can my dream resolve the doubt:

But ere the lark hath left the lea I wake, and I discern the truth; It is the trouble of my youth That foolish sleep transfers to thee.

## LXIX.

I dream'd there would be Spring no more,

That Nature's ancient power was

The streets were black with smoke and frost, They chatter'd trifles at the door:

I wander'd from the noisy town,

I found a wood with thorny boughs:

I took the thorns to bind my brows,

I wore them like a civic crown:

I met with scoffs, I met with scorns From youth and babe and hoary hairs

They call'd me in the public squares

The fool that wears a crown of thorns:

They call'd me fool, they call'd me child:

I found an angel of the night; The voice was low, the look was bright:

He look'd upon my crown and smiled:

He reach'd the glory of a hand, That seem'd to touch it into leaf: The voice was not the voice of grief,

The words were hard to understand.

#### LXX.

I cannot see the features right, When on the gloom I strive to paint

The face I know; the hues are faint

And mix with hollow masks of night;

Cloud-towers by ghostly masons wrought, A gulf that ever shuts and gapes,

A hand that points, and palled shapes

In shadowy thoroughfares of thought;

And crowds that stream from yawning doors, And shoals of pucker'd. faces

drive:

Dark bulks that tumble half alive, And lazy lengths on boundless shores;

Till all at once beyond the will I hear a wizard music roll, And thro' a lattice on the soul Looks thy fair face and makes it still.

#### LXXI.

Sleep, kinsman thou to death and

And madness, thou hast forged at last

A night-long Present of the Past which we went thro' summer In France.

Hadst thou such credit with the soul? Then bring an opiate trebly

Drug down the blindfold sense of wrong

That so my pleasure may be whole;

While now we talk as once we talk'd Of men and minds, the dust of change, The days that grow to something

strange,

In walking as of old we walk'd

Beside the river's wooded reach,

The fortress, and the mountain

ridge,

lines might hat is coming

The cataract flashing from the bridge,

The breaker breaking on the beach.

## LXXII.

Risest thou thus, dim dawn, again,
And howlest, issuing out of night,
With blasts that blow the poplar
white,

And lash with storm the streaming pane?

pane

Day, when my crown'd estate begun
To pine in that reverse of doom,
Which sicken'd every living
bloom,

And blurr'd the splendor of the sun;

Who usherest in the dolorous hour
With thy quick tears that make
the rose

Pull sideways, and the daisy close Her crimson fringes to the shower;

Who might'st have heaved a windless flame

Up the deep East, or, whispering, play'd

A chequer-work of beam and

Along the hills, yet look'd the same.

As wan, as chill, as wild as now;

Day, mark'd as with some hideous crime,

When the dark hand struck down thro' time,

And cancell'd nature's best: but thou,

Lift as thou may'st thy burthen'd brows

Thro' clouds that drench the

morning star, And whirl the ungarner'd sheaf

afar, And sow the sky with flying boughs,

And up thy vault with roaring sound Climb thy thick noon, disastrous day;

Touch thy dull goal of joyless

And hide thy shame beneath the ground.

#### LXXIII.

So many worlds, so much to do, So little done, such things to be, How know I what had need of thee.

For thou wert strong as thou wert true?

The fame is quench'd that I foresaw,
The head hath miss'd an earthly
wreath:

I curse not nature, no, nor death; For nothing is that errs from law.

We pass; the path that each man trod Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds: What fame is left for human deeds In endless age? It rests with God.

O hollow wraith of dying fame, Fade wholly, while the soul exults,

And self-infolds the large results
Of force that would have forged a
name.

#### LXXIV.

As sometimes in a dead man's face,
To those that watch it more and
more.

A likeness, hardly seen before, Comes out—to some one of his race.

So, dearest, now thy brows are cold,

I see thee what thou art, and
know

Thy likeness to the wise below, Thy kindred with the great of old.

But there is more than I can see, And what I see I leave unsaid, Nor speak it, knowing Death has made

His darkness beautiful with thee.

#### LXXV.

I leave thy praises unexpress'd
In verse that brings myself relief,
And by the measure of my grief
I leave thy greatness to be guess'd;

What practice howsoe'er expert In fitting aptest words to things, Or voice the richest-toned that sings,

Hath power to give thee as thou wert?

I care not in these fading days
To raise a cry that lasts not long,
And round thee with the breeze
of song

To stir a little dust of praise.

Thy leaf has perish'd in the green, And, while we breathe beneath the sun,

The world which credit what is

Is cold to all that might have been.

So here shall silence guard thy fame; But somewhere, out of human view,

Whate'er thy hands are set to do Is wrought with tumult of acclaim.

## LXXVI.

Take wings of fancy, and ascend,
And in a moment set thy face
Where all the starry heavens of
space

Are sharpen'd to a needle's end;

Take wings of foresight; lighten thro'
The secular abyss to come,
And lo, thy deepest lays are dumb
Before the mouldering of a yew;

And if the matin songs, that woke
The darkness of our planet, last,
Thine own shall wither in the vast,
Ere half the lifetime of an oak.

Ere these have clothed their branchy bowers
With fifty Mays, thy songs are vain:

And what are they when these remain

The ruin'd shells of hollow towers?

## LXXVII.

What hope is here for modern rhyme
To him, who turns a musing eye
On songs, and deeds, and lives,
that lie

Foreshorten'd in the tract of time?

These mortal lullabies of pain
May bind a book, may line a box,
May serve to curl a maiden's
locks;
Or when a thousand moons shall wane

A man upon a stall may find,

And, passing, turn the page that tells

A grief, then changed to some-

thing else, Sung by a long-forgotten mind.

But what of that? My darken'd ways
Shall ring with music all the same;
To breathe my loss is more than
fame,

To utter love more sweet than praise.

## LXXVIII.

Again at Christmas did we weave
The holly round the Christmas
hearth;
The silent snow possess'd the

earth, And calmly fell our Christmas-eve:

The yule-clog sparkled keen with frost, No wing of wind the region swept, But over all things brooding slept The quiet sense of something lost.

As in the winters left behind,
Again our ancient games had
place,

The mimic picture's breathing grace,

And dance and song and hoodmanblind. Vho show'd a token of distress?

No single tear, no mark of pain:
O sorrow, then can sorrow wane?
grief, can grief be changed to less?

last regret, regret can die!

No - mixt with all this mystic frame,

Her deep relations are the same, but with long use her tears are dry.

## LXXIX.

More than my brothers are to me,"—
Let this not vex thee, noble heart!
I know thee of what force thou
art

To hold the costliest love in fee.

3ut thou and I are one in kind, As moulded like in Nature's mint; And hill and wood and field did

The same sweet forms in either mind.

For us the same cold streamlet curl'd Thro' all his eddying coves; the

All winds that roam the twilight

in whispers of the beauteous world.

At one dear knee we proffer'd vows, One lesson from one book we learn'd,

Ere childhood's flaxen ringlet

To black and brown on kindred brows.

And so my wealth resembles thine,
But he was rich where I was poor,
And hesupplied my want the more
As his unlikeness fitted mine.

## LXXX.

If any vague desire should rise,
That holy Death ere Arthur died
Had moved me kindly from his
side,

And dropt the dust on tearless eyes;

Then fancy shapes, as fancy can,

The grief my loss in him had wrought,
A grief as deep as life or thought,

A grief as deep as the or thought, But stay'd in peace with God and man.

I make a picture in the brain;

I hear the sentence that he speaks; He bears the burthen of the weeks But turns his burthen into gain.

His credit thus shall set me free; And, influence-rich to soothe and

Unused example from the grave Reach out dead hands to comfort me.

#### LXXXI.

Could I have said while he was here,
"My love shall now no further
range:

There cannot come a mellower

change,

For now is love mature in ear."

Love, then, had hope of richer store.

What end is here to my complaint?

This haunting whisper makes me faint.

"More years had made me love thee more."

But Death returns an answer sweet:
"My sudden frost was sudden gain,

And gave all ripeness to the grain, It might have drawn from after-heat."

## LXXXII.

I wage not any feud with Death For changes wrought on form and

face;

No lower life that earth's embrace May breed with him, can fright my faith.

Eternal process moving on,
From state to state the spirit
walks;

And these are but the shatter'd stalks.

Or ruin'd chrysalis of one.

Nor blame I Death, because he bare
The use of virtue out of earth:
I know transplanted human worth
Will bloom to profit, otherwhere.

For this alone on Death I wreak

The wrath that garners in my
heart;

He put our lives so far apart We cannot hear each other speak.

#### LXXXIII.

Dip down upon the northern shore,
O sweet new-year delaying long;
Thou doest expectant nature
wrong;

Delaying long, delay no more.

What stays thee from the clouded noons,

Thy sweetness from its proper place?

Can trouble live with April days, Or sadness in the summer moons?

Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire, The little speedwell's darling blue, Deep tulips dash'd with fiery dew, Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

O thou, new-year, delaying long, Delayest the sorrow in my blood, That longs to burst a frozen bud And flood a fresher throat with song.

#### LXXXIV.

When I contemplate all alone
The life that had been thine below,
And fix my thoughts on all the
glow

To which thy crescent would have

grown;

I see thee sitting crown'd with good,
A central warmth diffusing bliss
In glance and smile, and clasp
and kiss,

On all the branches of thy blood;

Thy blood, my friend, and partly mine For now the day was drawing on When thou should'st link thy life with one

Of mine own house, and boys of thine

Had babbled "Uncle" on my knee; But that remorseless iron hour Made cypress of her orange flower, Despair of Hope, and earth of thee.

I seem to meet their least desire, To clap their cheeks, to call them mine.

I see their unborn faces shine Beside the never-lighted fire.

I see myself an honor'd guest,

Thy partner in the flowery walk
Of letters, genial table-talk,
Or deep dispute, and graceful jest;

While now thy prosperous labor fills
The lips of men with honest praise
And sun by sun the happy days
Descend below the golden hills

With promise of a morn as fair;
And all the train of bounteou
hours
Conduct by paths of growing

powers,

To reverence and the silver hair;

Till slowly worn her earthly robe,
Her lavish mission richly
wrought,

Leaving great legacies of thought Thy spirit should fail from off the globe;

What time mine own might also flee As link'd with thine in love and fate,

And, hovering o'er the dolorou strait

To the other shore, involved in thee,

Arrive at last the blessed goal,
And He that died in Holy Land
Would reach us out the shinin

hand, And take us as a single soul. What reed was that on which I leant?
Ah, backward fancy, wherefore wake

The old bitterness again, and break

The low beginnings of content.

## LXXXV.

This truth came borne with bier and pall,

I felt it, when I sorrow'd most,
"Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all—

O true in word, and tried in deed,
Demanding, so to bring relief
To this which is our common
grief,

What kind of life is that I lead;

And whether trust in things above Be dimm'd of sorrow, or sustain'd; And whether love for him have drain'd

My capabilities of love;

Your words have virtue such as draws
A faithful answer from the
breast,

Thro' light reproaches, half ex-

And loyal unto kindly laws.

My blood an even tenor kept,

Till on mine ear this message
falls,

That in Vienna's fatal walls God's finger touch'd him, and he slept.

The great Intelligences fair
That range above our mortal

In circle round the blessed gate, Received and gave him welcome there:

And led him thro' the blissful climes, And show'd him in the fountain fresh

All knowledge that the sons of flesh

Shall gather in the cycled times.

But I remain'd, whose hopes were dim, Whose life, whose thoughts were little worth,

To wander on a darken'd earth, Where all things round me breathed of him.

O friendship, equal-poised control,
O heart, with kindliest motion
warm,

O sacred essence, other form, O solemn ghost, O crowned soul!

Yet none could better know than I, How much of act at human hands The sense of human will demands By which we dare to live or die.

Whatever way my days decline,
I felt and feel, tho' left alone,
His being working in mine own,
The footsteps of his life in mine;

A life that all the Muses deck'd
With gifts of grace, that might
express
All-comprehensive tenderness,

All-subtilizing intellect:

And so my passion hath not swerved
To works of weakness, but I find
An image comforting the mind,
And in my grief a strength reserved.

Likewise the imaginative woe,

That loved to handle spiritual strife,

Diffused the shock thro' all my

But in the present broke the blow.

My pulses therefore beat again
For other friends that once I met;
Nor can it suit me to forget
The mighty hopes that make us men

I woo your love: I count it crime
To mourn for any overmuch;
I, the divided half of such
A friendship as had master'd Time;

Which masters Time indeed, and is Eternal, separate from fears: The all-assuming months and years

Can take no part away from this:

But Summer on the steaming floods, And Spring that swells the narrow brooks, And Autumn, with a noise of

rooks.

That gather in the waning woods,

And every pulse of wind and wave Recalls, in change of light or gloom,

My old affection of the tomb, And my prime passion in the grave:

My old affection of the tomb,

A part of stillness, yearns to speak:

"Arise, and get thee forth and seek

A friendship for the years to come.

"I watch thee from the quiet shore; Thy spirit up to mine can reach; But in dear words of human speech

We two communicate no more."

And I, "Can clouds of nature stain
The starry clearness of the free?
How is it? Canst thou feel for
me

Some painless sympathy with pain?"

And lightly does the whisper fall;
"'Tis hard for thee to fathom this;

I triumph in conclusive bliss, And that serene result of all."

So hold I commerce with the dead; Or so methinks the dead would say;

Or so shall grief with symbols play

And pining life be fancy-fed.

Now looking to some settled end, That these things pass, and I shall

A meeting somewhere, love with love,

I crave your pardon, O my friend;

If not so fresh, with love as true,
I, clasping brother-hands, aver
I could not, if I would, transfer
The whole I felt for him to you.

For which be they that hold apart
The promise of the golden hours?
First love, first friendship, equal
powers,

That marry with the virgin heart.

Still mine, that cannot but deplore,
That beats within a lonely place,
That yet remembers his embrace,
But at his footstep leaps no more,

My heart, tho' widow'd, may not rest Quite in the love of what is gone, But seeks to beat in time with one That warms another living breast.

Ah, take the imperfect gift I bring, Knowing the primrose yet is dear, The primrose of the later year, As not unlike to that of Spring.

#### LXXXVI.

Sweet after showers, ambrosial air, That rollest from the gorgeous gloom

Of evening over brake and bloom And meadow, slowly breathing bare

The round of space, and rapt below Thro' all the dewy-tassell'd wood, And shadowing down the horned flood

In ripples, fan my brows and blow

The fever from my cheek, and sigh
The full new life that feeds thy
breath

Throughout my frame, till Doubt and Death,

Ill brethren, let the fancy fly

rom belt to belt of crimson seas On leagues of odor streaming far,

To where in yonder orient star hundred spirits whisper "Peace."

## LXXXVII.

past beside the reverend walls
In which of old I wore the gown;
I roved at random thro' the town,
nd saw the tumult of the halls:

nd heard once more in college fanes
The storm their high-built organs
make.

And thunder-music, rolling, shake he prophet blazon'd on the panes;

and caught once more the distant

The measured pulse of racing oars

Among the willows; paced the shores

and many a bridge, and all about

'he same gray flats again, and felt The same, but not the same; and last

Up that long walk of limes I past to see the rooms in which he dwelt.

Another name was on the door:
I linger'd; all within was noise

Of songs, and clapping hands, and boys

That crash'd the glass and beat the floor;

Where once we held debate, a band Of youthful friends, on mind and art.

And labor, and the changing mart, and all the framework of the land;

When one would aim an arrow fair, But send it slackly from the string;

And one would pierce an outer

And one an inner, here and there;

And last the master-bowman, he, Would cleave the mark. A willing ear

We lent him. Who, but hung to hear

The rapt oration flowing free

From point to point, with power and grace

And music in the bounds of law, To those conclusions when we

The God within him light his face,

And seem to lift the form, and glow In azure orbits heavenly-wise; And over those ethereal eyes The bar of Michael Angelo.

#### LXXXVIII

Wild bird, whose warble, liquid sweet, Rings Eden thro' the budded quicks,

O tell me where the senses mix, O tell me where the passions meet,

Whence radiate fierce extremes employ

Thy spirits in the darkening leaf, And in the midmost heart of grief

Thy passion clasps a secret joy

And I — my harp would prelude woe —

I cannot all command the strings; The glory of the sum of things Will flash along the chords and go.

#### LXXXIX

Witch-elms that counterchange the

Of this flat lawn with dusk and bright;

And thou, with all thy breadth and height

Of foliage, towering sycamore;

How often, hither wandering down, My Arthur found your shadows fair, And shook to all the liberal air The dust and din and steam of town:

He brought an eye for all he saw; He mixt in all our simple sports; They pleased him, fresh from brawling courts

And dusty purlieus of the law.

O joy to him in this retreat, Immantled in ambrosial dark, To drink the cooler air, and mark The landscape winking thro' the heat:

O sound to rout the brood of cares,

The sweep of scythe in morning
dew,

The gust that round the garden flew,

And tumbled half the mellowing pears!

O bliss, when all in circle drawn
About him, heart and ear were fed
To hear him, as he lay and read
The Tuscan poets on the lawn:

Or in the all-golden afternoon
A guest, or happy sister, sung,
Or here she brought the harp and
flung

A ballad to the brightening moon:

Nor less it pleased in livelier moods, Beyond the bounding hill to stray, And break the lifelong summer day

With banquet in the distant woods;

Whereat we glanced from theme to theme,

Discuss'd the books to love or hate,

Or touch'd the changes of the state,

Or threaded some Socratic dream;

But if I praised the busy town,

He loved to rail against it still,

For "ground in yonder social

mill

We rub each other's angles down,

"And merge" he said "in form and gloss

The picturesque of man and man."

We talk'd: the stream beneath us ran, The wine-flask lying couch'd in moss,

Or cool'd within the glooming wave;

And last, returning from afar, Before the crimson-circled star

Had fall'n into her father's grave,

And brushing ankle-deep in flowers,
We heard behind the woodbine
veil

The milk that bubbled in the pail, And buzzings of the honied hours.

XC.

He tasted love with half his mind, Nor ever drank the inviolate spring

Where nighest heaven, who first could fling

This bitter seed among mankind;

That could the dead, whose dying eyes

Were closed with wail, resume their life,

They would but find in child and wife

An iron welcome when they rise:

'Twas well, indeed, when warm with wine,

To pledge them with a kindly tear.

To talk them o'er, to wish them here,

To count their memories half divino;

But if they came who past away, Behold their brides in other

hands;
The hard heir strides about their lands.

And will not yield them for a day.

Yea, tho' their sons were none of these.

Not less the yet-loved sire would make

Confusion worse than death, and shake

The pillars of domestic peace.

Ah dear, but come thou back to me: Whatever change the years have wrought,

I find not yet one lonely thought That cries against my wish for thee.

When rosy plumelets tuft the larch,
And rarely pipes the mounted

thrush;
Or underneath the barren bush

Flits by the sea-blue bird of March;

Come, wear the form by which I know

Thy spirit in time among thy peers;

The hope of unaccomplish'd years Be large and lucid round thy brow.

When summer's hourly-mellowing change

May breathe, with many roses sweet,

Upon the thousand waves of wheat,

That ripple round the lonely grange;

Come: not in watches of the night,

But where the sunbeam broodeth

warm.

Come, beauteous in thine after form,

And like a finer light in light.

### XCII.

If any vision should reveal
Thy likeness, I might count it
vain

As but the canker of the brain; Yea, tho' it spake and made appeal

To chances where our lots were cast
Together in the days behind,
I might but say, I hear a wind
Of memory murmuring the past.

Yea, tho' it spake and bared to view
A fact within the coming year;
And tho' the months, revolving
near,

Should prove the phantom-warning true,

They might not seem thy prophecies,
But spiritual presentiments,
And such refraction of events
As often rises ere they rise.

#### XCIII.

I shall not see thee. Dare I say No spirit ever brake the band That stays him from the native land

Where first he walk'd when claspt in clay?

No visual shade of some one lost, But he, the Spirit himself, may come

Where all the nerve of sense is numb:

Spirit to Spirit, Ghost to Ghost.

O, therefore from thy sightless range
With gods in unconjectured bliss,
O, from the distance of the abyss
Of tenfold-complicated change,

Descend, and touch, and enter; hear The wish too strong for words to name;

That in this blindness of the frame

My Ghost may feel that thine is near.

### XCIV.

How pure at heart and sound in head, With what divine affections bold Should be the man whose thought would hold

An hour's communion with the dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou too canes
sav.

My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast, Imaginations calm and fair, The memory like a cloudless air, The conscience as a sea at rest:

But when the heart is full of din,
And doubt beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates,
And hear the household jar within.

### XCV.

By night we linger'd on the lawn, For underfoot the herb was dry; And genial warmth; and o'er the sky

The silvery haze of summer drawn;

And calm that let the tapers burn Unwavering: not a cricket chirr'd: The brook alone far-off was heard, And on the board the fluttering urn:

And bats went round in fragrant skies, And wheel'd or lit the filmy shapes

That haunt the dusk, with ermine capes

And woolly breasts and beaded eyes;

While now we sang old songs that peal'd

From knoll to knoll, where, couch'd at ease,

The white kine glimmer'd, and

the trees

Laid their dark arms about the field.

But when those others, one by one, Withdrew themselves from me

and night,
And in the house light after light
Went out, and I was all alone,

A hunger seized my heart; I read Of that glad year which once had been,

In those fall'n leaves which kept their green,

The noble letters of the dead:

And strangely on the silence broke
The silent-speaking words, and
strange

Was love's dumb cry defying change

To test his worth; and strangely spoke

The faith, the vigor, bold to dwell
On doubts that drive the coward
back,

And keen thro' wordy snares to track

Suggestion to her inmost cell.

So word by word, and line by line,

The dead man touch'd me from
the past,

And all at once it seem'd at last The living soul was flash'd on mine,

And mine in this was wound, and whirl'd

About empyreal heights of thought,

And came on that which is, and caught

The deep pulsations of the world,

Æonian music measuring out

The steps of Time — the shocks of Chance—

The blows of Death. At length my trance

Was cancell'd, stricken thro' with doubt.

Vague words! but ah, how hard to frame In matter-moulded forms of

> speech, Or ev'n for intellect to reach

Thro' memory that which I became:

Till now the doubtful dusk reveal'd
The knolls once more where,
couch'd at ease,

The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees

Laid their dark arms about the field:

And suck'd from out the distant gloom
A breeze began to tremble o'er
The large leaves of the sycamore,
And fluctuate all the still perfume,

and gathering freshlier overhead,

Rock'd the full-foliaged elms, and swung

The heavy-folded rose, and flung

he lilies to and fro, and said

The dawn, the dawn," and died away;

And East and West, without a breath.

Mixt their dim lights, like life and death.

o broaden into boundless day.

### XCVI.

You say, but with no touch of seorn, Sweet-hearted, you, whose lightblue eyes

Are tender over drowning flies, You tell me, doubt is Devil-born.

know not: one indeed I knew

In many a subtle question versed,
Who touch'd a jarring lyre at first,
But ever strove to make it true:

Perplext in faith, but pure in deeds, At last he beat his music out.

There lives more faith in honest doubt,

Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gather'd strength,

He would not make his judgment blind.

He faced the spectres of the mind And laid them: thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own;

And Power was with him in the night,

Which makes the darkness and the light,

And dwells not in the light alone,

3ut in the darkness and the cloud, As over Sinaï's peaks of old, While Israel made their gods of

gold,
Altho' the trumpet blew so loud.

XCVII.

My, love has talk'd with rocks and trees;

He finds on misty mountainground

His own vast shadow glorycrown'd;

He sees himself in all he sees.

Two partners of a married life —
I look'd on these and thought of
thee

In vastness and in mystery, And of my spirit as of a wife.

These two — they dwelt with eye on eye,

Their hearts of old have beat in tune.

Their meetings made December June,

Their every parting was to die.

Their love has never past away;
The days she never can forget
Are earnest that he loves her yet.
Whate'er the faithless people say.

Her life is lone, he sits apart, He loves her yet, she will not weep, Tho' zapt in matters dark and

deep He seems to slight her simple heart.

He thrids the labyrinth of the mind, He reads the secret of the star, He seems so near and yet so far, He looks so cold: she thinks him kind.

She keeps the gift of years before,
A wither'd violet is her bliss:
She knows not what his greatness is,

The these facell she large him more

For that, for all, she loves him more.

For him she plays, to him she sings Of early faith and plighted vows; She knows but matters of the house,

And he, he knows a thousand things.

Her faith is fixt and cannot move, She darkly feels him great and

She dwells on him with faithful eyes,

"I cannot understand: I love."

### XCVIII.

You leave us: you will see the Rhine, And those fair hills I sail'd below, When I was there with him; and

By summer belts of wheat and vine

To where he breathed his latest breath, That City. All her splendor seems

No livelier, than the wisp that gleams

On Lethe in the eyes of Death.

Let her great Danube rolling fair Enwind her isles, unmark'd of me:

I have not seen, I will not see Vienna; rather dream that there,

A treble darkness, Evil haunts
The birth, the bridal; friend from
friend

Is oftener parted, fathers bend Above more graves, a thousand wants

Gnarr at the heels of men, and prey By each cold hearth, and sadness flings

Her shadow on the blaze of kings:

And yet myself have heard him say,

That not in any mother town

With statelier progress to and fro

The double tides of chariots flow By park and suburb under brown

Of lustier leaves; nor more content, He told me, lives in any crowd, When all is gay with lamps, and loud

With sport and song, in booth and tent,

Imperial halls, or open plain;
And wheels the circled dance, and

breaks
The recket molten into flakes
Of crimson or in emerald rain.

### XCIX.

Risest thou thus, dim dawn, again, So loud with voices of the birds, So thick with lowings of the herds,

Day, when I lost the flower of men;

Who tremblest thro' thy darkling red On you swoll'n brook that bubbles fast

·By meadows breathing of the past,

And woodlands holy to the dead;

Who murmurest in the foliaged eaves
A song that slights the coming
care,

And Autumn laying here and there

A fiery finger on the leaves;

Who wakenest with thy balmy breatl
To myriads on the genial earth
Memories of bridal, or of birth
And unto myriads more, of death.

O wheresoever those may be,

Betwixt the slumber of the poles
To-day they count as kindred
souls:

They know me not, but mourn with

C.

I climb the hill: from end to end
Of all the landscape underneath
I find no place that does no

breathe

Some gracious memory of my friend

No gray old grange, or lonely fold,

Or low morass and whisperin reed.

Or simple stile from mead t

Or sheepwalk up the windy wold;

Nor hoary knoll of ash and haw That hears the latest linnet trill, Nor quarry trench'd along the hill

And haunted by the wrangling daw;

Nor runlet tinkling from the rock; Nor pastoral rivulet that swerves To left and right thro' meadowy curves.

That feed the mothers of the flock;

But each has pleased a kindred eye, And each reflects a kindlier day; And, leaving these, to pass away, I think once more he seems to die.

CI

Unwatch'd, the garden bough shall sway,

The tender blossom flutter down, Unloved, that beech will gather brown,

This maple burn itself away;

Unloved, the sun-flower, shining fair, Ray round with flames her disk of seed,

And many a rose-carnation feed With summer spice the humming air;

Unloved, by many a sandy bar, The brook shall babble down the plain,

At noon or when the lesser wain Is twisting round the polar star;

Uncared for, gird the windy grove,
And flood the haunts of hern and
crake;
Or into silver arrows break

The sailing moon in creek and cove;

Till from the garden and the wild
A fresh association blow,
And year by year the landscape
grow

Familiar to the stranger's child;

As year by year the laborer tills
His wonted glebe, or lops the
glades;

And year by year our memory fades

From all the circle of the hills.

CII.

We leave the well-beloved place
Where first we gazed upon the
sky;

The roofs, that heard our earlies

Will shelter one of stranger race.

We go, but ere we go from home,
As down the garden-walks
move.

Two spirits of a diverse love Contend for loving masterdom.

One whispers, "Here thy boyhood sung

Long since its matin song, and heard

The low love-language of the bird In native hazels tassel-hung."

The other answers, "Yea, but here
Thy feet have stray'd in after
hours

With thy lost friend among the

And this hath made them trebly dear."

These two have striven half the day,
And each prefers his separate
claim,

Poor rivals in a losing game, That will not yield each other way.

I turn to go: my feet are set

To leave the pleasant fields and
farms;

They mix in one another's arms
To one pure image of regret.

CIII.

On that last night before we went
From out the doors where 1 was
bred,

I dream'd a vision of the dead, Which left my after-morn content. Methought I dwelt within a hall.

And maidens with me: distant hills

From hidden summits fed with rills

A river sliding by the wall.

The hall with harp and carol rang. They sang of what is wise and good

> And graceful. In the centre stood

A statue veil'd, to which they sang;

And which, tho' veil'd, was known to me.

The shape of him I loved, and

For ever: then flew in a dove And brought a summons from the sea:

And when they learnt that I must go They wept and wail'd, but led the

To where a little shallop lay At anchor in the flood below;

And on by many a level mead, And shadowing bluff that made the banks,

We glided winding under ranks Of iris, and the golden reed:

And still as vaster grew the shore And roll'd the floods in grander space,

> The maidens gather'd strength and grace

And presence, lordlier than before;

And I myself, who sat apart And watch'd them, wax'd in every limb:

I felt the thews of Anakim, The pulses of a Titan's heart;

As one would sing the death of war, And one would chant the history Of that great race, which is to

And one the shaping of a star;

Until the forward-creeping tides Began to foam, and we to draw From deep to deep, to where we saw

A great ship lift her shining sides.

The man we loved was there on deck, But thrice as large as man he bent To greet us. Up the side I went. And fell in silence on his neck:

Whereat those maidens with one mind Bewail'd their lot; I did them wrong:

"We served thee here," they said, "so long,

And wilt thou leave us now behind?"

So rapt I was, they could not win An answer from my lips, but he Replying, "Enter likewise ye And go with us:" they enter'd in.

And while the wind began to sweep A music out of sheet and shroud. We steer'd her toward a crimson cloud

That landlike slept along the deep.

CIV.

The time draws near the birth of Christ:

The moon is hid, the night is still; A single church below the hill Is pealing, folded in the mist.

A single peal of bells below, That wakens at this hour of rest A single murmur in the breast, That these are not the bells I know.

Like strangers' voices here they sound, In lands where not a memory stravs,

Nor landmark breathes of other days,

But all is new unhallow'd ground.

cv.

To-night ungather'd let us leave This laurel, let this holly stand: We live within the stranger's land. And strangely falls our Christmas-eve.

Our father's dust is left alone
And silent under other snows:
There in due time the woodbine

blows,

The violet comes, but we are gone.

No more shall wayward grief abuse
The genial hour with mask and

For change of place, like growth

of time,

Has broke the bond of dying use.

Let cares that petty shadows cast, By which our lives are chiefly proved,

A little spare the night I loved,

And hold it solemn to the past.

But let no footstep beat the floor, Nor bowl of wassail mantle warm; For who would keep an ancient form

Thro' which the spirit breathes no more?

Be neither song, nor game, nor feast; Nor harp be touch'd, nor flute be blown;

No dance, no motion, save alone What lightens in the lucid east

Of rising worlds by yonder wood.

Long sleeps the summer in the

Run out your measured arcs, and lead

The closing cycle rich in good.

### CVI.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the
snow:

The year is going, let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true. Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no

Ring out the feud of rich and

Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,

And ancient forms of party strife; Ring in the nobler modes of life, With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin, The faithless coldness of the

times; Ring out, ring out my mournful

rhymes,

But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,

The civic slander and the spite; Ring in the love of truth and right, Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;

Ring out the thousand wars of old, Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free, The larger heart, the kindlier hand:

Ring out the darkness of the land, Ring in the Christ that is to be.

#### CVII

It is the day when he was born, A bitter day that early sank Behind a purple-frosty bank Of vapor, leaving night forlorn.

The time admits not flowers or leaves
To deck the banquet. Fiercely
flies

The blast of North and East, and

ice Makes daggers at the sharpen'd eaves,

And bristles all the brakes and thorns To you hard crescent, as she hangs Above the wood which grides and clangs

Its leafless ribs and iron horns

Together, in the drifts that pass To darken on the rolling brine That breaks the coast. But fetch the wine,

Arrange the board and brim the glass;

Bring in great logs and let them lie, To make a solid core of heat: Be cheerful-minded, talk and treat Of all things ev'n as he were by;

We keep the day. With festal cheer, With books and music, surely we Will drink to him, whate'er he be, And sing the songs he loved to hear.

### CVIII.

I will not shut me from my kind, And, lest I stiffen into stone, I will not eat my heart alone, Nor feed with sighs a passing wind:

What profit lies in barren faith, And vacant yearning, tho' with might

> To scale the heaven's highest height,

Or dive below the wells of Death?

What find I in the highest place, But mine own phantom chanting hymns?

And on the depths of death there swims

The reflex of a human face.

I'll rather take what fruit may be Of sorrow under human skies: 'Tis held that sorrow makes us

Whatever wisdom sleep with thee.

### CIX.

Heart-affluence in discursive talk From household fountains never

The critic clearness of an eye, That saw thro' all the Muses' walk; Seraphic intellect and force To seize and throw the doubts of

Impassion'd logic, which outran The hearer in its fiery course;

High nature amorous of the good. But touch'd with no ascetic gloom;

And passion pure in snowy bloom Thro' all the years of April blood;

A love of freedom rarely felt, Of freedom in her regal seat Of England; not the schoolboy heat.

The blind hysterics of the Gelt;

And manhood fused with female grace In such a sort, the child would twine

A trustful hand, unask'd, in thine, And find his comfort in thy face;

All these have been, and thee mine

Have look'd on: if they look'd in vain,

My shame is greater who remain, Nor let thy wisdom make me wise.

Thy converse drew us with delight, The men of rathe and riper years: The feeble soul, a haunt of fears, Forgot his weakness in thy sight.

On thee the loyal-hearted hung, The proud was half disarm'd of pride,

Nor cared the serpent at thy side To flicker with his double tongue.

The stern were mild when thou wert by, The flippant put himself to school And heard thee, and the brazen

Was soften'd, and he knew not why;

While I, thy nearest, sat apart, And felt thy triumph was as mine; And loved them more, that they were thine,

The graceful tact, the Christian art;

Nor mine the sweetness or the skill, But mine the love that will not tire,

And, born of love, the vague desire

That spurs an imitative will.

### CXI

The churl in spirit, up or down Along the scale of ranks, thro' all, To him who grasps a golden ball, By blood a king, at heart a clown;

The churl in spirit, howe'er he veil
His want in forms for fashion's
sake.

Will let his coltish nature break At seasons thro' the gilded pale:

For who can always act? but he,
To whom a thousand memories
call.

Not being less but more than all The gentleness he seem'd to be,

Best seem'd the thing he was, and join'd

Each office of the social hour To noble manners, as the flower And native growth of noble mind;

Nor ever narrowness or spite,
Or villain fancy fleeting by,
Drew in the expression of an eye,
Where God and Nature met in light;

And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soil'd with all ignoble use.

#### CXII.

High wisdom holds my wisdom less, That I, who gaze with temperate eyes

On glorious insufficiencies, Set light by narrower perfectness. But thou, that fillest all the room
Of all my love, art reason why
I seem to cast a careless eye
On souls, the lesser lords of doom.

For what wert thou? some novel power

Sprang up for ever at a touch, And hope could never hope too much,

In watching thee from hour to hour,

Large elements in order brought,
And tracts of calm from tempest
made,

And world-wide fluctuation sway'd In vassal tides that follow'd thought.

#### TITX:

"Tis held that sorrow makes us wise; Yet how much wisdom sleeps with thee

Which not alone had guided me, But served the seasons that may rise;

For can I doubt, who knew thee keen
In intellect, with force and skill
To strive, to fashion, to fulfil—
I doubt not what thou wouldst have

been:

A life in civic action warm,
A soul on highest mission sent,
A potent voice of Parliament,

A pillar steadfast in the storm,

Should licensed boldness gather force,
Becoming, when the time has
birth,

A lever to uplift the earth And roll it in another course,

With thousand shocks that come and go,
With agonies, with energies,

With agomes, with energies,
With overthrowings, and with
cries,

And undulations to and fro.

### CXIV.

Who loves not Knowledge? Whe shall rail

Against her beauty? May she mix

With men and prosper! Who shall fix

Her pillars? Let her work prevail.

But on her forehead sits a fire:
She sets her forward countenance
And leaps into the future chance,
Submitting all things to desire.

Half-grown as yet, a child, and vain —
She cannot fight the fear of death.
What is she, cut from love and
faith

But some wild Pallas from the brain

Of Demons? fiery-hot to burst
All barriers in her onward race
For power. Let her know her
place;

She is the second, not the first.

A higher hand must make her mild, If all be not in vain; and guide Her footsteps, moving side by side With wisdom, like the younger child:

For she is earthly of the mind,
But Wisdom heavenly of the soul.
O, friend, who camest to thy goal
So early, leaving me behind,

I would the great world grew like thee,
Who grewest not alone in power
And knowledge, but by year and
hour

In reverence and in charity.

### CXV.

Now fades the last long streak of snow, Now burgeons every maze of quick

About the flowering squares, and thick

By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long, The distance takes a lovelier hue, And drown'd in yonder living blue The lark becomes a sightless song. Now dance the lights on lawn and lea, The flocks are whiter down the vale,

And milkier every milky sail On winding stream or distant sea;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
In yonder greening gleam, and fly
The happy birds, that change
their sky

To build and brood; that live their

lives

From land to land; and in my breast
Spring wakens too; and my regret
Becomes an April violet.

And buds and blossoms like the rest.

#### CXVI.

Is it, then, regret for buried time

That keenlier in sweet April
wakes,
And meets the year, and gives

and takes

The colors of the crescent prime?

Not all: the songs, the stirring air,
The life re-orient out of dust,
Cry thro' the sense to hearten
trust

In that which made the world so fair.

Not all regret: the face will shine
Upon me, while I muse alone;
And that dear voice, I once have
known,

Still speak to me of me and mine:

Yet less of sorrow lives in me
For days of happy commune
dead;

Less yearning for the friendship

Than some strong bond which is to be.

#### CXVII.

O days and hours, your work is this
To hold me from my proper place.
A little while from his embrace,
For fuller gain of after bliss:

That out of distance might ensue Desire of nearness doubly sweet; And unto meeting when we meet, Delight a hundredfold accrue,

For every grain of sand that runs, And every span of shade that steals.

And every kiss of toothed wheels, And all the courses of the suns.

### CXVIII.

Contemplate all this work of Time, The giant laboring in his youth; Nor dream of human love and

As dying Nature's earth and lime:

But trust that those we call the dead Are breathers of an ampler day For ever nobler ends. They say, The solid earth whereon we tread

In tracts of fluent heat began, And grew to seeming-random forms.

The seeming prey of cyclic storms.

Till at the last arose the man;

Who throve and branch'd from clime to clime.

The herald of a higher race, And of himself in higher place, If so he type this work of time

Within himself, from more to more; Or, crown'd with attributes of woe Like glories, move his course, and show

That life is not as idle ore,

But iron dug from central gloom, And heated hot with burning fears.

And dipt in baths of hissing tears, And batter'd with the shocks of doom

To shape and use. Arise and fly The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;

Move upward, working out the beast,

And let the ape and tiger die.

### CXIX.

Doors, where my heart was used to beat

So quickly, not as one that weeps I come once more; the city sleeps; I smell the meadow in the street;

I hear a chirp of birds; I see Betwixt the black fronts longwithdrawn A light-blue lane of early dawn,

And think of early days and thee,

And bless thee, for thy lips are bland, And bright the friendship of thine eye;

And in my thoughts with scarce a sigh

I take the pressure of thine hand.

### CXX.

I trust I have not wasted breath: I think we are not wholly brain, Magnetic mockeries; not in vain, Like Paul with beasts, I fought with Death:

Not only cunning casts in clay: Let Science prove we are, and What matters Science unto men,

At least to me? I would not stay.

Let him, the wiser man who springs Hereafter, up from childhood shape

His action like the greater ape, But I was born to other things.

### CXXI.

Sad Hesper o'er the buried sun And ready, thou, to die with him. Thou watchest all things ever dim

And dimmer, and a glory done:

The team is loosen'd from the wain,
The boat is drawn upon the shore;
Thou listenest to the closing door,
And life is darken'd in the brain.

Bright Phosphor, fresher for the night, By thee the world's great work is heard

Beginning, and the wakeful bird; Behind thee comes the greater light:

The market boat is on the stream,
And voices hail it from the
brink;

Thou hear'st the village hammer

And see'st the moving of the team.

Sweet Hesper-Phosphor, double name For what is one, the first, the last, Thou, like my present and my past,

Thy place is changed; thou art the same.

CXXII.

#### CAAII.

Oh, wast thou with me, dearest, then,
While I rose up against my doom,
And yearn'd to burst the folded
gloom,

To bare the eternal Heavens again,

To feel once more, in placid awe,
The strong imagination roll
A sphere of stars about my soul,
In all her motion one with law;

If thou wert with me, and the grave
Divide us not, be with me now,
And enter in at breast and brow,
Till all my blood, a fuller wave,

Be quicken'd with a livelier breath,
And like an inconsiderate boy,
As in the former flash of joy,
I slip the thoughts of life and death;

And all the breeze of Fancy blows,
And every dew-drop paints a bow,
The wizard lightnings deeply
glow,

And every thought breaks out a rose.

CXXIII

There rolls the deep where grew the tree.

O earth, what changes hast thou seen!

There where the long street roars, hath been

The stillness of the central sea.

The hills are shadows, and they flow From form to form, and nothing stands;

They ment like mist, the solid lands, Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

But in my spirit will I dwell,

And dream my dream, and hold it true;

For the 'my lips may breatheadieu, I cannot think the thing farewell.

### CXXIV.

That which we dare invoke to bless; Our dearest faith; our ghastliest doubt;

He, They, One, All; within, without:

The Power in darkness whom we guess;

I found Him not in world or sun,
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye;
Nor thro' the questions men may

try,
The petty cobwebs we have spun:

If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep,
I heard a voice "believe no more"
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the Godless deep;

A warmth within the breast would melt

melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath the

heart Stood up and answer'd "I have felt."

No, like a child in doubt and fear:
But that blind clamor made me

wise:

Then was I as a child that cries, But, crying, knows his father near;

and what I am beheld again

What is, and no man understands; And out of darkness came the hands

That reach thro' nature, moulding

шеп.

### CXXV.

Whatever I have said or sung, Some bitter notes my harp would

Yea, tho' there often seem'd to

live

A contradiction on the tongue,

Yet Hope had never lost her youth; She did but look through dimmer eves:

Or Love but play'd with gracious lies.

Because he felt so fix'd in truth:

And if the song were full of care, He breathed the spirit of the song; And if the words were sweet and strong

He set his royal signet there;

Abiding with me till I sail
To seek thee on the mystic deeps,
And this electric force, that keeps
A thousand pulses dancing, fail.

#### CXXVI.

Love is and was my Lord and King, And in his presence I attend To hear the tidings of my friend, Which every hour his couriers bring.

Love is and was my King and Lord,
And will be, tho' as yet I keep
Within his court on earth, and
sleep
Encompass'd by his faithful guard,

And hear at times a sentinel
Who moves about from place to
place,

And whispers to the worlds of space,

In the deep night, that all is well.

### CXXVII.

And all is well, the' faith and form Be sunder'd in the night of fear; Well roars the storm to those that hear

A deeper voice across the storm,

Proclaiming social truth shall spread, And justice, ev'n tho' thrice again The red fool-fury of the Seine Should pile her barricades with dead.

But ill for him that wears a crown, And him, the lazar, in his rags: They tremble, the sustaining crags;

The spires of ice are toppled down,

And molten up, and roar in flood;
The fortress crashes from on high,
The brute earth lightens to the
sky,

And the great Æon sinks in blood,

And compass'd by the fires of Hell;
While thou, dear spirit, happy
star,
O'erlook'st the tumult from afar,

And smilest, knowing all is well.

### CXXVIII.

The love that rose on stronger wings, Unpalsied when he met with Death,

Is comrade of the lesser faith That sees the course of human things.

No doubt vast eddies in the flood Of onward time shall yet be made, And throned races may degrade; Yet O ye mysteries of good,

Wild Hours that fly with Hope and Fear, If all your office had to do

If all your office had to do
With old results that look like

If this were all your mission here,

To draw, to sheathe a useless sword. To fool the crowd with glorious

To cleave a creed in sects and cries.

To change the bearing of a word,

To shift an arbitrary power,

To cramp the student at his desk, To make old bareness picturesque And tuft with grass a feudal tower:

Whythen myscorn mightwell descend On you and yours. I see in part That all, as in some piece of art, Is toil cooperant to an end.

### CXXIX.

Dear friend, far off, my lost desire, So far, so near in woe and weal; O loved the most, when most I feel There is a lower and a higher;

Known and unknown; human, divine; Sweet human hand and lips and

> Dear heavenly friend that canst not die,

Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine;

Strange friend, past, present, and to be; Loved deeplier, darklier understood;

Behold, I dream a dream of good, And mingle all the world with thee.

#### CXXX.

Thy voice is on the rolling air; I hear thee where the waters run; Thou standest in the rising sun, And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou then? I cannot guess; But tho' I seem in star and flower To feel thee some diffusive power, I do not therefore love thee less:

My love involves the love before; My love is vaster passion now; Tho' mix'd with God and Nature thou.

I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh; I have thee still, and I rejoice; I prosper, circled with thy voice,

I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

### CXXXI.

O living will that shalt endure When all that seems shall suffer shock.

Rise in the spiritual rock, Flow thro' our deeds and make them

That we may lift from out of dust A voice as unto him that hears,

A cry above the conquer'd years To one that with us works, and trust.

With faith that comes of self-control. The truths that never can be proved

Until we close with all we loved, And all we flow from, soul in soul.

O true and tried, so well and long, Demand not thou a marriage lay: In that it is thy marriage day Is music more than any song.

Nor have I felt so much of bliss Since first he told me that he loved

A daughter of our house; nor proved

Since that dark day a day like this;

Tho' I since then have number'd o'er Some thrice three years: they went and came,

Remade the blood and changed the fame,

And yet is love not less, but more;

No longer caring to embalm In dying songs a dead regret, But like a statue solid-set, And moulded in colossal calm.

Regret is dead, but love is more Than in the summers that are flown.

For I myself with these have grown

To something greater than before;

Which makes appear the songs I

As echoes out of weaker times, As half but idle brawling rhymes, The sport of random sun and shade.

But where is she, the bridal flower, That must be made a wife ere noon?

She enters, glowing like the moon Of Eden on its bridal bower:

On me she bends her blissful eyes And then on thee; they meet thy

> And brighten like the star that shook

Betwixt the palms of paradise.

O when her life was yet in bud, He too foretold the perfect rose. For thee she grew, for thee she grows

For ever, and as fair as good.

And thou art worthy; full of power; As gentle; liberal-minded, great. Consistent; wearing all that weight

Of learning lightly like a flower.

But now set out: the noon is near, And I must give away the bride; She fears not, or with thee beside

and me behind her, will not fear.

For I that danced her on my knee, That watch'd her on her nurse's arm.

That shielded all her life from

At last must part with her to thee;

Now waiting to be made a wife, Her feet, my darling, on the dead; Their pensive tablets round her head.

And the most living words of life

Breathed in her ear. The ring is on, The "wilt thou" answer'd, and

The "wilt thou" ask'd, till out of

Her sweet "I will" has made you one.

Now sign your names, which shall be read.

Mute symbols of a joyful morn, By village eyes as yet unborn;

The names are sign'd, and overhead

Begins the clash and clang that tells joy to every wandering The breeze:

The blind wall rocks, and on the

The dead leaf trembles to the bells.

O happy hour, and happier hours Await them. Many a merry face Salutes them - maidens of the place,

That pelt us in the porch with flowers.

O happy hour, behold the bride With him to whom her hand I gave.

They leave the porch, they pass the grave

That has to-day its sunny side.

To-day the grave is bright for me, For them the light of life increased.

Who stay to share the morning feast.

Who rest to-night beside the sea.

Let all my genial spirits advance To meet and greet a whiter sun; My drooping memory will not

The foaming grape of eastern France.

It circles round, and fancy plays, And hearts are warm'd and faces bloom,

As drinking health to bride and groom

We wish them store of happy davs.

Nor count me all to blame if I Conjecture of a stiller guest, Perchance, perchance, among the rest,

And, tho' in silence, wishing joy.

But they must go, the time draws on, And those white-favor'd horses wait;

They rise, but linger; it is late; Farewell, we kiss, and they are gone.

A shade falls on us like the dark
From little cloudlets on the grass,
But sweeps away as out we pass
To range the woods, to roam the park,

Discussing how their courtship grew, And talk of others that are wed, And how she look'd, and what he said,

And back we come at fall of dew.

Again the feast, the speech, the glee, The shade of passing thought, the wealth

Of words and wit, the double health.

The crowning cup, the three-times-three,

And last the dance; — till I retire:

Dumb is that tower which spake
so loud,

And high in heaven the streaming cloud,

And on the downs a rising fire:

And rise, O moon, from yonder down,
Till over down and over dale
All night the shining vapor sail
And pass the silent-lighted town,

The white-faced halls, the glancing rills,

And catch at every mountain head,
And o'er the friths that branch

and spread

Their sleeping silver thro' the hills;

And touch with shade the bridal doors, With tender gloom the roof, the wall;

And breaking let the splendor fall To spangle all the happy shores

By which they rest, and ocean sounds, And, star and system rolling past, A soul shall draw from out the vast

And strike his being into bounds,

And, moved thro' life of lower phase, Result in man, be born and think, And act and love, a closer link Betwixt us and the crowning race

Of those that, eye to eye, shall look On knowledge; under whose command Is Earth and Earth's, and in their

hand

Is Nature like an open book;

No longer half-akin to brute,

For all we thought and loved and

did,

And hoped, and suffer'd, is but seed

Of what in them is flower and fruit;

Whereof the man, that with me trod
This planet, was a noble type

Appearing ere the times were ripe, That friend of mine who lives in God.

That God, which ever lives and loves, One God, one law, one element, And one far-off divine event,

To which the whole creation moves.

# THE LOVER'S TALE.

**~~;≈;~~** 

HE original Preface to "The Lover's Tale" states that it was composed in my nineteenti ar. Two only of the three parts then written were printed, when, feeling the imperfection the poem, I withdrew it from the press. One of my friends however who, boylike, admired to boy's work, distributed among our common associates of that hour some copies of less two parts, without my knowledge, without the omissions and amendments which had in contemplation, and marred by the many misprints of the compositor. Seeing that esset two parts have of late been mercilessly pirated, and that what I had deemed scarce orthy to live is not allowed to die, may I not be pardoned if I suffer the whole poem at last come into the light - accompanied with a reprint of the sequel - a work of my mature life "The Golden Supper "? May, 1879.

### ARGUMENT.

JLIAN, whose cousin and foster-sister, Camilla, has been wedded to his friend and rival, ionel, endeavors to narrate the story of his own love for her, and the strange sequel. He eaks (in Parts II. and III.) of having been haunted by visions and the sound of bells, tolling r a funeral, and at last ringing for a marriage; but he breaks away, overcome, as he apoaches the Event, and a witness to it completes the tale.

I.

ERE far away, seen from the topmost cliff.

illing with purple gloom the vacan-

etween the tufted hills, the sloping seas

ung in mid-heaven, and half-way down rare sails.

Thite as white clouds, floated from sky to sky.

h! pleasant breast of waters, quiet bay,

ike to a quiet mind in the loud world,

here the chafed breakers of the outer sea

ink powerless, as anger falls aside nd withers on the breast of peaceful

nou didst receive the growth of pines that fledged

ne hills that watch'd thee, as Love watcheth Love,

thine own essence, and delight thyself

To make it wholly thine on sunny days.

Keep thou thy name of "Lover's Bay." See, sirs,

Even now the Goddess of the Past, that takes

The heart, and sometimes touches but one string

That quivers, and is silent, and sometimes

Sweeps suddenly all its half-moulder'd chords

To some old melody, begins to play That air which pleased her first. I feel thy breath;

I come, great Mistress of the ear and eve:

Thy breath is of the pinewood; and tho' years

Have hollow'd out a deep and stormy strait

Betwixt the native land of Love and

Breathe but a little on me, and the

Will draw me to the rising of the

The lucid chambers of the morning star,

And East of Life.

Permit me, friend, I prythee,
To pass my hand across my brows,
and muse
On those dear hills, that never more

will meet

The sight that throbs and aches beneath my touch,

As tho' there beat a heart in either

For when the outer lights are darken'd thus,

The memory's vision hath a keener edge.

It grows upon me now — the semicircle

Of dark-blue waters and the narrow fringe

Of curving beach—its wreaths of dripping green—

Its pale pink shells — the summerhouse aloft

That open'd on the pines with doors of glass,

A mountain nest — the pleasure-boat that rock'd,

Light-green with its own shadow, keel to keel,

Upon the dappled dimplings of the wave,

That blanch'd upon its side.

O Love, O Hope! They come, they crowd upon me all

at once —
Moved from the cloud of unforgotten
things,

That sometimes on the horizon of the

mind Lies folded, often sweeps athwart in

storm —
Flash upon flash they lighten thro' me
— days

Of dewy dawning and the amber-

When thou and I, Camilla, thou and

Were borne about the bay or safely moor'd

Beneath a low-brow'd cavern, where the tide

Plash'd, sapping its worn ribs; and all without
The slowly-ridging rollers on the

cliffs Clash'd, calling to each other, and

thro' the arch Down those loud waters, like a setting

star, Mixt with the gorgeous west the light

house shone,
And silver-smiling Venus ere she fel
Would often loiter in her balmy
blue.

To crown it with herself.

Here, too, my lov Waver'd at anchor with me, when da

From his mid-dome in Heaven's air; halls:

Gleams of the water-circles as the broke,

Flicker'd like doubtful smiles abou her lips,

Quiver'd a flying glory on her hair, Leapt like a passing thought acros her eyes;

And mine with one that will not pas till earth

And heaven pass too, dwelt on m heaven, a face

Most starry-fair, but kindled from within

As 'twere with dawn. She was dar hair'd, dark-eyed:

Oh, such dark eyes! a single gland of them

Will govern a whole life from bir

Careless of all things else, led of with light

In trances and in visions: look them,

You lose yourself in utter ignoranc You cannot find their depth; for the go back,

And farther back, and still withdrathemselves

Quite into the deep soul, that ever more

resh springing from her fountains in the brain,

till pouring thro', floods with redundant life

Ier narrow portals.

Trust me, long ago should have died, if it were possible o die in gazing on that perfectness Which I do bear within me: I had

lut from my farthest lapse, my latest

ebb,

died.

'hine image, like a charm of light and strength

pon the waters, push'd me back

again in these deserted sands of barren

life.

'ho' from the deep vault where the heart of Hope

ell into dust, and crumbled in the

orgetting how to render beautiful ler countenance with quick and

healthful blood — hou didst not sway me upward;

could I perish
Thile thou, a meteor of the sepul-

chre,

idst swathe thyself all round Hope's quiet urn

or ever? He, that saith it, hath

he slippery footing of his narrow wit,

nd fall'n away from judgment.
Thou art light,

o which my spirit leaneth all her flowers.

nd length of days, and immortality f thought, and freshness ever selfrenew'd

or Time and Grief abode too long with Life,

nd, like all other friends i' the world,

hey grew aweary of her fellowship:

Time and Grief did beckon unto
Death.

nd Death drew nigh and beat the doors of Life;

But thou didst sit alone in the inner house,

A wakeful portress, and didst parle with Death,—

"This is a charmed dwelling which I old;"

So Death gave back, and would no further come.

Yet is my life nor in the present time, Nor in the present place. To me alone,

Push'd from his chair of regal heritage,

The Present is the vassal of the Past: So that, in that I have lived, do I live, And cannot die, and am, in having been—

A portion of the pleasant yesterday, Thrust forward on to-day and out of

place; A body journeying onward, sick with

The weight as if of age upon my limbs,

The grasp of hopeless grief about my heart,

And all the senses weaken'd, save in that,

Which long ago they had glean'd and garner'd up

Into the granaries of memory —

The clear brow, bulwark of the precious brain,

Chink'd as you see, and seam'd — and all the while The light soul twines and mingles

with the growths

Of vigorous early days, attracted,

won, Married, made one with, molten into

The beautiful in Past of act or place, And like the all-enduring camel

driven
Far from the diamond fountain by the palms,

Who toils across the middle moonlit

nights, Or when the white heats of the blind-

ing noons

Beat from the concave sand; yet in him keeps

A draught of that sweet fountain that he loves,

To stay his feet from falling, and his spirit

From bitterness of death.

Ye ask me, friends,

When I began to love. How should I tell you?

Or from the after-fulness of my heart, Flow back again unto my slender spring

And first of love, tho' every turn and

depth

Between is clearer in my life than all Its present flow. Ye know not what ye ask.

How should the broad and open flower tell

What sort of bud it was, when, prest together

In its green sheath, close-lapt in silken

folds, It seem'd to keep its sweetness to it-

Yet was not the less sweet for that it seem'd?

For young Life knows not when young

Life was born, But takes it all for granted: neither

Love, Warm in the heart, his cradle, can

remember
Love in the womb, but resteth satis-

fied, Looking on her that brought him to

the light:

Or as men know not when they fall

asleep Into delicious dreams, our other life,

So know I not when I began to love.

This is my sum of knowledge—that
my love

Grew with myself — say rather, was my growth,

My inward sap, the hold I have on

My outward circling air wherewith I breathe,

Which yet upholds my life, and evermore

Is to me daily life and daily death;

For how should I have lived and not have loved?
Can ye take off the sweetness from

the flower, The color and the sweetness from the

rose,
And place them by themselves; or set

Their motions and their brightness

from the stars,
And then point out the flower or the
star?

Orbuild a wall betwixt my life and love, And tell me where I am? 'Tis even thus:'

In that I live I love; because I love I live: whate'er is fountain to the one Is fountain to the other; and whene'er Our God unknits the riddle of the one.

There is no shade or fold of mystery Swathing the other.

Many, many years,

(For they seem many and my most of life, And well I could have linger'd in that

porch,
So unproportion'd to the dwelling-

place,)
In the Maydews of childhood, opposite

The flush and dawn of youth, we lived together,

Apart, alone toget'ser on those hills.

Before he saw my day my fathedied,

And he was happy that he saw it not But I and the first daisy on his grave From the same clay came into ligh at once.

As Love and I do number equal years So she, my love, is of an age with me How like each other was the birth o

()n the same morning, almost the sam hour,

Under the selfsame aspect of the stars (Oh falsehood of all starcraft!) w

How like each other was the birth o

The sister of my mother—she that bore

Camilla close beneath her beating heart,

Which to the imprison'd spirit of the child,

Vith its true-touched pulses in the flow

And hourly visitation of the blood, ent notes of preparation manifold, And mellow'd echoes of the outer world—

Ty mother's sister, mother of my

Vho had a twofold claim upon my heart,

ne twofold mightier than the other was.

n giving so much beauty to the world,

and so much wealth as God had charged her with—

oathing to put it from herself for ever.

eft her own life with it; and dying thus,

rown'd with her highest act the

and breathless body of her good deeds past.

So were we born, so orphan'd. She was motherless

nd I without a father. So from each

f those two pillars which from earth uphold

ur childhood, one had fallen away, and all

he careful burthen of our tender years

rembled upon the other. He that gave

er life, to me delightedly fulfill'd

Il lovingkindnesses, all offices f watchful care and trembling tenderness.

e waked for both: he pray'd for both: he slept

reaming of both: nor was his love the less

ecause it was divided, and shot forth

Boughs on each side, laden with wholesome shade,

Wherein we nested sleeping or awake, And sang aloud the matin-song of life.

She was my foster-sister: on one arm The flaxen ringlets of our infancies Wandor'd the while we rested are

Wander'd, the while we rested: one soft lap

Pillow'd us both: a common light of eyes

Was on us as we lay: our baby lips, Kissing one bosom, ever drew from thence

The stream of life, one stream, one life, one blood,

One sustenance, which, still as thought grew large,

Still larger moulding all the house of thought,

Made all our tastes and fancies like, perhaps —

All — all but one; and strange to me, and sweet,

Sweet thro' strange years to know that whatsoe'er

Our general mother meant for me

Our mutual mother dealt to both of us:

So what was earliest mine in earliest life,

I shared with her in whom myself remains.

As was our childhood, so our infancy,

They tell me, was a very miracle Of fellow-feeling and communion.

They tell me that we would not be alone,—

We cried when we were parted: when

We cried when we were parted; when I wept,

Her smile lit up the rainbow on my tears,

Stay'd on the cloud of sorrow; that we loved

The sound of one-another's voices more

Than the gray cuckoo loves his name, and learn'd

To lisp in tune together; that we slept

in the same cradle always, face to face. Heart beating time to heart, lip pressing lip, Folding each other, breathing on each

other.

Dreaming together (dreaming of each other

They should have added), till the morning light

Sloped thro' the pines, upon the dewy

Falling, unseal'd our eyelids, and we woke

To gaze upon each other. If this be true,

At thought of which my whole soul languishes

And faints, and hath no pulse, no breath—as tho'

A man in some still garden should in-

Rich atar in the bosom of the rose, Till, drunk with its own wine, and overfull

Of sweetness, and in smelling of itself, It fall on its own thorns—if this be true—

And that way my wish leads me evermore

Still to believe it—'tis so sweet a thought.

thought,
Why in the utter stillness of the soul

Doth question'd memory answer not, nor tell

Of this our earliest, our closest-drawn, Most loveliest, earthly-heavenliest harmony?

O blossom'd portal of the lonely house,

Green prelude, April promise, glad new year

Of Being, which with earliest violets Andlavish carol of clear-throated larks Fill'd all the March of life!—I will not speak of thee.

These have not seen thee, these can never know thee,

They cannot understand me. Pass we then

A term of eighteen years. Ye would but laugh,

If I should tell you how I hoard in thought

The faded rhymes and scraps of an-

cient crones,

Gray relics of the nurseries of the world,

Which are as gems set in my memory, Because she learnt them with me; or what use

To know her father left us just before The daffodil was blown? or how we found

The dead man cast upon the shore?
All this

Seems to the quiet daylight of your minds

But cloud and smoke, and in the dark of mine

Is traced with flame. Move with me to the event.

There came a glorious morning, such a one

As dawns but once a season. Mercury
On such a morning would have flung
himself

From cloud to cloud, and swum with balanced wings

To some tall mountain: when I said to her,

"A day for Gods to stoop," she answered. "Ay,

And men to soar:" for as that other gazed,

Shading his eyes till all the fiery cloud The prophet and the chariot and the steeds,

Suck'd into oneness like a little star Were drunk into the inmost blue, we stood.

When first we came from out the pines at noon,

With hands for eaves, uplooking and almost

Waiting to see some blessed shape in heaven.

So bathed we were in brilliance Never yet

Before or after have I known th

Pour with such sudden deluges o

nto the middle summer; for that day Love, rising, shook his wings, and charged the winds

With spiced May-sweets from bound

to bound, and blew Fresh fire into the sun, and from

within
Burst thro' the heated buds, and sent

his soul

nto the songs of birds, and touch'd far-off

Iis mountain-altars, his high hills, with flame

Milder and purer.

Thro' the rocks we wound:
The great pine shook with lonely sounds of joy

That came on the sea-wind. As mountain streams

ountain streams

Our blood ran free: the sunshine

seem'd to brood More warmly on the heart than on

the brow. We often paused, and, looking back,

we saw
The clefts and openings in the moun-

tains fill'd With the blue valley and the glisten-

ing brooks,
And all the low dark groves, a land
of love!

A land of promise, a land of memory, A land of promise flowing with the

milk
And honey of delicious memories!

And down to sea, and far as eye could ken,

Each way from verge to verge a Holy Land,

Still growing holier as you near'd the bay,

For there the Temple stood.

When we had reach'd The grassy platform on some hill, I stoop'd,

I gather'd the wild herbs, and for her

brows

And mine made garlands of the selfsame flower,

Which she took smiling, and with my work thus

Crown'd her clear forehead. Once or twice she told me

(For I remember all things) to let grow The flowers that run poison in their veins.

She said, "The evil flourish in the world."

Then playfully she gave herself the lie —

"Nothing in nature is unbeautiful; So, brother, pluck and spare not."

So I wove

Ev'n the dull-blooded poppy-stem,

"whose flower,

Hued with the scarlet of a fierce sunrise,

Like to the wild youth of an evil prince, Is without sweetness, but who crowns himself

Above the naked poisons of his heart In his old age." A graceful thought of hers

Grav'n on my fancy! And oh, how like a nymph,

A stately mountain nymph she look'd!

Unto the hills she trod on! While I gazed

My coronal slowly disentwined itself And fell between us both; tho' while I gazed

My spirit leap'd as with those thrills of bliss

That strike across the soul in prayer, and show us

That we are surely heard. Methought a light

Burst from the garland I had wov'n, and stood

A solid glory on her bright black hair; A light methought broke from her dark, dark eyes,

And shot itself into the singing winds; A mystic light flash'd ev'n from her white robe

As from a glass in the sun, and fell about

My footsteps on the mountains.

Last we came
To what our people call "The Hill of
Woe."

A bridge is there, that, look'd at from beneath

Seems but a cobweb filament to link The yawning of an earthquake-cloven chasm.

And thence one night, when all the winds were loud,

A woful man (for so the story went) Had thrust his wife and child and dash'd himself

Into the dizzy depth below. Below, Fierce in the strength of far descent, a stream

Flies with a shatter'd foam along the chasm.

The path was perilous, loosely strown with crags:

We mounted slowly; yet to both

there came

The joy of life in steepness overcome, And victories of ascent, and looking down

On all that had look'd down on us; and joy

In breathing nearer heaven; and joy to me.

High over all the azure-circled earth, To breath with her as if in heaven itself:

And more than joy that I to her be-

came

Her guardian and her angel, raising her Still higher, past all peril, until she saw Beneath her feet the region far away, Beyond the nearest mountain's bosky brows.

Arisein open prospect-heath and hill, And hollow lined and wooded to the

And deep-down walls of battlemented rock

Gilded with broom, or shatter'd into spires,

And glory of broad waters interfused, Whence rose as it were breath and steam of gold,

And over all the great wood rioting And climbing, streak'd or starr'd at intervals

With falling brook or blossom'd bush - and last.

Framing the mighty landscape to the west. A purple range of mountain-cones.

between

Whose interspaces gush'd in blinding bursts

The incorporate blaze of sun and sea.

At length

Descending from the point and standing both.

There on the tremulous bridge, that from beneath

Had seem'd a gossamer filament up in

We paused amid the splendor. All

the west And ev'n unto the middle south was

ribb'd And barr'd with bloom on bloom.

The sun below, Held for a space 'twixt cloud and

wave, shower'd down Rays of a mighty circle, weaving over

That various wilderness a tissue of light

Unparallel'd. On the other side, the moon,

Half-melted into thin blue air, stood

And pale and fibrous as a wither'd leaf.

Not yet endured in presence of His eyes To indue his lustre; most unloverlike, Since in his absence full of light and

And giving light to others. But this most.

Next to her presence whom I loved so well.

Spoke loudly even into my inmost heart

As to my outward hearing: the loud stream.

Forth issuing from his portals in the crag

(A visible link unto the home of my heart).

Ran amber toward the west, and nigh the sea

Parting my own loved mountains was received.

horn of its strength, into the sympathy

of that small bay, which out to open main

llow'd intermingling close beneath the sun. pirit of Love! that little hour was

bound

hut in from Time, and dedicate to

hy fires from heaven had touch'd it. and the earth

hey fell on became hallow'd evermore.

We turn'd: our eyes met: hers were bright, and mine

Vere dim with floating tears, that shot the sunset

lightnings round me; and my name was borne

pon her breath. Henceforth my name has been

hallow'd memory like the names of old.

center'd, glory-circled memory, nd a peculiar treasure, brooking

not xchange or currency: and in that

hour hope flow'd round me, like a golden

mist. narm'd amid eddies of melodious airs,

moment, ere the onward whirlwind shatter it.

aver'd and floated - which was less than Hope,

ecause it lack'd the power of perfect Hope:

it which was more and higher than all Hope,

eçause all other Hope had lower aim; ren that this name to which her gracious lips

d lend such gentle utterance, this one name,

some obscure hereafter, might inwreathe

ow lovelier, nobler then!) her life, her love.

ith my life, love, soul, spirit, and heart and strength.

"Brother," she said, "let this be call'd henceforth

The Hill of Hope;" and I replied, "O sister,

My will is one with thine; the Hill of Hope."

Nevertheless, we did not change the name.

I did not speak: I could not speak my love.

Love lieth deep: Love dwells not in lip-depths.

Love wraps his wings on either side the heart,

Constraining it with kisses close and warm.

Absorbing all the incense of sweet thoughts

So that they pass not to the shrine of sound.

Else had the life of that delighted hour Drunk in the largeness of the utter-

Of Love; but how should Earthly

measure mete The Heavenly-unmeasured or unlimited Love,

Who scarce can tune his high majestic sense

Unto the thundersong that wheels the spheres.

Scarce living in the Æolian harmony, And flowing odor of the spacious air, Scarce housed within the circle of this Earth.

Be cabin'd up in words and syllables, Which pass with that which breathes them? Sooner Earth

Might go round Heaven, and the strait girth of Time

Inswathe the fulness of Eternity,

Than language grasp the infinite of . Love.

O day which did enwomb that happy hour,

Thou art blessed in the years, divinest day!

O Genius of that hour which dost up hold

Thy coronal of glory like a God,

Amid thy melancholy mates far-seen, Who walk before thee, ever turning round

To gaze upon thee till their eyes are

With dwelling on the light and depth of thine,

Thy name is ever worshipp'd among hours!

Had I died then, I had not seem'd to die,

For bliss stood round me like the light

of Heaven,— Had I died then, I had not known the

death;
Yea had the Power from whose right
hand the light

Of Life issueth, and from whose left hand floweth

The Shadow of Death, perennial efflu-

ences, Whereof to all that draw the whole-

some air,
Somewhile the one must overflow the

other;
Then had he stemm'd my day with night, and driven

My current to the fountain whence it

sprang, —
Even his own abiding excellence —
On me, methinks, that shock of gloom
had fall'n

Unfelt, and in this glory I had merged The other, like the sun I gazed upon,

Which seeming for the moment due to death,

And dipping his head low beneath the verge.

Yet bearing round about him his own day,

In confidence of unabated strength, Steppeth from Heaven to Heaven,

from light to light,
And holdeth his undimmed forehead
far

Into a clearer zenith, pure of cloud.

We trod the shadow of the downward hill;

We past from light to dark. On the other side

Is scoop'd a cavern and a mountain hall, Which none have fathom'd. If you

go far in (The country people rumor) you may hear

The moaning of the woman and the child,
Shut in the secret chambers of the

rock.

I too have heard a sound — perchance

of streams Running far on within its inmost

halls,
The home of darkness; but the cavernmouth,

Half overtrailed with a wanton weed, Gives birth to a brawling brook, that passing lightly

Adown a natural stair of tangled roots Is presently received in a sweet grave Of eglantines, a place of burial

Far lovelier than its cradle; for un seen,

But taken with the sweetness of the place,

It makes a constant bubbling melod That drowns the nearer echoes. Low er down

Spreads out a little lake, that, flooring, leaves

Low banks of yellow sand; and from the woods

That belt it rise three dark, tall cypresses,—
Three cypresses, symbols of morte

Three cypresses, symbols of mo-

That men plant over graves.

Hither we cam
And sitting down upon the golde
moss,

Held converse sweet and low — lo converse sweet,

In which our voices bore least par The wind

Told a lovetale beside us, how he woo The waters, and the waters answering lisp'd

To kisses of the wind, that, sick wi love,

Fainted at intervals, and grew agai

To utterance of passion. Ye cannot shape

Fancy so fair as is this memory.

Methought all excellence that ever was Had drawn herself from many thousand years,

And all the separate Edens of this earth,

To centre in this place and time. listen'd,

And her words stole with most prevailing sweetness

Into my heart, as thronging fancies come

To boys and girls when summer days are new.

And soul and heart and body are all at ease:

What marvel my Camilla told me all? It was so happy an hour, so sweet a place,

And I was as the brother of her blood, And by that name I moved upon her breath;

Dear name, which had too much of

nearness in it And heralded the distance of this time! At first her voice was very sweet and

low. As if she were afraid of utterance; But in the onward current of her

speech, (As echoes of the hollow-banked

brooks Are fashion'd by the channel which

they keep), Her words did of their meaning borrow sound.

Her cheek did catch the color of her words.

I heard and trembled, yet I could but

My heart paused - my raised eyelids would not fall.

But still I kept my eyes upon the sky. I seem'd the only part of Time stood still.

And saw the motion of all other things; While her words, syllable by syllable, Like water, drop by drop, upon my ear Fell; and I wish'd, yet wish'd her not to speak;

But she spake on, for I did name no wish.

What marvel my Camilla told me all Her maiden dignities of Hope and

Love -"Perchance," she said, "return'd." Even then the stars

Did tremble in their stations as I gazed; But she spake on, for I did name no wish.

No wish — no hope. Hope was not wholly dead,

But breathing hard at the approach of Death, -

Camilla, my Camilla, who was mine No longer in the dearest sense of mine -For all the secret of her inmost heart, And all the maiden empire of her mind.

Lay like a map before me, and I saw There, where I hoped myself to reign

as king, There, where that day I crown'd myself as king,

There in my realm and even on my throne,

Another! then it seem'd as tho' a link Of some tight chain within my inmost frame

Was riven in twain: that life I heeded

Flow'd from me, and the darkness of the grave,

The darkness of the grave and utter night,

Did swallow up my vision; at her feet, Even the feet of her I loved, I fell, Smit with exceeding sorrow unto

Death.

Then had the earth beneath me yawing cloven

With such a sound as when an iceberg splits

From cope to base - had Heaven from all her doors.

With all her golden thresholds clash-

ing, roll'd Her heaviest thunder - I had lain as dead.

Mute, blind and motionless as then I lav;

Dead, for henceforth there was no life for me!

Mute, for henceforth what use were words to me!

Blind, for the day was as the night to me!

The night to me was kinder than the day;

The night in pity took away my day,

Because my grief as yet was newly born

Of eyes too weak to look upon the light;

And thro' the hasty notice of the ear Frail Life was startled from the tender love

Of him she brooded over. Would I had lain

Until the plaited ivy-tress had wound Round my worn limbs, and the wild brier had driven

Its knotted thorns thro' my unpaining brows.

Leaning its roses on my faded eyes. The wind had blown above me, and

The wind had blown above me, and the rain Had fall'n upon me, and the gilded

snake Had nestled in this bosom-throne of

But I had been at rest for evermore.

Long time entrancement held me.
All too soon

Life (like a wanton too-officious friend, Who will not hear denial, vain and rude

With proffer of unwish'd-for services) Entering all the avenues of sense Past thro' into his citadel, the brain, With hated warmth of apprehensive-

ness.

And first the chillness of the sprinkled

Smote on my brows, and then I seem'd to hear

Its murmur, as the drowning seaman hears.

Who with his head below the surface dropt

Listens the muffled booming indistinct Of the confused floods, and dimly knows His head shall rise no more: and then came in

The white light of the weary moon

above, Diffused and molten into flaky cloud.

Was my sight drunk that it did shape to me

Him who should own that name? Were it not well

If so be that the echo of that name Ringing within the fancy had updrawn A fashion and a phantasm of the form

It should attach to? Phantom!—
had the ghastliest

That ever lusted for a body, sucking The foul steam of the grave to thicken by it.

There in the shuddering moonlight brought its face

And what it has for eyes as close to mine

As he did—better that than his, than he

The friend, the neighbor, Lionel, the beloved,

The loved, the lover, the happy Lionel, The low-voiced, tender-spirited Lionel, All joy, to whom my agony was a joy. O how her choice did leap forth from his eyes!

O how her love did clothe itself in smiles

About his lips! and — not one moment's grace —

Then when the effect weigh'd seas

To come my way! to twit me with the cause!

Was not the land as free thro' all her ways
To him as me? Was not his wont to

walk

Between the going light and growing night?

Had I not learnt my loss before he came?

Could that be more because he came my way?

Why should he not come my way if he would a

And yet to-night, to-night — when all my wealth

Plash'd from me in a moment and I fell

Beggar'd for ever — why should he come my way

Robed in those robes of light I must not wear,

Vith that great crown of beams about his brows—

Come like an angel to a damned soul, to tell him of the bliss he had with God —

come like a careless and a greedy heir

That scarce can wait the reading of the will

Before he takes possession? Was mine a mood

fo be invaded rudely, and not rather a sacred, secret unapproached woe,

Juspeakable I was shut up with

Grief;

She took the body of my past delight, Varded and swathed and balm'd it for herself,

And laid it in a sepulchre of rock Never to rise again. I was led mute nto her temple like a sacrifice;

was the High Priest in her holiest place,
Not to be loudly broken in upon.

Oh friend, thoughts deep and heavy as these well-nigh

Perbore the limits of my brain: but he lent o'er me, and my neck his arm upstay'd.

thought it was an adder's fold, and once

strove to disengage myself, but fail'd,

Being so feeble: she bent above me, too;

Van was her cheek; for whatsoe'er of blight

ives in the dewy touch of pity had made

The red rose there a pale one — and her eyes —

saw the moonlight glitter on their tears—

And some few drops of that distress ful rain

Fell on my face, and her long ringlets moved,

Drooping and beaten by the breeze, and brush'd

My fallen forehead in their to and fro,

For in the sudden anguish of her heart Loosed from their simple thrall they had flow'd abroad.

And floated on and parted round her neck,

Mantling her form halfwey. She, when I woke,

Something she ask'd, I know not what, and ask'd,

Unanswer'd, since I spake not; for the sound

Of that dear voice so musically low, And now first heard with any sense of pain,

As it had taken life away before, Choked all the syllables, that strove to rise

From my full heart.

The blissful lover, too, From his great hoard of happiness

distill'd Some drops of solace; like a vain

rich man, That, having always prosper'd in the

world, Folding his hands, deals comfortable

To hearts wounded for ever; yet, in truth,

Fair speech was his and delicate of phrase,

Falling in whispers on the sense, address'd

More to the inward than the outward ear,

As rain of the midsummer midnight soft.

Scarce-heard, recalling fragrance and the green

Of the dead spring: but mine was wholly dead,

No bud, no leaf, no flower, no fruit for me.

Yet who had done, or who had suffer'd wrong?

And why was I to darken their pure love,

If, as I found, they two did love each other.

Because my own was darken'd? Why was I

To cross between their happy star and them?

To stand a shadow by their shining doors,

And vex them with my darkness?
Did I love her?

Ye know that I did love her, to this present

my full-orb'd love has waned not.
Did I love her,

And could I look upon her tearful eyes?

What had she done to weep? Why should she weep?

O innocent of spirit—let my heart Break rather—whom the gentlest airs of Heaven

Should kiss with an unwonted gentle-

ness. Her love did murder mine? What

then? She deem'd
I wore a brother's mind: she call'd
me brother:

She told me all her love: she shall not weep.

The brightness of a burning thought, awhile

In battle with the glooms of my dark will,

Moonlike emerged, and to itself lit up There on the depth of an unfathom'd

Reflex of action. Starting up at once, As from a dismal dream of my own death,

I, for I loved her, lost my love in Love;

I, for I loved her, graspt the hand she lov'd,

And laid it in her own, and sent my

Thro' the blank night to Him who loving made

The happy and the unhappy love that He

Would hold the hand of blessing over them,

Lionel, the happy, and her, and her his bride!

Let them so love that men and boy

may say,
"Lo! how they love each other!" til

their love

Shall ripen to a proverb, unto all Known, when their faces are forgot in the land —

One golden dream of love, from which may death

Awake them with heaven's music in life

More living to some happier happ ness,

Swallowing its precedent in victory. And as for me, Camilla, as for me, — The dew of tears is an unwholesom

dew,
They will but sicken the sick plan
the more.

Deem that I love thee but as brother

So shalt thou love me still as sister

Or if thou dream aught farthed dream but how

I could have loved thee, had ther been none else

To love as lovers, loved again b thee.

Or this, or somewhat like to this, spake, When I beheld her weep so rue

fully;
For sure my love should ne'er indu

the front

And mask of Hate, who lives o others' moans.

Shall Love pledge Hatred in her biter draughts,

ter draughts,
And batten on her poisons? Lov

forbid!
Love passeth not the threshold of col
Hate,

And Hate is strange beneath the roof Love.

) Love, if thou be'st Love, dry up these tears

shed for the love of Love; for tho' mine image,

The subject of thy power, be cold in Yet, like cold snow, it melteth in the

source Of these sad tears, and feeds their

downward flow. So Love, arraign'd to judgment and

to death, Received unto himself a part of

blame, Being guiltless, as an innocent pri-

soner. Who, when the woful sentence hath

been past, And all the clearness of his fame hath

Beneath the shadow of the curse of

First falls asleep in swoon, wherefrom

awaked.

And looking round upon his tearful friends.

Forthwith and in his agony conceives

A shameful sense as of a cleaving crime -

For whence without some guilt should such grief be ?

So died that hour, and fell into the abysm

Of forms outworn, but not to me out-Who never hail'd another -- was there

There might be one - one other, worth

the life That made it sensible. So that hour

died odor rapt into the winged Like wind

Borne into alien lands and far away.

There be some hearts so airily built, that thev,

They - when their love is wreck'd if Love can wreck -

On that sharp ridge of utmost doom ride highly

Above the perilous seas of Change and Chance;

Nay, more, hold out the lights of cheerfulness;

As the tall ship, that many a dreary

Knit to some dismal sandbank far at

All thro' the livelong hours of utter dark,

Showers slanting light upon the dolor. ous wave.

For me - what light, what gleam on those black ways

Where Love could walk with banish d Hope no more?

It was ill-done to part you, Sisters fair:

Love's arms were wreath'd about the neck of Hope,

And Hope kiss'd Love, and Love

drew in her breath In that close kiss, and drank her

whisper'd tales. They said that Love would die when

Hope was gone, And Love mourn'd long, and sorrow'd after Hope;

At last she sought out Memory, and they trod

The same old paths where Love had walk'd with Hope,

And Memory fed the soul of Love with tears.

### II.

From that time forth I would not see her more;

But many weary moons I lived alone -

Alone, and in the heart of the great forest.

Sometimes upon the hills beside the

All day I watch'd the floating isles of shade.

And sometimes on the shore, upon the sands

Insensibly I drew her name, until The meaning of the letters shot into My brain; anon the wanton billow wash'd

Them over, till they faded like my love.

The hollow caverns heard me—the black brooks

Of the midforest heard me — the soft winds,

Laden with thistledown and seeds of flowers,

Paused in their course to hear me, for my voice Was all of thee: the merry linnet

knew me, The squirrel knew me, and the dragon-

fly
Shot by me like a flash of purple fire.
The rough brier tore my bleeding

palms; the hemlock, Brow-high, did strike my forehead as

I past;
Yet trod I not the wildflower in my path.

Nor bruised the wildbird's egg.

Was this the end?
Why grew we then together in one plot?

Why fed we from one fountain? drew one sun?

Why were our mothers' branches of one stem?

Why were we one in all things, save in that

Where to have been one had been the cope and crown

Of all I hoped and fear'd?—if that same nearness

Were father to this distance, and that one
Vauntcourier to the double? if Affection

tion
Living slew Love, and Sympathy

hew'd out

The bosom-sepulchre of Sympathy?

Chiefly I sought the cavern and the

hill Where last we roam'd together, for the

Of the loud stream was pleasant, and the wind

Came wooingly with woodbine smens Sometimes

All day I sat within the cavern-mouth, Fixing my eyes on those three cypress cones

That spired above the wood; and with mad hand

Tearing the bright leaves of the ivyscreen,
I cast them in the noisy brook be-

neath, And watch'd them till they vanish'd

from my sight
Beneath the bower of wreathed eglan-

tines: And all the fragments of the living

rock (Huge blocks, which some old trembling of the world

Had loosen'd from the mountain, till they fell

Half-digging their own graves) these in my agony

Did I make bare of all the golden moss,
Wherewith the dashing runnel in the

spring Had liveried them all over. In my

brain
The spirit seem'd to flag from thought to thought,

As moonlight wandering thro' a mist my blood

Crept like marsh drains thro' all my languid limbs;

The motions of my heart seem'd far within me,

Unfrequent, low, as tho' it told its pulses;

And yet it shook me, that my frame would shudder,

As if 'twere drawn asunder by the rack-But over the deep graves of Hope and Fear,

And all the broken palaces of the Past,

Brooded one master-passion evermore, Like to a low-hung and a fiery sky

Above some fair metropolis, earthshock'd,—

Hung round with ragged rims and burning folds,—

Embathing all with wild and woful hues.

Freat hills of ruins, and collapsed

Of thundershaken columns indistinct. And fused together in the tyrannous light -

Ruins, the ruin of all my life and me!

Sometimes I thought Camilla was no more,

some one had told me she was dead,

and ask'd

f I would see her burial: then I seem'd To rise, and through the forest-shadow borne

With more than mortal swiftness, I

ran down

The steepy sea-bank, till I came upon Therear of a procession, curving round The silver-sheeted bay: in front of which

Six stately virgins, all in white, upbear A broad earth-sweeping pall of whitest lawn.

Wreathed round the bier with garlands: in the distance.

from out the yellow woods upon the

Look'd forth the summit and the pinnacles

)f a gray steeple — thence at intervals I low bell tolling. All the pageantry, save those six virgins which upheld the bier.

Vere stoled from head to foot in flowing black;

)ne walk'd abreast with me, and veil'd

his brow, and he was loud in weeping and in

praise

of her we follow'd: a strong sympathy hook all my soul: I flung myself upon him

n tears and cries: I told him all my love.

low I had loved her from the first; whereat

Ie shrank and howl'd, and from his brow drew back

lis hand to push me from him; and the face

The very face and form of Lionel Flash'd thro' my eyes into my innermost brain,

And at his feet I seem'd to faint and fall.

To fall and die away. I could not rise Albeit I strove to follow. They past

The lordly Phantasms! in their floating folds

They past and were no more: but I had fallen

Prone by the dashing runnel on the grass.

Alway the inaudible invisible thought,

Artificer and subject, lord and slave, Shaped by the audible and visible, Moulded the audible and visible:

All crisped sounds of wave and leaf and wind,

Flatter'd the fancy of my fading brain; The cloud-pavilion'd element, the wood.

The mountain, the three cypresses, the

Storm, sunset, glows and glories of the moon

Below black firs, when silent-creeping

Laid the long night in silver streaks and bars,

Were wrought into the tissue of my dream:

The moanings in the forest, the loud brook,

Cries of the partridge like a rusty key Turn'd in a lock, owl-whoop and dorhawk-whirr

Awoke me not, but were a part of sleep,

And voices in the distance calling to me And in my vision bidding me dream on, Like sounds without the twilight realm of dreams.

Which wander round the bases of the hills.

And murmur at the low-dropt eaves of sleep.

Half-entering the portals. Oftentimes The vision had fair prelude, in the end Opening on darkness, stately vestibules

To caves and shows of Death: whether the mind,

With some revenge — even to itself unknown, -

Made strange division of its suffering With her, whom to have suffering view'd had been

Extremest pain; or that the clear-eyed Spirit,

Being blunted in the Present, grew at

length Prophetical and prescient of whate'er The Future had in store: or that which most

Enchains belief, the sorrow of my

spirit

Was of so wide a compass it took in All I had loved, and my dull agony, Ideally to her transferr'd, became Anguish intolerable.

The day waned; Alone I sat with her: about my brow

Her warm breath floated in the utter-

Of silver-chorded tones: her lips were sunder'd

With smiles of tranquil bliss, which broke in light

Like morning from her eyes — her eloquent eyes,

(As I have seen them many a hundred times)

Fill'd all with pure clear fire, thro' mine down rain'd

Their spirit-searching splendors. As a vision

Unto a haggard prisoner, iron-stay'd In damp and dismal dungeons underground,

Confined on points of faith, when strength is shock'd

With torment, and expectancy of

Upon the morrow, thro' the ragged walls.

All unawares before his half-shut eyes, Comes in upon him in the dead of night,

And with the excess of sweetness and of awe,

Makes the heart tremble, and the sight run over

Upon his steely gyves; so those fair

Shone on my darkness, forms which ever stood

Within the magic cirgue of memory. Invisible but deathless, waiting still The edict of the will to reassume

The semblance of those rare realities Of which they were the mirrors. Now

the light Which was their life, burst through the cloud of thought

Keen, irrepressible.

It was a room Within the summer-house of which I

spake. Hung round with paintings of the sea,

and one A vessel in mid-ocean, her heaved

Clambering, the mast bent and the ravin wind

In her sail roaring. From the outer

Betwixt the close-set ivies came a broad

And solid beam of isolated light,

Crowded with driving atomies, and

Slanting upon that picture, from prime youth Well-known well-loved. She drew it

long ago Forthgazing on the waste and open

One morning when the upblown bil low ran

Shoreward beneath red clouds, and 1 had pour'd

Into the shadowing pencil's naked forms

Color and life: it was a bond and sea Of friendship, spoken of with tearfu

smiles: A monument of childhood and of

The poesy of childhood; my lost love

Symbol'd in storm. We gazed on it together

In mute and glad remembrance, and each heart

Grew closer to the other, and the eye
Was riveted and charm-bound, gazing
like

The Indian on a still-eyed snake, low-couch'd --

A beauty which is death; when all at once

That painted vessel, as with inner life,

Began to heave upon that painted sea;

An earthquake, my loud heart-beats, made the ground

Reel under us, and all at once, soul,

life
And breath and motion, past and

flow'd away To those unreal billows: round and

those unreal billows: round and round

A whirlwind caught and bore us;
mighty gyres

Rapid and vast, of hissing spray winddriven

Far thro' the dizzy dark. Aloud she

shriek'd;
My heart was cloven with pain; I

wound my arms

About her: we whirl'd giddily; the

wind Sung; but I clasp'd her without fear:

her weight Shrank in my grasp, and over my dim eyes,

And parted lips which drank her breath, down-hung

The jaws of Death: I, groaning, from me flung

Her empty phantom: all the sway and whirl

Of the storm dropt to windless calm, and I

Down welter'd thro' the dark ever and ever.

### III.

I CAME one day and sat among the stones

Strewn in the entry of the moaning cave;

A morning air, sweet after rain, ran over

The rippling levels of the lake and

The rippling levels of the lake, and blew

Coolness and moisture and all smells of bud

And foliage from the dark and dripping woods

Upon my fever'd brows that shook and throbb'd

From temple unto temple. To what height

The day had grown I know not. Then came on me

The hollow tolling of the bell, and all The vision of the bier. As heretofore I walk'd behind with one who veil'd his brow.

Methought by slow degrees the sullen

bell Toll'd quicker, and the breakers on the

shore Sloped into louder surf: those that went with me,

And those that held the bier before my face.

Moved with one spirit round about the bay,

Trod swifter steps; and while I walk'd with these In marvel at that gradual change, I

thought
Four bells instead of one began to

Four merry bells, four merry marriage bells,

In clanging cadence jangling peal on peal—

A long loud clash of rapid marriage-

Then those who led the van, and those in rear,

Rush'd into dance, and like wild Bac-

Fled onward to the steeple in the

woods:

I, too, was borne along and felt the

Beat on my heated eyelids: all at once

The front rank made a sudden halt;

Lapsed into frightful stillness; the surge fell

From thunder into whispers; those six maids

With shrieks and ringing laughter on the sand

Threw down the bier; the woods upon the hill Waved with a sudden gust that sweep-

ing down
Took the edges of the pall, and blew

it far

Until it hung, a little silver cloud Over the sounding seas: I turn'd: my heart

Shrank in me, like a snowflake in the hand.

Waiting to see the settled countenance Of her I loved, adorn'd with fading flowers.

But she from out her death-like chrysalis,

She from her bier, as into fresher life.

My sister, and my cousin, and my love,

Leapt lightly clad in bridal white — her hair

Studded with one rich Provence rose
— a light

Of smiling welcome round her lips—
her eyes

And cheeks as bright as when she

climb'd the hill.

One hand she reach'd to those that

came behind, And while I mused nor yet endured

to take So rich a prize, the man who stood

with me
Stept gaily forward, throwing down
his robes,

And claspt her hand in his: again the

Jangled and clang'd: again the stormy

Crash'd in the shingle: and the whirling rout

Led by those two rush'd into dance, and fled Wind-footed to the steeple in the woods.

Till they were swallow'd in the leafy bowers,

And I stood sole beside the vacant bier.

There, there, my latest vision — then the event!

### IV.

## THE GOLDEN SUPPER.1

(Another speaks.)

HE flies the event: he leaves the event to me:

Poor Julian — how he rush'd away; the bells,

Those marriage-bells, echoing in ear and heart —

But cast a parting glance at me, you saw.

As who should say "Continue." Well

One golden hour — of triumph shall

Solace at least—before he left has home.

Would you had seen him in that hour of his!

He moved thro' all of it majestically—

Restrain'd himself quite to the close but now —

Whether they were his lady's marriage bells,

riage bells, Or prophets of them in his fantasy, I never ask'd: but Lionel and the giri

Were wedded, and our Julian came again Back to his mother's house among the

pines. But these, their gloom, the mountains

and the Bay,
The whole land weigh'd him down as

Ætna does The Giant of Mythology: he would

The Giant of Mythology: he would go,

<sup>1</sup> This poem is founded upon a story in Boccaccio. See Introduction, p. 647.

Tould leave the land for ever, and had gone

urely, but for a whisper, "Go not yet,"

ome warning - sent divinely - as it

seem'd v that which follow'd - but of this

s of the visions that he told - the

event

lanced back upon them in his after life.

.nd partly made them - tho' he knew it not.

And thus he stay'd and would not look at her -

lo not for months: but, when the

eleventh moon

fter their marriage lit the lover's Bay, leard yet once more the tolling bell, and said,

Vould you could toll me out of life, but found -

all softly as his mother broke it to

crueller reason than a crazy ear, for that low knell tolling his lady dead -

Dead - and had lain three days with-

out a pulse:

all that look'd on her had pronounced her dead.

and so they bore her (for in Julian's

They never nail a dumb head up in elm),

Bore her free-faced to the free airs of heaven.

And laid her in the vault of her own kin.

What did he then? not die: he is here and hale -

Not plunge headforemost from the mountain there.

And leave the name of Lover's Leap: not he:

He knew the meaning of the whisper

Chought that he knew it. "This, I stay'd for this;

O love, I have not seen you for so long.

Now, now, will I go down into the grave,

I will be all alone with all I love.

And kiss her on the lips. She is his no more:

The dead returns to me, and I go down To kiss the dead."

The fancy stirr'd him so He rose and went, and entering the dim vault.

And, making there a sudden light, beheld

All round about him that which all will be.

The light was but a flash, and went again.

Then at the far end of the vault he saw His lady with the moonlight on her face;

Her breast as in a shadow-prison, bars Of black and bands of silver, which the moon

Struck from an open grating overhead High in the wall, and all the rest of

Drown'd in the gloom and horror of the vault.

"It was my wish," he said, "to pass, to sleep,

To rest, to be with her - till the great day

Peal'd on us with that music which rights all,

And raised us hand in hand." And kneeling there Down in the dreadful dust that once

was man,

Dust, as he said, that once was loving hearts,

Hearts that had beat with such a love as mine -

Not such as mine, no, nor for such as

He softly put his arm about her neck And kiss'd her more than once, till

helpless death And silence made him bold - nay, but

I wrong him,

He reverenced his dear lady even in death;

But, placing his true hand upon her heart,

"O, you warm heart," he moan'd,
"not even death

Can chill you all at once:" then starting, thought

His dreams had come again. "Do I wake or sleep?

Or am I made immortal, or my love Mortal once more?" It beat — the heart — it beat:

Faint — but it beat: at which his own began

To pulse with such a vehemence that it drown'd

The feebler motion underneath his hand.

hand.
But when at last his doubts were satisfied.

He raised her softly from the sepulchre,

And, wrapping her all over with the cloak

He came in, and now striding fast, and now

Sitting awhile to rest, but evermore Holding his golden burthen in his arms,

So bore her thro' the solitary land
Back to the mother's house where she
was born.

There the good mother's kindly ministering,

With half a night's appliances, recall'd Her fluttering life: she rais'd an eye that ask'd

"Where?" till the things familiar to her youth

Had made a silent answer: then she spoke

"Here! and how came I here?" and learning it

(They told her somewhat rashly as I think)

At once began to wander and to wail, "Ay, but you know that you must give me back:

Send! bid him come;" but Lionel was away —

Stung by his loss had vanish'd, none knew where.

"He casts me out," she wept, "and goes"—a wail

That seeming something, yet was nothing, born Not from believing mind, but shatter'd

nerve, Yet haunting Julian, as her own re-

proof
At some precipitance in her burial.

Then, when her own true spirit had return'd,
"Oh was and you" she said "and

"Oh yes, and you," she said, "and none but you?

For you have given me life and love again,

And none but you yourself shall tell him of it,

And you shall give me back when he returns."
"Stay then a little," answer'd Julian,

"here,
And keep yourself, none knowing, to

yourself;
And I will do your will. I may not

stay, No, not an hour; but send me notice

of him When he returns, and then will I re-

And I will make a solemn offering of

To him you love." And faintly she replied,

"And I will do your will, and none shall know."

Not know? with such a secret to be known.

But all their house was old and loved them both,

And all the house had known the loves of both;

Had died almost to serve them any way,

And all the land was waste and solitary:

And then he rode away; but after this, An hour or two, Camilla's travail came Upon her, and that day a boy was born, Heir of his face and land, to Lionel. And thus our lonely lover rode away, And pausing at a hostel in a marsh,

There fever seized upon him: myself

Travelling that land, and meant to

rest an hour;
And sitting down to such a base repast,
It makes me angry yet to speak of it—
I heard a groaning overhead, and
climb'd

The moulder'd stairs (for everything

was vile)

And in a loft, with none to wait on

him,

Found, as it seem'd, a skeleton alone, Raving of dead men's dust and beating hearts.

A dismal hostel in a dismal land, A flat malarian world of reed and rush! But there from fever and my care of him

Sprang up a friendship that may help

us yet.

For while we roam'd along the dreary coast,

And waited for her message, piece by

I learnt the dearier story of his life; And, tho' he loved and honor'd Lionel, Found that the sudden wail his lady made

Dwelt in his fancy: did he know her worth,

Her beauty even? should he not be taught,

Ev'n by the price that others setupon it, The value of that jewel he had to guard?

Suddenly came her notice and we past,

I with our lover to his native Bay.

This love is of the brain, the mind, the soul:

That makes the sequel pure; tho' some of us

Beginning at the sequel know no more.

Not such am I: and yet I say the bird

That will not hear my call, however

sweet,

But if my neighbor whistle answers him —

What matter? there are others in the wood.

Yet when I saw her (and I thought him crazed,

Tho' not with such a craziness as needs A cell and keeper), those dark eyes of hers—

Oh! such dark eyes! and not her eyes alone,

But all from these to where she touch'd on earth.

For such a craziness as Julian's look'd No less than one divine apology.

So sweetly and so modestly she came To greet us, her young hero in her arms!

"Kiss him," she said. "You gave me

life again.

He, but for you, had never seen it once. His other father you! Kiss him, and then

Forgive him, if his name be Julian too."

Talk of lost hopes and broken heart!

Sent such a flame into his face, I knew

Some sudden vivid pleasure hit him there.

But he was all the more resolved to go,

And sent at once to Lionel, praying him

By that great love they both had borne the dead,

To come and revel for one hour with him

Before he left the land for evermore; And then to friends—they were not many—who lived

Scatteringly about that lonely land of his.

And bade them to a banquet of farewells.

And Julian made a solemn feast: I never

Sat at a costlier: for all round his hall

From column on to column, as in a wood.

Not such as here - an equatorial one, Great garlands swung and blossom'd; and beneath.

Heirlooms, and ancient miracles of

Chalice and salver, wines that, Heaven knows when,

Had suck'd the fire of some forgotten

And kept it thro' a hundred years of gloom,

Yet glowing in a heart of ruby - cups Where nymph and god ran ever round in gold -

Others of glass as costly - some with gems

Movable and resettable at will,

And trebling all the rest in value— Ah heavens!

Why need I tell you all? - suffice to

That whatsoever such a house as his, And his was old, has in it rare or fair Was brought before the guest: and they, the guests,

Wonder'd at some strange light in Julian's eyes

(I told you that he had his golden hour), And such a feast, ill-suited as it seem'd

To such a time, to Lionel's loss and his And that resolved self-exile from a

He never would revisit, such a feast So rich, so strange, and stranger ev'n than rich.

But rich as for the nuptials of a king.

And stranger yet, at one end of the hall

Two great funereal curtains, looping down.

Parted a little ere they met the floor. About a picture of his lady, taken Some years before, and falling hid the frame.

And just above the parting was a lamp:

So the sweet figure folded round with night

Seem'd stepping out of darkness with a smile.

Well then - our solemn feast - we ate and drank.

And might - the wines being of such nobleness -

Have jested also, but for Julian's eyes, And something weird and wild about it all:

What was it? for our lover seldom spoke.

Scarce touch'd the meats; but ever and anon

A priceless goblet with a priceless wine Arising, show'd he drank beyond his use:

And when the feast was near an end he said:

"There is a custom in the Orient, friends -

I read of it in Persia -- when a man Will honor those who feast with him, he brings

And shows them whatsoever he ac-

Of all his treasures the most beautiful, Gold, jewels, arms, whatever it may be. This custom --- "

Pausing here a moment, all The guests broke in upon him with meeting hands

And cries about the banquet - "Beautiful!

Who could desire more beauty at a feast?"

The lover answer'd, "There is more than one

Here sitting who desires it. Laud me

Before my time, but hear me to the close.

This custom steps yet further when the guest

Is loved and honor'd to the uttermost. For after he hath shown him gems or gold.

He brings and sets before him in rich guise

That which is thrice as beautiful as these,

The beauty that is dearest to his heart—

O my heart's lord, would I could show you, he says,

Ev'n my heart too.' And I propose to-night

To show you what is dearest to my

heart,

And my heart too.

"But solve me first a doubt. I knew a man, nor many years ago; He had a faithful servant, one who

loved

His master more than all on earth beside.

He falling sick, and seeming close on

death,

His master would not wait until he died,

But bade his menials bear him from the door,

And leave him in the public way to die.

I knew another, not so long ago,

Who found the dying servant, took him home,

And fed, and cherish'd him, and saved his life.

I ask you now, should this first master claim

His service, whom does it belong to?

Who thrust him out, or him who saved his life?"

This question, so flung down before the guests,

And balanced either way by each, at length

When some were doubtful how the law would hold,

Was handed over by consent of all Fo one who had not spoken, Lionel.

Fair speech was his, and delicate of phrase.

And he beginning languidly — his loss Weigh'd on him yet—but warming as he went.

Glanced at the point of law, to pass it by,

Affirming that as long as either lived, By all the laws of love and gratefulness,

The service of the one so saved was

All to the saver — adding, with a smile.

The first for many weeks—a semismile

As at a strong conclusion — "body and soul

And life and limbs, all his to work his will."

Then Julian made a secret sign to me

To bring Camilla down before them

And crossing her own picture as she came,

And looking as much lovelier as herself

Is lovelier than all others—on her head

A diamond circlet, and from under this

A veil, that seemed no more than gilded air,

Flying by each fine ear, an Eastern gauze

With seeds of gold—so, with that grace of hers,

Slow-moving as a wave against the wind,

That flings a mist behind it in the sun —

And bearing high in arms the mighty babe,

The younger Julian, who himself was crown'd

With roses, none so rosy as himself— And over all her babe and her the jewels

Of many generations of his house Sparkled and flash'd, for he had

Sparkled and flash'd, for he had decked them out

As for a solemn sacrifice of love —
So she came in: —I am long in telling

I never yet beheld a thing so strange,

Sad, sweet, and strange together — floated in —

While all the guests in mute amazement rose —

And slowly pacing to the middle hall,

Before the board, there paused and stood, her breast

Hard-heaving, and her eyes upon her feet,

Not daring yet to glance at Lionel.

But him she carried, him nor lights nor feast Dazed or amazed, nor eyes of men;

who cared
Only to use his own, and staring wide

And hungering for the gilt and jewell'd world

About him, look'd, as he is like to prove,

When Julian goes, the lord of all he saw.

"My guests," said Julian: "you are honor'd now

Ev'n to the uttermost: in her behold Of all my treasures the most beautiful,

Of all things upon earth the dearest to me."

Then waving us a sign to seat ourselves.

Led his dear lady to a chair of state.
And I, by Lionel sitting, saw his face
Fire, and dead ashes and all fire again
Thrice in a second, felt him tremble
too,

And heard him muttering, "So like, so like:

so like;

She never had a sister. I knew none. Some cousin of his and hers—O God, so like!"

And then he suddenly ask'd her if she were.

She shook, and cast her eyes down, and was dumb.

And then some other question'd if she came

From foreign lands, and still she did not speak.

Another, if the boy were hers: but

To all their queries answer'd not a word, Which made the amazement more,

till one of them
Said, shuddering, "Her spectre!"

But his friend
Replied, in half a whisper, "Not at

least
The spectre that will speak if spoken

to.
Terrible pity, if one so beautiful

Prove, as I almost dread to find her, dumb!"

But Julian, sitting by her, answer'd all:

"She is but dumb, because in her you

That faithful servant whom we spoke about.

about,
Obedient to her second master now;
Which will not last. I have here to-

night a guest So bound to me by common love and

loss —
What! shall I bind him more? in his

behalf,
Shall I exceed the Persian, giving

him That which of all things is the dearest

to me,
Not only showing? and he himself

pronounced
That my rich gift is wholly mine to

give.
"Now all be dumb, and promise all

of you Not to break in on what I say by

word
Or whisper, while I show you all my

heart."
And then began the story of his love

As here to-day, but not so wordily— The passionate moment would not

suffer that —
Past thro' his visions to the burial;

thence

Down to this last strange hour in his

own hall;

And then rose up, and with him all his guests

Once more as by enchantment; all but he.

Lionel, who fain had risen, but fell again,

And sat as if in chains - to whom he said:

"Take my free gift, my cousin, for your wife;

And were it only for the giver's sake, And tho' she seem so like the one you lost.

Yet cast her not away so suddenly, Lest there be none left here to bring

her back:

I leave this land for ever." Here he ceased.

Then taking his dear lady by one

one arm the noble And bearing babe,

He slowly brought them both to Lionel.

And there the widower husband and dead wife

Rush'd each at each with a cry, that rather eem'd

For some new death than for a life renew'd;

Whereat the very babe began to wail; At once they turn'd, and caught and

brought him in

To their charm'd circle, and, half killing him

With kisses, round him crosed and claspt again.

But Lionel, when at last he freed him-

From wife and child, and lifted up a

All over glowing with the sun of life.

And love, and boundless thanks the sight of this

So frighted our good friend, that turning to me

saying, "It is over: let us And go"-

There were our horses ready at the doors -

We bade them no farewell, but mounting these

He past for ever from his native land; And I with him, my Julian, back to mine.

## BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS.

TO

## ALFRED TENNYSON,

MY GRANDSON.

GOLDEN-HAIR'D Ally whose name is one with mine, Crazy with laughter and babble and earth's new wine, Now that the flower of a year and a half is thine, O little blossom, O mine, and mine of mine, Glorious poet who never hast written a line, Laugh, for the name at the head of my verse is thine. May'st thou never be wrong'd by the name that is mine!

# THE FIRST QUARREL. (IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.)

1.

"Wait a little," you say, "you are sure it'll all come right," But the boy was born i' trouble, an'

t the boy was born i' trouble, an' looks so wan an' so white:

Wait! an' once I ha' waited — I hadn't to wait for long.

Now I wait, wait, wait for Harry.—
No, no, you are doing me
wrong!

Harry and I were married: the boy can hold up his head,

The boy was born in wedlock, but after my man was dead; I ha' work'd for him fifteen years, an'

I work an' I wait to the end.

I am all alone in the world, an' you are my only friend.

Η.

Doctor, if you can wait, I'll tell you the tale o' my life. When Harry an' I were children, he call'd me his own little wife:

I was happy when I was with him, an' sorry when he was away,
An' when we play'd together, I loved

him better than play;
He workt me the daisy chain—1

He workt me the daisy chain—he made me the cowslip ball,

He fought the boys that were rude, an' I loved him better than all. Passionate girl tho' I was, an' often at home in disgrace.

I never could quarrel with Harry — I had but to look in his face.

III.

There was a farmer in Dorset of Harry's kin, that had need

Of a good stout lad at his farm; he sent, an' the father agreed;

So Harry was bound to the Dorsetshire farm for years an' for years; I walked with him down to the quay,

poor lad, an' we parted in tears. The boat was beginning to move, we

heard them a-ringing the bell,
"I'll never love any but you, God
bless you, my own little Nell."

ıv.

I was a child, an' he was a child, an he came to harm;

There was a girl, a hussy, that workt with him up at the farm,

One had deceived her an' left her alone with her sin an'her shame, And so she was wicked with Harry; the girl was the most to blame.

## v.

And years went over till I that was little had grown so tall,

The men would say of the maids, "Our Nelly's the flower of 'em all."

I didn't take heed o' them, but I taught myself all I could

To make a good wife for Harry, when Harry came home for good.

## VI

Often I seem'd unhappy, and often as happy too,

For I heard it abroad in the fields "I'll never love any but you";
"I'll never love any but you" the

"I'll never love any but you" the
morning song of the lark,
"I'll never love any but you" the right

"I'll never love any but you" the nightingale's hymn in the dark.

## VII.

And Harry came home at last, but he look'd at me sidelong and shy,
Vext me a bit, till he told me that so

many years had gone by,
I had grown so handsome and tall—
that I might ha' forgot him

somehow —

For he thought—there were other lads—he was fear'd to look at me now.

## VIII.

Hard was the frost in the field, we were married o' Christmas day,

Married among the red berries, an' all as merry as May —

Those were the pleasant times, my

house an' my man were my pride,

We seem'd like ships i' the Channel a-sailing with wind an' tide.

## IX.

But work was scant in the Isle, tho' he tried the villages round,

So Harry went over the Solent to see if work could be found:

An' he wrote, "I ha' six weeks' work, little wife, so far as I know;

I'll come for an hour to-morrow, an' kiss you before I go."

## x.

So I set to righting the house, for wasn't he coming that day?

An' I hit on an old deal-box that was push'd in a corner away,

It was full of old odds an' ends, an' a letter along wi' the rest,

I had better ha' put my naked hand in a hornets' nest.

## XI.

"Sweetheart" — this was the letter this was the letter I read —

"You promised to find me work near you, an' I wish I was dead—

Didn't you kiss me an' promise? you haven't done it, my lad,

An' I almost died o' your going away, an' I wish that I had."

## XII.

I too wish that I had — in the pleasant times that had past,

Before I quarrell'd with Harry — my quarrel — the first an' the last.

## XIII.

For Harry came in, an' I flung him the letter that drove me wild,

An' he told it me all at once, as simple as any child,

"What can it matter, my lass, what I did wi' my single life?

I ha' been as true to you as ever a man to his wife:

An' she wasn't one o' the worst."
"Then," I said, "I'm none o' the
best."

An' he smiled at me, "Ain't you, my love? Come, come, little wife, let it rest!

The man isn't like the woman, no need to make such a stir."

But he anger'd me all the more, an' I said "You were keeping with her, When I was a-loving you all along an' the same as before."

An' he didn't speak for a while, an' he anger'd me more and more. Then he patted my hand in his gentle way, "Let bygones be!"

"Bygones! you kept yours hush'd," I said, "when you married me! By-gones ma' be come-agains; an' she

— in her shame an' her sin — You'll have her to nurse my child, if I die o' my lying in!

You'll make her its second mother! I hate her — an' I hate you!"

Ah, Harry, my man, you had better ha' beaten me black au' blue Than ha' spoken as kind as you did, when I were so crazy wi' spite,

"Wait a little, my lass, I am sure it 'ill all come right."

## XIV.

An' he took three turns in the rain, an' I watch'd him, an' when he came in

I felt that my heart was hard, he was all wet thro' to the skin,

An' I never said "off wi' the wet," I never said "on wi' the dry,

So I knew my heart was hard, when he came to bid me goodbye. "You said that you hated me, Ellen,

but that isn't true, you know; I am going to leave you a bit - you'll kiss me before I go?"

## XV.

"Going! you're going to her-kiss her - if you will," I said, -

I was near my time wi' the boy, I must ha' been light i' my head -

"I had sooner be cursed than kiss'd!" -I didn't know well what I meant.

But I turn'd my face from him, an' he turn'd his face an' he went.

And then he sent me a letter, "I've gotten my work to do;

You wouldn't kiss me, my lass, an' I never loved any but you;

I am sorry for all the quarrel an' sorry for what she wrote.

I ha' six weeks' work in Jersey an' go to-night by the boat."

## XVII.

An' the wind began to rise, an' I thought of him out at sea, An' I felt I had been to blame; he

was always kind to me. "Wait & little, my lass, I am sure it

'ill all come right"-An' the boat went down that night the boat went down that night.

## RIZPAH.

## 17---

Wailing, wailing, wailing, the wind over land and sea -

And Willy's voice in the wind, "O mother, come out to me."

Why should he call me to-night, when he knows that I cannot go?

For the downs are as bright as day, and the full moon stares at the snow.

We should be seen, my dear; they would spy us out of the town.

The loud black nights for us, and the storm rushing over the down,

When I cannot see my own hand, but am led by the creak of the chain,

And grovel and grope for my son till I find myself drenched with the

## III.

Anything fallen again? nay - what was there left to fall?

I have taken them home, I have number'd the bones, I have hidden them all.

What am I saying? and what are you?

do you come as a spy?

Falls? what falls? who knows? As

Falls? what falls? who knows? As the tree falls so must it lie.

## IV.

Who let her in? how long has she been? you — what have you heard?

Why did you sit so quiet? you never have spoken a word.

0 — to pray with me — yes — a lady — none of their spies —

But the night has crept into my heart, and begun to darken my eyes.

## v.

Ah — you, that have lived so soft, what should you know of the night,

The blast and the burning shame and the bitter frost and the fright?

I have done it, while you were asleep —
you were only made for the day.
I have gather'd my baby together —
and now you may go your way.

## VI

Nay — for it's kind of you, Madam, to sit by an old dying wife. But say nothing hard of my boy, I

have only an hour of life.

1 kiss'd my boy in the prison, before

kiss'd my boy in the prison, before he went out to die.

"They dared me to do it," he said, and he never has told me a lie. I whipt him for robbing an orchard

once when he was but a child—
"The farmer dared me to do it," he
said; he was always so wild—
And idle—and couldn't be idle—my

Willy—he never could rest.

The King should have made him a soldier, he would have been one of his best.

## VII.

But he lived with a lot of wild mates, and they never would let him be good;

They swore that he dare not rob the mail, and he swore that he would:

And he took no life, but he took one purse, and when all was done

He flung it among his fellows — I'll none of it, said my son.

## VIII.

I came into court to the Judge and the lawyers. I told them my tale,

God's own truth — but they kill'd him, they kill'd him for robbing the mail.

They hang'd him in chains for a show

— we had always borne a good

name —

To be hang'd for a thief—and then put away—isn't that enough shame?

Dust to dust — low down — let us hide! but they set him so high

That all the ships of the world could stare at him, passing by.

God 'ill pardon the hell-black raven and horrible fowls of the air,

But not the black heart of the lawyer who kill'd him and hang'd him there.

## IX.

And the jailer forced me away. Ihad bid him my last goodbye;

They had fasten'd the door of his cell
"O mother!" I heard him cry
I couldn't get back tho' I tried, he had
something further to say,

And now I never shall know it jailer forced me away.

## x.

Then since I couldn't but hear that cry of my boy that was dead,

They seized me and shut me up: they fasten'd me down on my bed.

"Mother, O mother!"—he call'd in the dark to me year after year—

They beat me for that, they beat me
— you know that I couldn't but
hear;

And then at the last they found I had grown so stupid and still

They let me abroad again — but the creatures had worked their will.

XI.

Flesh of my flesh was gone, but bone of my bone was left —

I stole them all from the lawyers—
and you, will you call it a
theft?—

My baby, the bones that had suck'd me, the bones that had laughed and had cried —

Theirs? O no! they are mine—not theirs—they had moved in my side.

## XII.

Do you think I was scared by the bones? I kiss'd 'em, I buried 'em all —

I can't dig deep, I am old — in the night by the churchyard wall.

My Willy 'ill rise up whole when the trumpet of judgment 'ill sound,

But I charge you never to say that I laid him in holy ground.

## XIII.

They would scratch him up — they would hang him again on the cursed tree.

Sin? O yes—we are sinners, I know—let all that be,

And read me a Bible verse of the Lord's good will toward men—
"Full of compassion and mercy, the Lord"—let me hear it again;

"Full of compassion and mercy long-suffering." Yes, O yes!

For the lawyer is born but to murder
—the Saviour lives but to bless.

He'll never put on the black cap except

for the worst of the worst,
And the first may be last—I have
heard it in church—and the
last may be first.

Suffering — O long-suffering — yes, as the Lord must know,

Year after year in the mist and the wind and the shower and the snow.

## XIV.

Heard, have you? what? they have told you he never repented his sin.

How do they know it? are they his mother? are you of his kin?

Heard! have you ever heard, when the storm on the downs began,

The wind that 'ill wail like a child and the sea that 'ill moan like a man?

## XV.

Election, Election and Reprobation—it's all very well.

But I go to-night to my boy, and I shall not find him in Hell.

For I cared so much for my boy that the Lord has look'd into my care,

And He means me I'm sure to be happy with Willy, I know not where.

## XVI.

And if he be lost — but to save my soul, that is all your desire:

Do you think that I care for my soul if my boy be gone to the fire?

I have been with God in the dark — go, go, you may leave me alone —

You never have borne a child — you are just as hard as a stone

## XVII.

Madam, I beg your pardon! I think that you mean to be kind,

But I cannot hear what you say for my Willy's voice in the wind —

The snow and the sky so bright — he used but to call in the dark,

And he calls to me now from the church and not from the gibbet
— for hark!

Nay — you can hear it yourself — it is coming — shaking the walls —

Willy—the moon's in a cloud—Good night. I am going. He calls.

## THE NORTHERN COBBLER.

7AAIT till our Sally cooms in, fur thou mun a' sights 1 to tell.

h, but I be maäin glad to seeä tha sa 'arty an' well.

Cast awaäy an a disolut land wi' a vartical soon 2!" trange fur to goä fur to think what

saäilors a' seëan an' a' doon : Summat to drink - sa' 'ot?" I 'a

nowt but Adam's wine:

That's the 'eät o' this little 'ill-side to the 'eät o' the line ?

What's i' tha bottle a-stanning theer?" I'll tell tha. Gin. ut if thou wants thy grog, tha mun

goä fur it down to the inn. aay — fur I be maän-glad, but thaw

tha was iver sa dry,

hou gits naw gin fro' the bottle theer, an' I'll tell tha why.

## TIT.

eä an' thy sister was married, when wur it? back-end o' June,

en year sin', and wa 'greed as well

as a fiddle i' tune:

could fettle and clump owd booöts and shoes wi'the best on 'em all, s fur as fro' Thursby thurn hup to

Harmsby and Hutterby Hall. 'e was busy as beeäs i' the bloom an' as 'appy as 'art could think,

n' then the babby wur burn, and then I taakes to the drink.

The vowels ai, pronounced separately ough in the closest conjunction, best render e sound of the long i and y in this dialect. it since such words as craiin', daiin', whai, (I), etc., look awkward except in a page express phonetics, I have thought it better leave the simple i and y, and trust that my aders will give them the broader pronunci-

The oo short, as in "wood."

An' I weänt gaäinsaäv it, my lad, thaw I be hafe shaämed on it now.

We could sing a good song at the Plow, we could sing a good song at the Plow:

Thaw once of a frosty night I slither'd

an' hurted my huck,1

An' I coom'd neck-an-crop soomtimes slaäpe down i' the squad an' the muck:

An' once I fowt wi' the Taäilor - not hafe ov a man, my lad -

Fur he scrawm'd an' scratted my faäce like a cat, an' it maäde 'er sa mad

That Sally she turn'd a tongue-banger, 2 an' raäted ma, 'Sottin' thy

braäins Guzzlin' an' soäkin' an' smoäkin' an'

hawmin' 3 about i' the laänes, Soä sow-droonk that the doesn not

touch thy 'at to the Squire;' An' I looök'd cock-eyed at my noäse

an' I seeäd 'im a-gitten' o' fire : But sin' I wur hallus i' liquor an' hallus as droonk as a king,

Foälks' coostom flitted awaäv like a kite wi' a brokken string.

An' Sally she wesh'd foälks' cloäths to keep the wolf fro' the door, Eh but the moor she riled me, she

druv me to drink the moor,

Fur I fun', when 'er back wur turn'd. wheer Sally's owd stockin' wur

An' I grabb'd the munny she maäde. and I weär'd it o' liquor, I did.

## VI.

An' one night I cooms 'oam like a bull gotten loose at a faäir,

An' she wur a-waäitin' fo'mma, an' cryin' and teärin' 'er 'aäir,

An' I tummled athurt the craadle an' sweär'd as I'd break ivry stick

1 Hip. <sup>2</sup> Scold. 3 Lounging. 'furnitur 'ere i' the 'ouse, an' I gied our Sally a kick.

An' I mash'd the taäbles an' chairs, an' she an' the babby beäl'd, 1

Fur I knaw'd naw moor what I did nor a mortal beäst o' the feäld.

## VII.

An' when I waäked i' the murnin' I seeäd that our Sally went laämed

Cos' o' the kick as I gied 'er, an' I wur dreädful ashaämed;

An' Sally wur sloomy <sup>2</sup> an' draggle taäil'd in an owd turn gown, An' the babby's faäce wurn't wesh'd

and the 'ole 'ouse hupside down.

## VIII

An' then I minded our Sally sa pratty an' neät an' sweeät,

Straät as a pole an' cleän as a flower fro' 'eäd to feeät:

An' then I minded the fust kiss I gied 'er by Thursby thurn;

Theer wur a lark a-singin' 'is best of a Sunday at murn,

Couldn't see 'im, we 'eard 'im amountin' oop 'igher an' 'igher,

An' then 'e turn'd to the sun, an' 'e shined like a sparkle o' fire.
"Doesn't the see 'im' 'she aves " fur

"Doesn't tha see 'im," she axes, "fur I can see 'im?" an' I

Seeäd nobbut the smile o' the sun as danced in 'er pratty blue eye; An' I says "I mun gie tha a kiss," an'

Sally says "Noä, thou moänt," But I gied'er a kiss, an' then anoother,

But I gied'er a kiss, an' then anoother, an' Sally says "doänt!"

## ıx.

An' when we coom'd into Meeätin', at fust she wur all in a tew,

But, arter, we sing'd the 'ymn togither like birds on a beugh;

An' Muggins 'e preäch'd o' Hell-fire an' the loove o' God fur men, an then upo' coomin' awaäy Sally

gied me a kiss ov 'ersen.

<sup>1</sup> Bellowed, cried out.

<sup>2</sup> Sluggish, out of spirits.

5

Heer wur a fall fro' a kiss to a kick like Saätan as fell

Down out o' heaven i' Hell-fire — thaw theer's naw drinkin' i' Hell;

Meä fur to kick our Sally as kep the wolf fro' the door,

All along o' the drink, fur I loov'd 'er as well as afoor.

## XI.

Sa like a graät num-cumpus I blub ber'd awaäy o' the bed — "Weänt niver do it naw moor;"

an' Sally looökt up an' she said
"I'll upowd it 1 tha weänt; thou'r

like the rest o' the men,

Thou'll goä sniffin' about the tap til tha does it agëan.

Theer's thy hennemy, man, an' knaws, as knaws tha sa well,

That, if tha seeäs 'im an' smells 'in tha'll foller 'im slick into Hell.'

## XIL

"Naäy," says I, "fur I weänt go? sniffin' about the tap."

"Weänt tha?" she says, an' mysen thowt i' mysen "mayhap." "Noä:" an' I started awaäy like

Noä:" an' I started awaäy like shot, an' down to the Hinn,

An' I browt what the see as stannin theer, you big black bottle of gin.

## XIII.

"That caps owt," 2 says Sally, an' say she begins to cry,

But I puts it inter 'er 'ands 'an I say to 'er, "Sally," says I,

"Stan' im theer i' the naame o' the Lord an' the power ov 'i Grance.

Stan' 'im theer, fur I'll looök my hennemy straït i' the faäce,

Stan' 'im theer i' the winder, an' le

'E seeäms naw moor nor watter, ar 'e's the Divil's oän sen."

<sup>1</sup> I'll uphold it.

2 That's beyond everything.

## XIV.

An' I wur down i' tha mouth, couldn't do naw work an' all.

Vasty an' snaggy an' shaäky, an' poonch'd my 'and wi' the hawl, But she wur a power o' coomfut, an' sattled 'ersen o' my knee,

'n' coäxd an' coodled me oop till ageän I feel'd mysen free.

## XV.

in' Sally she tell'd it about, an' foälk stood a-gawmin' in,

is thaw it wur summat bewitch'd istead of a quart o' gin;

in' some on 'em said it wur watter an' I wur chousin' the wife, 'ur I couldn't 'owd 'ands off gin, wur

it nobbut to saäve my life; n' blacksmith 'e strips me the thick ov 'is airm, an' 'e shaws it to me,

Feëal thou this! thou can't graw this upo' watter!" says he.

n' Doctor 'e calls o' Sunday an' just as candles was lit.

Thou moant do it," he says, "tha mun break 'im off bit by bit."

Thou'rt but a Methody-man," says Parson, and laäys down 'is 'at, n' 'e points to the bottle o' gin, "but I respecks tha fur that;"

n' Squire, his oan very sen, walks down fro' the 'All to see, n' 'e spanks 'is 'and into mine, "fur

I respecks tha," says 'e;
n' coostom ageän draw'd in like a
wind fro' far an' wide,

nd browt me the booöts to be cobbled fro' hafe the coontryside.

## XVI.

n' theer 'e stans an' theer 'e shall stan to my dying daäy; 'a gotten to loov 'im ageän in

anoother kind of a waäy, oud on 'im, like, my lad, an' I

keeäps 'im cleän an' bright, bovs 'im, an' roobs 'im, an' doosts 'im, an' puts 'im back i' the light.

<sup>1</sup> Staring vacantly.

## XVII.

Wouldn't a pint a' sarved as well as a quart? Naw doubt:

But I liked a bigger feller to fight wi' an' fowt it out.

Fine an' meller 'e mun be by this, if I cared to taäste,

But I moänt, my lad, and I weänt, fur I'd feäl mysen cleän disgraäced.

## XVIII.

An' once I said to the Missis, "My lass, when I cooms to die,

Smash the bottle to smithers, the Divil's in 'im," said I.

But arter I chaänged my mind, an' if Sally be left aloän,

I'll hev 'im a-buried wi'mma an' taäke
'im afoor the Throän.

## XIX.

Coom thou 'eer — you laady a-steppin' along the streeat,

Doesn't tha knaw 'er — sa pratty, an' feät, an' neät, an' sweeät?

Look at the cloaths on 'er back, thebbe ammost spick-span-new,

An' Tommy's faäce be as fresh as a codlin wesh'd i' the dew.

## XX.

'Ere be our Sally an' Tommy, an' we be a-goin to dine,

Baäcon an' taätes, an' a beslings-puddin' 1 an' Adam's wine;

But if tha wants ony grog tha mun goä fur it down to the Hinn,

Fur I weänt shed a drop on 'is blood, noä, not fur Sally's oän kin.

## THE REVENGE.

A BALLAD OF THE FLEET.

## 1.

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,

And a pinnance, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from far away:

<sup>1</sup> A pudding made with the first milk of the cow after calving.

Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!"

Then sware Lord Thomas Howard:

"'Fore God I am no coward;
But I cannot meet them here, for my

ships are out of gear, And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.

We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?"

## II.

'Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no coward;

You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.

But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.

I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the

devildoms of Spain."

## III.

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that day,

Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;

But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land

Very carefully and slow,

Men of Bideford in Devon,

And we laid them on the ballast down below;

For we brought them all aboard, And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to Spain,

To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

## IV.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.

"Shall we fight or shall we fly? Good Sir Richard, tell us now, For to fight is but to die! There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."

And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good English men.

Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,

For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet."

## v.

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we roar'd a hurrah, and so

The little Revenge ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,

With her hundred fighters on deck and her ninety sick below;

For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were seen,

And the little Revenge ran on thro the long sea-lane between.

## VI.

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks and laugh'd,

Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft

Running on and on, till delay'd

By their mountain-like San Philip that, of fifteen hundred tons, And up-shadowing high above us with

her yawning tiers of guns,

Took the breath from our sails as

Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

## VII.

And while now the great San Philing above us like a cloud Whence the thunderbolt will fall

Long and loud,

Four galleons drew away

From the Spanish fleet that day, And two upon the larboard and tw

upon the starboard lay.

And the battle-thunder broke from

them all.

## VIII.

But anon the great San Philip, she by thought herself and went Having that within her womb the

had left her ill content;

And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand to hand, For a dozen times they came with

their pikes and musqueteers, And a dozen times we shook 'em off

as a dog that shakes his ears When he leaps from the water to the

## IX.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea.

But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.

Ship after ship, the whole night long. their high-built galleons came, Ship after ship, the whole night long,

with her battle-thunder and flame:

ship after ship, the whole night long. drewback with her dead and her

for some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so could fight us

no more -

tod of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

'or he said "Fight on! fight on!" 'ho' his vessel was all but a wreck; .nd it chanced that, when half of the short summer night was gone,

Vith a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,

ut a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead, nd himself he was wounded again in

the side and the head,

nd he said "Fight on! fight on!"

and the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over the summer

nd the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a ring; at they dared not touch us again,

for they fear'd that we still could sting,

So they watch'd what the end would be. And we had not fought them in vain, But in perilous plight were we,

Seeing forty of our poor hundred were

And half of the rest of us maim'd for

In the crash of the cannonades and

the desperate strife: And the sick men down in the hold

were most of them stark and And the pikes were all broken or bent,

and the powder was all of it spent;

And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side:

But Sir Richard cried in his English pride.

"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night

As may never be fought again! We have won great glory, my men! And a day less or more

At sea or ashore,

We die — does it matter when? Sink me the ship, Master Gunner sink her, split her in twain!

Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!"

## XII.

And the gunner said "Ay, ay," but the seamen made reply:

"We have children, we have wives, And the Lord hath spared our lives. We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go;

We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow."

And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,

Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last,

And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace;

But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:

"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true; I have only done my duty as a man is

bound to do:

With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die!"

And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

## XIV.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,

And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap

That he dared her with one little ship and his English few;

Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,

But they sank his body with honor down into the deep,

And they mann'd the Revenge with a swarthier alien crew,

And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own;

When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from sleep,

And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,

And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,

And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew, Till it smote on their hulls and their

sails and their masts and their

flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on
the shot-shatter'd navy of Spain,

And the little Revenge herself went down by the island crags

To be lost evermore in the main.

## THE SISTERS.

THEY have left the doors ajar; and by their clash,

And prelude on the keys, I know the song,

Their favorite — which I call "The Tables Turned."

Evelyn begins it "O diviner Air."

## EVELYN.

O diviner Air,

Thro' the heat, the drowth, the dust, the glare,

Far from out the west in shadowing showers,
Over all the meadow baked and bare,

Making fresh and fair

All the bowers and the flowers, Fainting flowers, faded bowers, Over all this weary world of ours, Breathe, diviner Air!

A sweet voice that — you scarce could better that. Now follows Edith echoing Evelyn.

## EDITH.

O diviner light,

Thro' the cloud that roofs our noon with night,

Thro' the blotting mist, the blinding showers,

Far from out a sky for ever bright, Over all the woodland'sfloodedbowers Over all the meadow's drowning flow

Over all this ruin'd world of ours, Break, diviner light!

Marvellously like, their voices — and themselves!

Tho' one is somewhat deeper than the other,

As one is somewhat graver than the

other — ·
Edith than Evelyn. Yourgood Uncle

whom You count the father of your fortune

longs
For this alliance: let me ask you ther

Which voice most takes you? for do not doubt

Being a watchful parent, you ar taken

With one or other: tho' sometimes fear

You may be flickering, fluttering in doubt

Between the two — which must not b — which might Be death to one: they both are beautiful:

Evelyn is gayer, wittier, prettier, says The common voice, if one may trust it: she?

No! but the paler and the graver, Edith.

Woo her and gain her then: no wavering, boy!

The graver is perhaps the one for you Who jest and laugh so easily and so well.

For love will go by contrast, as by likes.

No sisters ever prized each other more.

Not so: their mother and her sister loved

More passionately still.

But that my best and oldest friend, your Uncle, wishes it,

And that I know you worthy every-

To be my son, I might, perchance, be

To part them, or part from them: and yet one

Should marry, or all the broad lands in your view

From this bay window — which our house has held

Three hundred years — will pass collaterally.

My father with a child on either knee,

hand upon the head of either child, moothing their locks, as golden as his own

Vere silver, "get them wedded" would he say.

and once my prattling Edith ask'd him "why?"

y, why? said he, "for why should I go lame?"

'hen told them of his wars, and of his wound.

or see — this wine — the grape from whence it flow'd

Vas blackening on the slopes of Portugal, When that brave soldier, down the terrible ridge

Plunged in the last fierce charge at Waterloo,

And caught the laming bullet. He left me this,

Which yet retains a memory of its youth,

As I of mine, and my first passion. Come!

Here's to your happy union with my child!

Yet must you change your name: no fault of mine!

You say that you can do it as willingly As birds make ready for their bridaltime

By change of feather: for all that, my boy,

Some birds are sick and sullen when they moult.

An old and worthy name! but mine that stirr'd

Among our civil wars and earlier too Among the Roses, the more venerable. I care not for a name — no fault of mine.

Once more — a happier marriage than my own!

You see yon Lombard poplar on the plain.

The highway running by it leaves a breadth
Of sward to left and right, where, long

ago, One bright May morning in a world

of song,
I lay at leisure, watching overhead

The aërial poplar wave, an amber spire.

I dozed; I woke. An open landaulet

Whirl'd by, which, after it had past me, show'd

Turning my way, the loveliest face on earth.

The face of one there sitting opposite On whom I brought a strange unhap piness,

That time I did not see.

Love at first sight May seem - with goodly rhyme and

reason for it -

Possible — at first glimpse, and for a

Gone in a moment — strange. once, when first

I came on lake Llanberris in the dark, A moonless night with storm - one lightning-fork

Flash'd out the lake; and tho' I loiter'd there

The full day after, yet in retrospect That less than momentary thunder-

sketch Of lake and mountain conquers all the day.

The Sun himself has limn'd the face for me.

Not quite so quickly, no, nor half as well.

For look you here - the shadows are too deep.

And like the critic's blurring comment

make The veriest beauties of the work

appear The darkest faults: the sweet eyes frown: the lips

Seem but a gash. My sole memorial Of Edith - no, the other, - both indeed.

So that bright face was flash'd thro' sense and soul

And by the poplar vanish'd - to be found

Long after, as it seem'd, beneath the tall Tree-bowers, and those long-sweeping

beechen boughs Of our New Forest, I was there

alone: The phantom of the whirling landau-

For ever past me by: when one quick

peal Of laughter drew me thro' the glim-

mering glades Down to the snowlike sparkle of a

cloth

On fern and foxglove. Lo, the face again,

My Rosalind in this Arden - Edith -- all

One bloom of youth, health, beauty, happiness,

And moved to merriment at a passing jest.

There one of those about her knowing me

Call'd me to join them; so with these I spent

What seem'd my crowning hour, my day of days.

I woo'd her then, nor unsuccessfully.

The worse for her, for me! was I content?

Ay - no, not quite; for now and then I thought

Laziness, vague love-longings, the bright May,

Had made a heated haze to magnify The charm of Edith - that a man's ideal

Is high in Heaven, and lodged with Plato's God,

Not findable here - content, and not content,

In some such fashion as a man may That having had the portrait of his

Drawn by an artist, looks at it, and says,

"Good! very like! not altogether he."

As yet I had not bound myself by words,

Only, believing I loved Edith, made Edith love me. Then came the day

when I, Flattering myself that all my doubt

were fools Born of the fool this Age that doubt

of all -Not I that day of Edith's love o mine -

Had braced my purpose to declar myself:

stood upon the stairs of Paradise. The golden gates would open at a

word.

spoke it — told her of my passion, seen

and lost and found again, had got so far,

Iad caught her hand, her eyelids fell — I heard

Vheels, and a noise of welcome at the doors —

On a sudden after two Italian years

Industry the blossom of her health
again,

'he younger sister, Evelyn, enter'd

- there,

'here was the face, and altogether she.

'he mother fell about the daughter's neck,

'he sisters closed in one another's arms.

'heir people throng'd about them from the hall.

and in the thick of question and reply

fled the house, driven by one angel face,

and all the Furies.

I was bound to her; could not free myself in honor bound

ot by the sounded letter of the word, but counterpressures of the yielded

hat timorously and faintly echoed mine,

quick blushes, the sweet dwelling of her eyes

pon me when she thought I did not see —

Vere these not bonds? nay, nay, but could I wed her

oving the other? do her that great wrong?

ad I not dream'd I loved her yestermorn?

ad I not known where Love, at first a fear,

rew after marriage to full height and form?

Yet after marriage, that mock-sister there —

Brother-in-law — the fiery nearness of it —

Unlawful and disloyal brotherhood— What end but darkness could ensue from this

For all the three ? So Love and Honor jarr'd

Tho' Love and Honor join'd to raise the full

High-tide of doubt that sway'd me up and down

Advancing nor retreating.

Edith wrote "My mother bids me ask" (I did not

"My mother bids me ask" (I did not tell you —

A widow with less guile than many a child.

God help the wrinkled children that are Christ's

As well as the plump cheek — she wrought us harm,

Poor soul, not knowing) "are you ill?" (so ran

The letter) "you have not been here of late.

You will not find me here. At last I

On that long-promised visit to the North.

I told your wayside story to my

mother

And Evelyn. She remembers you

Farewell.

Pray come and see my mother. Al-

most blind With ever-growing cataract, yet she

thinks
She sees you when she hears. Again
farewell."

Cold words from one I had hoped to

warm so far That I could stamp my image on her

heart!
"Pray come and see my mother, and

farewell."
Cold, but as welcome as free airs of

After a dungeon's closeness. Selfish strange!

What dwarfs are men! my strangled vanity

Utter'd a stifled cry—to have vext myself

And all in vain for her — cold heart or none —

No bride for me. Yet so my path was clear

To win the sister.

Whom I woo'd and won.
For Evelyn knew not of my former suit,

Because the simple mother work'd upon By Edith pray'd me not to whisper of it. And Edith would be bridesmaid on the day.

But on that day, not being all at

I from the altar glancing back upon

Before the first "I will" was utter'd, saw

The bridesmaid pale, statuelike, passionless—

"No harm, no harm" I turn'd again, and placed

and placed My ring upon the finger of my bride.

So, when we parted, Edith spoke no word,

She wept no tear, but round my Evelyn clung

In utter silence for so long, I thought "What, will she never set her sister free?"

We left her, happy each in each, and then,

As tho' the happiness of each in each Were not enough, must fain have torrents, lakes,

Hills, the great things of Nature and the fair,

To lift us as it were from commonplace.

And help us to our joy. Better have sent

Our Edith thro' the glories of the earth,

To change with her horizon, if true Love

Were not his own imperial all-in-all.

Far off we went. My God, I would not live

Save that I think this gross hardseeming world

Is our misshaping vision of the Powers Behind the world, that make our griefs our gains.

For on the dark night of our mar riage-day

The great Tragedian, that had quench'd herself

In that assumption of the bridesmaid
— she

That loved me — our true Edith — her brain broke

With over-acting, till she rose and fled

Beneath a pitiless rush of Autumn rain

To the deaf church — to be let in — to pray

Before that altar — so I think; and there

They found her beating the hard Protestant doors.

She died and she was buried ere we knew.

I learnt it first. I had to speak At once

The bright quick smile of Evelyn, that had sunn'd

The morning of our marriage, past away:

And on our home-return the daily want

Of Edith in the house, the garden still

Haunted us like her ghost; and by and by,

Either from that necessity for talk Which lives with blindness, or plain

innocence
Of nature, or desire that her los
child

Should earn from both the praise of heroism,

The mother broke her promise to the

And told the living daughter with what love

Edith had welcomed my brief wooing of her,

And all her sweet self-sacrifice and death.

Henceforth that mystic bond betwixt the twins —

Did I not tell you they were twins?
— prevail'd

o far that no caress could win my

Wife Back to that passionate answer of full

heart had from her at first. Not that her

love, Tho' scarce as great as Edith's power

of love, Had lessen'd, but the mother's gar-

rulous wail

for ever woke the unhappy Past

again,

Cill that dead bridesmaid, meant to

be my bride,

Put forth cold hands between us, and I fear'd

The very fountains of her life were chill'd;

so took her thence, and brought her here, and here

the bore a child, whom reverently we

Edith; and in the second year was born

A second—this I named from her own self,

Evelyn; then two weeks — no more — she joined,

in and beyond the grave, that one she loved.

Now in this quiet of declining life, I chro' dreams by night and trances of the day,

The sisters glide about me hand in hand,

Both beautiful alike, nor can I tell
In from the other, no, nor care to tell
In from the other, only know they

come, l'heysmile upon me, till, remembering

The love they both have borne me,

I bore them both — divided as I am From either by the stillness of the grave —

I know not which of these I love the best.

But you love Edith; and her own true eyes

Are traitors to her: our quick Evelyn—

The merrier, prettier, wittier, as they talk,

And not without good reason, my good son —

Is yet untouch'd: and I that hold them both

Dearest of all things — well, I am not sure —

But if there lie a preference either way, And in the rich vocabulary of Love "Most dearest" be a true superla-

I think I likewise love your Edith most.

## THE VILLAGE WIFE; OR, THE ENTAIL. 1

I.

'Ouse-keeper sent tha my lass, fur New Squire coom'd last night. Butter an' heggs—yis—yis. I'll

goā wi' tha back: all right; Butter I warrants be prime, an' I warrants the heggs be as well,

Hafe a pint o' milk runs out when ya breäks the shell.

## II.

Sit thysen down fur a bit: hev a glass o' cowslip wine!

I liked the owd Squire an' 'is gells as thaw they was gells o' mine,

Fur then we was all es one, the Squire an' 'is darters an' me,

Hall but Miss Annie, the heldest, I niver not took to she:

But Nelly, the last of the cletch I liked 'er the fust on 'em all,

<sup>2</sup> A brood of chickens.

<sup>1</sup> See note to "Northern Cobbler."

Fur hoffens we talkt o' my darter es died o' the fever at fall:

An' I thowt 'twur the will o' the Lord, but Miss Annie she said it wur draäins,

Fur she hedn't naw coomfut in 'er, an' arn'd naw thanks fur 'er paäins.

Eh! thebbe all wi'the Lord my childer, I han't gotten none!

Sa new Squire's coom'd wi' 'is taäil in 'is 'and, an' owd Squire's gone.

Fur 'staäte be i' taäil, my lass: tha dosn' knaw what that be?

But I knaws the law, I does, for the lawyer ha towd it me.

"When theer's naw 'ead to a 'Ouse by the fault o' that ere maäle -

The gells they counts fur nowt, and the next un he taäkes the taäil."

## IV.

What be the next un like? can tha tell ony harm on 'im lass? -

Naay sit down - naw 'urry - sa cowd! - hev another glass!

Straänge an' cowd fur the time! we may happen a fall o' snaw -

Not es I cares fur to hear ony harm, but I likes to knaw.

An' I 'oaps es 'e beänt boooklarn'd: but 'e dosn' not coom fro' the shere;

We' anew o' that wi' the Squire, an' we haätes boooklarnin' ere.

Fur Squire wur a Varsity scholard, an' niver lookt arter the land-

Whoäts or turmuts or taätes — e' 'ed hallus a booök i' 'is 'and,

Hallus aloän wi' 'is booöks, thaw nigh upo' seventy year.

An' booöks, what's booöks? thou knaws thebbe neyther 'ere nor theer.

## VI.

An' the gells, they hadn't naw taäils, an' the lawver he towd it me

That 'is taail were soa tied up es ha couldn't cut down a tree!

"Drat the trees," says I, to be sewer I haätes 'em, my lass,

Fur we puts the muck o' the land a. ' they sucks the muck fro' i' grass.

## VII.

An' Squire wur hallus a-smilin', an' gied to the tramps goin' by —

An' all o' the wust i' the parish - wi' hoffens a drop in 'is eye.

An' ivry darter o' Squire's hed her awn ridin-erse to 'ersen,

they rampaged about wi' their grooms, an' was 'untin' arter the men.

An' hallus a-dallackt 1 an' dizen'd out an' a-buyin' new cloäthes,

While 'e sit like a graat glimmer gowk 2 wi' 'is glasses athurt 'is noäse,

An' 'is noäse sa grufted wi' snuff as it couldn't be scroob'd awaäy,

Fur atween 'is readin' an' writin' 'e snifft up a box in a daäy,

An' 'e niver runn'd arter the fox, nor arter the birds wi' 'is gun,

An' 'e niver not shot one 'are, but 'e leäved it to Charlie 'is son,

An' 'e niver not fish'd 'is awn ponds but Charlie 'e cotch'd the pike For 'e warn't not burn to the land, an

'e didn't take kind to it like; But I eärs es 'e'd gie fur a howry 3 owd

book thutty pound an' moor, An' 'e'd wrote an owd book, his awr

sen, sa I knaw'd es 'e'd coon to be poor; An' 'e gied - I be fear'd to tell tha 'ov

much - fur an owd scratted stoän. An' 'e digg'd up a loomp i' the land

an' 'e got a brown pot an' boän.

An' 'e bowt owd money, es wouldn' goä, wi' good gowd o' the Queen,

2 Owl. 1 Overdressed in gay colors.

3 Filthy.

n' 'e bowt little statutes all-naäkt an' which was a shaame to be seen;

dut 'e niver looökt ower a bill, nor 'e

niver not seed to owt,

n' 'e niver knawd nowt but booöks, an' booöks, as thou knaws, beänt nowt.

lut owd Squire's laädy es long es she lived she kep 'em all clear, 'haw es long es she lived I never hed none of 'er darters 'ere:

but arter she died we was all es one.

the childer an' me,

in' sarvints runn'd in an' out, an' offens we hed 'em to tea.

awk! 'ow I laugh'd when the lasses 'ud talk o' their Missis's waävs. in' the Missisis talk'd o' the lasses. -

I'll tell tha some o' these daäys. Ioänly Miss Annie were saw stuck

oop, like 'er mother afoor -Er an' 'er blessed darter - they niver derken'd my door.

in' Squire 'e smiled an' 'e smiled till 'e'd gotten a fright at last,

in' 'e calls fur 'is son, fur the 'turney's letters they foller'd sa fast;

lut Squire wur afear'd o' 'is son, an' 'e says to 'im, meek as a mouse,

Lad, thou mun cut off thy taäil, or the gells 'ull goa to the 'Ouse, 'ur I finds es I be that i' debt, es I 'oäps es thou'll 'elp me a bit,

.n' if thou'll 'gree to cut off thy taäil I may saäve mysen yit."

ut Charlie 'e sets back 'is ears, 'an 'e sweärs, an' 'e says to im " Noä. ve gotten the 'staäte by the taäil an' be dang'd if I iver let goä!

oom! coom! feyther," 'e says, "why shouldn't thy booöks be sowd? hears es soom o' thy booöks mebbe

worth their weight i' gowd."

Heäps an' heäps o' booöks, I ha' see'd 'em, belong'd to the Squire,

But the lasses 'ed teärd out leaves i' the middle to kindle the fire;

Sa moäst on 'is owd big booöks fetch'd nigh to nowt at the saäle.

And Squire were at Charlie agean to git 'im to cut off 'is taail.

## XII.

Ya wouldn't find Charlie's likes — 'e were that outdacious at oam,

Not thaw ya went fur to raäke out Hell wi' a small-tooth coamb —

Droonk wi' the Quoloty's wine, an' droonk wi' the farmer's aale,

Mad wi' the lasses an' all - an' 'e wouldn't cut off the taäil.

Thou's coom'd oop by the beck; and a thurn be a-grawin' theer,

I niver ha seed it sa white wi' the Maäy es I see'd it to-year -

Theerabouts Charlie joompt - and it gied me a scare tother night,

Fur I thowt it wur Charlie's ghoäst i' derk, fur it looökt sa white.

"Billy," says 'e, "hev a joomp!"thaw the banks o' the beck be sa high,

Fur he ca'd 'is 'erse Billy-rough-un, thaw niver a hair wur awry;

But Billy fell bakkuds o' Charlie, an' Charlie 'e brok 'is neck,

Sa theer wur a hend o' the taäil, fur 'e lost 'is taäil i' the beck.

## XIV.

Sa'is taäil wur lost an' is booöks wur gone an' 'is boy wur deäd,

An' Squire 'e smiled an' 'e smiled, but e niver not lift oop 'is 'eäd:

Hallus a soft un Squire! an' 'e smiled, fur 'e hedn't naw friend,

Sa feyther an' son was buried togither, an' this wur the hend.

An' Parson as hesn't the call, nor the mooney, but hes the pride,

'E reads of a sewer an' sartan 'oap o' the tother side:

But I beänt that sewer es the Lord, howsiver they praäy'd an' praäy'd,

Lets them inter 'eaven eäsy es leäves their debts to be paäid.

Siver the mou'ds rattled down upo' poor owd Squire i' the wood,

An' I cried along wi' the gells, fur they weant niver coom to naw good.

## XVI.

Fur Molly the long un she walkt awaäy wi' a hofficer lad,

An' nawbody 'eard on 'er sin, sa o'
coorse she be gone to the bad!

An' Lucy wur laäme o' one leg, sweet-'arts she niver 'ed none —

Straänge an' unheppen¹ Miss Lucy! we naämed her "Dot an' gaw one!"

An' Hetty wur weak i' the hattics, wi'out ony harm i' the legs,

An' the fever 'ed baäked Jinny's 'ead as bald as one o' them heggs,

An' Nelly wur up fro' the craadle as big i' the mouth as a cow,

An' saw she mun hammergrate, 2 lass, or she weänt git a maäte onyhow!

An' es for Miss Annie es call'd me afoor my awn foälks to my faäce

"A hignorant village wife as 'ud hev
to be larn'd her awn plaäce,"

Hes for Miss Hannie the heldest hes now be a grawin sa howd,

I knaws that mooch o' sheä, es it beänt not fit to be towd!

## XVII.

Sa I didn't not taäke it kindly ov owd Miss Annie to saäy

Es I should be talkin ageän 'em, es soon es they went awaäy,

Fur, lawks! 'ow I cried when they went, an' our Nelly she gied me 'er 'and,

<sup>1</sup> Ungainly, awkward. <sup>2</sup> Emigrate.

Fur I'd ha done owt for the Squire an' is gells es belong'd to the land;

Booöks, es I said afoor, thebbe neyther 'ere nor theer!

But I sarved 'em wi' butter an' heggs fur huppuds o' twenty year.

## XVIII.

An' they hallus paäid what I nax'd, sa I hallus deal'd wi' the Hall,

An' they knaw'd what butter wur, an' they knaw'd what a hegg wur an' all;

Hugger-mugger they lived, but they wasn't that easy to please,

Till I gied 'em Hinjian curn, an' they laäid big heggs es tha seeas;

An' I niver puts saame 1 i' my butter, they does it at Willis's farm,

Taäste another drop o' the wine – tweänt do tha na harm.

## XIX.

Sa new Squire's coom'd wi' 'is taäil in 'is 'and, an' owd Squire's gone; I heard 'im a roomlin' by, but arter

my nightcap wur on ; Sa I han't clapt eyes on 'im yit, fur he

coom'd last night sa laäte — Pluksh!!!² the hens i' the peäs! why didn't tha hesp tha gaäte?

# IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

## EMMIE.

.

Our doctor had call'd in another, I never had seen him before,

But he sent a chill to my heart when
I saw him come in at the door.

Fresh from the surgery-schools of

Fresh from the surgery-schools of France and of other lands —

Harsh red hair, big voice, big chest, big merciless hands!

Wonderful cures he had done, O yes, but they said too of him

<sup>1</sup> Lard.

 $<sup>^2</sup>$  A cry accompanied by a clapping of hands to scare trespassing fowl.

le was happier using the knife than in trying to save the limb,

And that I can well believe, for he look'd so coarse and so red, could think he was one of those who

would break their jests on the dead,

And mangle the living dog that had loved him and fawn'd at his knee—

Orench'd with the hellish oorali — that ever such things should be!

## II.

Here was a boy — I am sure that some of our children would die

But for the voice of Love, and the smile, and the comforting eye— Iere was a boy in the ward, every

bone seem'd out of its place l'aught in a mill and crush'd—it was

all but a hopeless case:
And he handled him gently enough;

but his voice and his face were not kind,

and it was but a hopeless case, he had seen it and made up his mind,

And he said to me roughly "The lad will need little more of your care."

All the more need," I told him, "to seek the Lord Jesus in praye"; 'hey are all his children here, and I

pray for them all as my own:"
3ut he turn'd to me, "Ay, good woman,
can prayer set a broken bone?"
Then he mutter'd half to himself, but

I know that I heard him say All very well—but the good Lord

Jesus has had his day."

## III.

Iad? has it come? It has only dawn'd. It will come by and by.

) how could I serve in the wards if the hope of the world were a lie?

Iow could I bear with the sights and the loathsome smells of disease But that He said "Ye do it to me, when ye do it to these"?

## IV.

So he went. And we past to this ward where the younger children are laid:

Here is the cot of our orphan, our darling, our meek little maid;

Empty you see just now! We have lost her who loved her so much—

Patient of pain tho' as quick as a sensitive plant to the touch;

Hers was the prettiest prattle, it often

moved me to tears, Hers was the gratefullest heart I have

found in a child of her years— Nay you remember our Emmie; you

used to send her the flowers; How she would smile at 'em, play with 'em, talk to 'em hours

with 'em, talk to 'em hours after hours!

They that can wander at will where the works of the Lord are reveal'd

Little guess what joy can be got from a cowslip out of the fields;

Flowers to these "spirits in prison" are all they can know of the spring,

They freshen and sweeten the wards like the waft of an Angel's wing;

And she lay with a flower in one hand and her thin hands crost on her breast—

Wan, but as pretty as heart can desire, and we thought her at rest,

Quietly sleeping — so quiet, our doctor said "Poor little dear,

Nurse, I must do it to-morrow; she'll never live thro' it, I fear."

## v.

I walk'd with our kindly old doctor as far as the head of the stair,

Then I return'd to the ward; the child didn't see I was there.

## VI.

Never since I was nurse, had I been so grieved and so vext!

Emmie had heard him. Softly she call'd from her cot to the next,

"He says I shall never live thro' it, O Annie, what shall I do?"

Annie consider'd. "If I," said the wise little Annie, "was you,

I should cry to the dear Lord Jesus to help me, for, Emmie, you see,

It's all in the picture there; 'Little children should come to me.'"
(Meaning the print that you gave us,

I find that it always can please
Our children, the dear Lord Jesus
with children about his knees.)

"Yes, and I will," said Emmie, "but then if I call to the Lord,

How should he know that it's me? such a lot of beds in the ward!"

That was a puzzle for Annie. Again

she consider'd and said:
"Emmie, you put out your arms, and

you leave 'em outside on the bed —

The Lord has so much to see to! but, Emmie, you tell it him plain,

It's the little girl with her arms lying out on the counterpane."

## VII.

I had sat three nights by the child— I could notwatch her for four—

My brain had begun to reel — I felt I could do it no more.

That was my sleeping-night, but I thought that it never would

There was a thunderclap once, and a clatter of hail on the glass,

And there was a phantom cry that I

And there was a phantom cry that I heard as I tost about,

The motherless bleat of a lamb in the storm and the darkness without;

My sleep was broken beside with dreams of the dreadful knife

And fears for our delicate Emmie who scarce would escape with her life;

Then in the gray of the morning it seem'd she stood by me and smiled.

And the doctor came at his hour, and we went to see to the child.

## VIII.

He had brought his ghastly tools: we believed her asleep again —

Her dear, long, lean, little arms lying out on the counterpane,

Say that His day is done! Ah why should we care what they say?

The Lord of the children had heard her, and Emmie had past away

# DEDICATORY POEM TO THE PRINCESS ALICE.

DEAD PRINCESS, living Power, if that, which lived

True life, live on — and if the fatal kiss,

Born of true life and love, divorce thee not

From earthly love and life — if what we call

The spirit flash not all at once from out

This shadow into Substance — then perhaps

The mellow'd murmur of the people's praise

From thine own State, and all our breadth of realm, Where Love and Longing dress thy

deeds in light,
Ascends to thee; and this March

Ascends to thee; and this Marc

Thy Soldier-brother's bridal orange bloom

Break thro' the yews and cypress of thy grave,

And thine Imperial mother smile again,

May send one ray to theel and who

May send one ray to thee! and who can tell—

Thou — England's England-loving daughter—thou

Dying so English thou wouldst have her flag

Borne on thy coffin — where is he can swear

But that some broken gleam from our poor earth

May touch thee, while remembering thee, I lay

At thy pale feet this ballad of the deeds

of England, and her banner in the

## THE DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW.

Τ.

Banner of England, not for a season, O banner of Britain, hast thou Floated in conquering battle or flapt

to the battle-cry!

Never with mightier glory than when we had rear'd thee on high

flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly siege of Lucknow—

Shot thro' the staff or the halyard, but ever we raised thee anew,

And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

## 11.

Frail were the works that defended the hold that we held with our lives—

Women and children among us, God help them, our children and

wives!

Hold it we might—and for fifteen days or for twenty at most.

'Never surrender, I charge you, but every man die at his post!"

Voice of the dead whom we loved, our Lawrence the best of the brave:

Cold were his brows when we kiss'd him — we laid him that night

in his grave.

Every man die at his post!" and there hail'd on our houses and halls Death from their rifle-bullets, and

death from their cannon-balls, Death in our innermost chamber, and death at our slight barricade,

Death while we stood with the musket, and death while we stoopt to the spade.

Death to the dying, and wounds to the wounded, for often there fell, Striking the hospital wall, crashing thro' it, their shot and their shell.

Death — for their spies were among us, their marksmen were told

of our best,

So that the brute bullet broke thro' the brain that could think for the rest:

Bullets would sing by our foreheads, and bullets would rain at our

feet —

Fire from ten thousand at once of the rebels that girdled us round —

Death at the glimpse of a finger from over the breadth of a street,

Death from the heights of the mosque and the palace, and death in ground!

Mine? yes, a mine! Countermine! down, down! and creep thro'

the hole!

Keep the revolver in hand! you can hear him—the murderous mole!

Quiet, ah! quiet — wait till the point of the pickaxe be thro'!

Click with the pick, coming nearer and nearer again than before —

Now let it speak, and you fire, and the dark pioneer is no more;

And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew!

## III.

Ay, but the foe sprung his mine many times, and it chanced on a day Soon as the blast of that underground

thunderclap echo'd away,

Dark thro' the smoke and the sulphur like so many fiends in their hell—

Cannon-shot, musket-shot, volley on volley, and yell upon yell —

Fiercely on all the defences our myriad enemy fell.

What have they done? where is it? Out yonder. Guard the Redan!

Storm at the Water-gate! storm at the Bailey-gate! storm, and it ran Surging and swaying all round us, as

ocean on every side

Plunges and heaves at a bank that is daily drown'd by the tide -

So many thousands that if they be bold enough, who shall escape?

Kill or be kill'd, live or die, they shall know we are soldiers and men!

Ready! take aim at their leaders their masses are gapp'd with our grape -

Backward they reel like the wave, like the wave flinging forward again, Flying and foil'd at the last by the

handful they could not subdue; And ever upon the topmost roof our

banner of England blew.

## IV.

Handful of men as we were, we were English in heart and in limb.

Strong with the strength of the race to command, to obey, to endure, Each of us fought as if hope for the

garrison hung but on him; Still - could we watch at all points?

we were every day fewer and fewer.

There was a whisper among us, but only a whisper that past:

"Children and wives - if the tigers leap into the fold unawares — Every man die at his post - and the

foe may outlive us at last -Better to fall by the hands that they love, than to fall into theirs!"

Roar upon roar in a moment two mines by the enemy sprung

Clove into perilous chasms our walls and our poor palisades.

Rifleman, true is your heart, but be sure that your hand be as true! Sharp is the fire of assault, better aimed

are your flank fusillades -Twice do we hurl them to earth from the ladders to which they had

clung, Twice from the ditch where they shelter we drive them with handgrenades;

And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

Then on another wild morning another wild earthquake out-tore

Clean from our lines of defence ten or twelve good paces or more.

Rifleman, high on the roof, hidden there from the light of the

One has leapt up on the beach, crying out: "Follow me, follow me!"-

Mark him - he falls! then another, and him too, and down goes he.

Had they been bold enough then, who can tell but the traitors had won?

Boardings and rafters and doors — an embrasure! make way for the gun!

Now double-charge it with grape! It is charged and we fire, and they

run.

Praise to our Indian brothers, and let the dark face have his due!

Thanks to the kindly dark faces who fought with us, faithful and few

Fought with the bravest among us. and drove them, and smote them, and slew,

That ever upon the topmost roof our banner in India blew.

## VI.

Men will forget what we suffer and not what we do. We can fight!

But to be soldier all day and be sentinel all thro' the night -

Ever the mine and assault, our sallies, their lying alarms,

Bugles and drums in the darkness, and shoutings and soundings te arms.

Ever the labor of fifty that had to be done by five,

Ever the marvel among us that one should be left alive.

Ever the day with its traitorous death from the loopholes around,

Ever the night with its coffinless

corpse to be laid in the ground, Heat like the mouth of a hell, or a

deluge of cataract skies,

tench of old offal decaying, and infinite torment of flies,

houghts of the breezes of May blowing over an English field,

'holera, scurvy, and fever, the wound that would not be heal'd,

opping away of the limb by the pitiful-pitiless knife, —

'orture and trouble in vain,—for it never could save us a life. 'alor of delicate women who tended

the hospital bed,

Iorror of women in travail among the dying and dead,

trief for our perishing children, and never a moment for grief,

'oil and ineffable weariness, faltering

hopes of relief, Iavelock baffled, or beaten, or butch-

er'd for all that we knew—
Then day and night, day and night,
coming down on the still-shat-

ter'd walls
Millions of musket-bullets, and thousands of cannon-balls—

But ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

## VII.

Iark cannonade, fusillade! is it true what was told by the scout,

Outram and Havelock breaking their way through the fell mutineers? Surely the pibroch of Europe is ring-

ing again in our ears!
All on a sudden the garrison utter a jubilant shout,

Iavelock's glorious Highlanders answer with conquering cheers,

sick from the hospital echo them, women and children come out, Blessing the wholesome white faces

of Havelock's good fusileers, kissing the war-harden'd hand of the Highlanderwet with their tears!

Dance to the pibroch!—saved! we are saved!—is it you? is it you? aved by the valor of Havelock, saved by the blessing of Heaven!

Hold it for fifteen days!" we have held it for eighty-seven!

And ever aloft on the palace roof the old banner of England blew.

# SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE, LORD COBHAM.

## (IN WALES.)

My friend should meet me somewher€ hereabout

To take me to that hiding in the hills.

I have broke their cage, no gilded one, I trow—

I read no more the prisoner's mute wail Scribbled or carved upon the pititess stone:

I find hard rocks, hard life, hard cheer, or none,

For I am emptier than a friar's brains; But God is with me in this wilderness, These wet black passes and foamchurning chasms —

And God's free air, and hope of better things.

I would I knew their speech; not now to glean,

Not now — I hope to do it — some scatter'd ears,

Some ears for Christ in this wild field of Wales—

But, bread, merely for bread. This tongue that wagg'd

They said with such heretical arrogance

Against the proud archbishop Arundel —

So much God's cause was fluent in it
— is here
But as a Latin Bible to the crowd;

"Bara!" — what use? The Shepherd, when I speak,

Vailing a sudden eyelid with his hard "Dim Saesneg" passes, wroth at things of old —

No fault of mine. Had he God's word in Welsh

He might be kindlier: happily come the day!

Not least art thou, thou little Bethle hem

In Judah, for in thee the Lordwas born; Nor thou in Britain, little Lutterworth, Least, for in thee the word was born again.

Heaven-sweet Evangel, ever-living word.

Who whilome spakest to the South in Greek

About the soft Mediterranean shores, And then in Latin to the Latin crowd, As good need was — thou hast come to talk our isle.

Hereafter thou, fulfilling Pentecost, Must learn to use the tongues of all

the world.

Yet art thou thine own witness that thou bringest

Not peace, a sword, a fire.

What did he say,
My frighted Wiclif-preacher whom I
crost

In flying hither? that one night a

Throng'd the waste field about the city gates:

The king was on them suddenly with a host.

Why there? they came to hear their preacher. Then

Some cried on Cobham, on the good Lord Cobham; Ay, for they love me! but the king—

nor voice Nor finger raised against him — took

and hang'd,
Took, hang'd and burnt—how many

Took, hang'd and burnt—how many
— thirty-nine—

Call'd it rebellion — hang'd, poor friends, as rebels And burn'd alive as heretics! for

your Priest
Labels — to take the king along with
him —

All heresy, treason: but to call men traitors

May make men traitors.

Rose of Lancaster, Red in thy birth, redder with household war,

Now reddest with the blood of holy men,

Redder to be, red rose of Lancaster —
If somewhere in the North, as Rumor
sang

Fluttering the hawks of this crownlusting line —

By firth and loch thy silver sister

That were my rose, there my allegiance due.

Self-starved, they say — nay, murder'd, doubtless dead.

So to this king I cleaved: my friend was he,

Once my fast friend: I would have given my life

To help his own from scathe, a thousand lives

To save his soul. He might have come to learn Our Wiclif's learning: but the worldly

Priests
Who fear the king's hard common-

Who fear the king's hard common sense should find

What rotten piles uphold their masonwork, Urge him to forcign war. O had he

will'd I might have stricken a lusty stroke

for him,
But he would not; far liever led my

friend Back to the pure and universal

church,
But he would not: whether that heir

less flaw In his throne's title make him feel so

frail, He leans on Antichrist; or that his

mind, So quick, so capable in soldiership,

In matters of the faith, alas the while!

More worth than all the kingdoms of
this world,

Runs in the rut, a coward to the Priest.

Burnt — good Sir Roger Acton, my dear friend!

Burnt too, my faithful preacher, Beverley!

1 Richard II.

ord give thou power to thy two witnesses!

st the false faith make merry over

vo — nay but thirty-nine have risen and stand,

ark with the smoke of human sacrifice.

fore thy light, and cry continually—

y — against whom?

Him, who should bear the sword f Justice — what! the kingly, kindly boy;

ho took the world so easily heretofore,

y boon companion, tavern-fellow —

ho gibed and japed—in many a

merry tale hat shook our sides — at Pardoners,

Summoners,

riars, absolution-sellers, monkeries nd nunneries, when the wild hour and the wine

ad set the wits aflame.

Harry of Monmouth, r Amurath of the East?

Better to sink hy fleurs-de-lys in slime again, and

hy royalty back into the riotous fits f wine and harlotry — thy shame, and mine,

hy comrade — than to persecute the Lord,

nd play the Saul that never will be Paul.

Burnt, burnt! and while this mitred Arundel

ooms our unlicensed preacher to

he mitre-sanction'd harlot draws his clerks

ato the suburb—their hard celibacy, worn to be veriest ice of pureness, molten

nto adulterous living, or such crimes
s holy Paul—a shame to speak of
them—

mong the heathen -

Sanctuary granted

To bandit, thief, assassin—yea to him
Who hacks his mother's throat—
denied to him,

Who finds the Saviour in his mother tongue.

The Gospel, the Priest's pearl, flung down to swine —

The swine, lay-men, lay-women, who will come,

God willing, to outlearn the filthy friar.

Ah rather, Lord, than that thy
Gospel, meant

To course and range thro' all the world, should be

Tether'd to these dead pillars of the Church—

Rather than so, if thou wilt have it so,

Burst vein, snap sinew, and crack heart, and life

Pass in the fire of Babylon! but how long,

O Lord, how long!

My friend should meet me here. Here is the copse, the fountain and a Cross!

To thee, dead wood, I bow not head nor knees.

Rather to thee, green boscage, work of God,

Black holly, and white-flower'd wayfaring-tree!

Rather to thee, thou living water, drawn

By this good Wiclif mountain down from heaven,

And speaking clearly in thy native tongue—

No Latin — He that thirsteth, come and drink!

Eh! how I anger'd Arundel asking

To worship Holy Cross! I spread mine arms,

God's work, I said, a cross of flesh and blood

And holier. That was heresy. (My good friend

By this time should be with me.) "Images?"

"Bury them as God's truer images

Are daily buried." "Heresy. — Penance?" "Fast,

Hairshirt and scourge — nay, let a man repent,

Do penance in his heart, God hears him." "Heresy —

Not shriven, not saved?" "What profits an ill Priest

Between me and my God? I would not spurn

Good counsel of good friends, but shrive myself

No, not to an Apostle." "Heresy."
(My friend is long in coming.) "Pilgrimages?"

Drink, bagpipes, revelling, devil's-dances, vice.

The poor man's money gone to fat the

friar.
Who reads of begging saints in Scrip-

ture?"—"Heresy"—
(Hath he been here—not found me

— gone again?
Have I mislearnt our place of meeting?) "Bread —

Bread left after the blessing?" how they stared,

That was their main test-question — glared at me!

"He veil'd himself in flesh, and now He veils

His flesh in bread, body and bread together."

Then rose the howl of all the cassock'd wolves,

"No bread, no bread. God's body!"

Archbishop, Bishop,

Priors, Canons, Friars, bellringers,
Parish-clerks —
"No broad no broad" "Anthonian

"No bread, no bread!" — "Authority of the Church,

Power of the keys!"—Then I, God help me, I

So mock'd, so spurn'd, so baited two whole days—

I lost myself and fell from evenness, And rail'd at all the Popes, that ever since

Sylvester shed the venom of worldwealth

Into the church, had only prov'n themselves

Poisoners, murderers. Well — God pardon all —

Me, them, and all the world—yea, that proud Priest,

That mock-meek mouth of utter Antichrist,

That traitor to King Richard and the truth,
Who rose and doom'd me to the fire.

Nay, I can burn, so that the Lord of

Be by me in my death.

Those three! the fourth
Was like the Son of God! Not burnt
were they.

On them the smell of burning had not past.

That was a miracle to convert the king. These Pharisees, this Caiaphas-Arundel What miracle could turn? He here again,

He thwarting their traditions of Himself,

He would be found a heretic to Himself,

And doom'd to burn alive.

So, caught, I burn. Burn? heathen men have borne as

much as this, For freedom, or the sake of those they

loved,
Or some less cause, some cause far
less than mine;

For every other cause is less than mine.

The moth will singe her wings, and singed return,

Her love of light quenching her fear of pain —

How now, my soul, we do not heed the fire?

Faint - hearted? tut! — faint - stom - ach'd! faint as I am,

God willing, I will burn for Him.

Who comes?

A thousand marks are set upon my head.

Friend <sup>2</sup> — for perhaps — a tussle for

Friend? — foe perhaps — a tussle for it then!

Nay, but my friend. Thou art so well disguised,

knew thee not. Hast thou brought bread with thee?

have not broken bread for fifty hours. one? I am damn'd already by the Priest

or holding there was bread where bread was none -

o bread. My friends await me yonder ? Yes. ead on then. Up the mountain?

Is it far ?

ot far. Climb first and reach me

down thy hand.

am not like to die for lack of bread, or I must live to testify by fire.1

## COLUMBUS.

HAINS, my good lord: in your raised

brows I read

ome wonder at our chamber ornaments.

Ve brought this iron from our isles of gold.

Does the king know you deign to visit him

Vhom once he rose from off his throne to greet

efore his people, like his brother

king ? saw your face that morning in the crowd.

At Barcelona - tho' you were not then

o bearded. Yes. The city deck'd

herself 'o meet me, roar'd my name; the

king, the queen lade me be seated, speak, and tell them all

'he story of my voyage, and while I spoke

'he crowd's roar fell as at the "Peace, be still!"

and when I ceased to speak, the king, the queen, ank from their thrones, and melted

into tears,

1 He was burnt on Christmas Day, 1417.

And knelt, and lifted hand and heart and voice

In praise to God who led me thro' the waste.

And then the great "Laudamus" rose to heaven.

Chains for the Admiral of the Ocean! chains

For him who gave a new heaven, a new earth,

As holy John had prophesied of me, Gave glory and more empire to the

kings Of Spain than all their battles! chains for him

Who push'd his prows into the setting

And made West East, and sail'd the Dragon's mouth,

And came upon the Mountain of the World.

And saw the rivers roll from Paradise!

Chains! we are Admirals of the Ocean, we,

We and our sons for ever. Ferdinand Hath sign'd it and our Holy Catholic queen -

Of the Ocean - of the Indies - Admirals we -

Our title, which we never mean to vield.

Our guerdon not alone for what we did.

But our amends for all we might have done -

The vast occasion of our stronger life -

Eighteen long years of waste, seven in your Spain,

Lost, showing courts and kings a truth the babe

Will suck in with his milk hereafter - earth

A sphere.

Were you at Salamanca? No We fronted there the learning of all Spain,

All their cosmogonies, their astrono

mies:

Guess-work they guess'd it, but the golden guess

Is morning-star to the full round of truth.

No guess-work! I was certain of my goal;

Some thought it heresy, but that would not hold.

King David call'd the heavens a hide, a tent

Spread over earth, and so this earth was flat:

Some cited old Lactantius · could it be That trees grew downward, rain fell upward, men

Walk'd like the fly on ceilings? and besides,

The great Augustine wrote that none could breathe

Within the zone of heat; so might there be

Two Adams, two mankinds, and that was clean

Against God's word: thus was I beaten back,

And chiefly to my sorrow by the Church,

And thought to turn my face from Spain, appeal

Once more to France or England; but our Queen

Recall'd me, for at last their Highnesses

Were half-assured this earth might be a sphere.

All glory to the all-blessed Trinity, All glory to the mother of our Lord, And Holy Church, from whom I never swerved

Not even by one hair's-breadth of heresy,

I have accomplish'd what I came to do.

Not yet — not all — last night a dream — I sail'd

On my first voyage, harass'd by the frights

Of my first crew, their curses and their groans.

The great flame-banner borne by Teneriffe,

The compass, like an old friend false at last In our most need, appall'd them, and

the wind Still westward, and the weedy seas —

at length
The landbird, and the branch with

berries on it,
The carven staff—and last the light.

the light
On Guanahani! but I changed the

name; San Salvador I call'd it; and the light

Grew as I gazed, and brought out a broad sky

Of dawning over—not those alien palms,

The marvel of that fair new nature —

That Indian isle, but our most ancient East

Moriah with Jerusalem; and I saw The glory of the Lord flash up, and

beat
Thro' all the homely town from jasper, sapphire,

Chalcedony, emerald, sardonyx, sardius,

Chrysolite, beryl, topaz, chrysoprase, Jacynth, and amethyst—and those twelve gates,

Pearl — and I woke, and thought — death — I shall die —

I am written in the Lamb's own Book of Life

To walk within the glory of the Lord Sunless and moonless, utter light — but no!

The Lord had sent this bright, strange dream to me

To mind me of the secret vow I made When Spain was waging war against the Moor—

I strove myself with Spain against the Moor.

the Moor.
There came two voices from the Sep-

ulchre, Two friars crying that if Spain should

The Moslem from her limit, he. the

fierce

oldan of Egypt, would break down and raze

he blessed tomb of Christ; whereon

I vow'd hat, if our Princes harken'd to my prayer,

hatever wealth I brought from that new world hould, in this old, be consecrate to

lead new crusade against the Saracen, nd free the Holy Sepulchre from

thrall.

Gold? I had brought your Princes

gold enough

left alone! Being but a Genovese, am handled worse than had I been a

Moor,

nd breach'd the belting wall of

Cambalu,

nd given the Great Khan's palaces to the Moor,

r clutch'd the sacred crown of Pres-

ter John, nd cast it to the Moor: but had I

brought

rom Solomon's now-recover'd Ophir all

he gold that Solomon's navies carried home,

Yould that have gilded me? Blue blood of Spain,

ho' quartering your own royal arms of Spain, have not: blue blood and black blood

of Spain,

he noble and the convict of Cas-

lowl'd me from Hispaniola: for you know

he flies at home, that ever swarm about

nd cloud the highest heads, and murmur down

ruth in the distance - these outbuzz'd me so

hat even our prudent king, our righteous queen -

pray'd them being so calumniated hey would commission one of weight and worth

To judge between my slander'd self and me -

Fonseca my main enemy at their court, They send me out his tool, Bovadilla,

As ignorant and impolitic as a beast — Blockish irreverence, brainless greed - who sack'd

My dwelling, seized upon my papers, loosed

My captives, feed the rebels of the crown.

Sold the crown-farms for all but noth ing, gave

All but free leave for all to work the mines,

Drove me and my good brothers home

in chains, And gathering ruthless gold - a single piece

Weigh'd nigh four thousand Castil-

lanos - so They tell me - weigh'd him down

into the abysm -The hurricane of the latitude on him

fell, The seas of our discovering over-roll Him and his gold; the frailer caravel, With what was mine, came happily to the shore.

There was a glimmering of God's hand.

And God

Hath more than glimmer'd on me. O my lord,

I swear to you I heard his voice between

The thunders in the black Veragua nights.

"O soul of little faith, slow to believe! Have I not been about thee from thy birth?

Given thee the keys of the great Ocean-sea?

Set thee in light till time shall be no more?

Is it I who have deceived thee or the world?

Endure! thou hast done so well for men, that men

Cry out against thee: was it otherwise With mine own Son?"

And more than once in days Of doubt and cloud and storm, when drowning hope

Sank all but out of sight, I heard his voice.

"Be not cast down. I lead thee by the hand,

Fear not." And I shall hear his voice again -

I know that he has led me all my life, I am not yet too old to work his will -His voice again.

Still for all that, my lord, I lying here bedridden and alone,

Cast off, put by, scouted by court and king -

The first discoverer starves - his followers, all

Flower into fortune - our world's way -and I,

Without a roof that I can call mine own,

With scarce a coin to buy a meal withal.

And seeing what a door for scoundrel

I open'd to the West, thro' which the

Villany, violence, avarice, of your Spain

Pour'd in on all those happy naked isles -

Their kindly native princes slain or slaved.

Their wives and children Spanish con-

cubines. Their innocent hospitalities quench'd in blood,

Some dead of hunger, some beneath the scourge,

Some over-labor'd, some by their own hands, ---

Yea, the dear mothers, crazing Nature. kill

Their babies at the breast for hate of Spain -

Ah God, the harmless people whom we found

In Hispaniola's island-Paradise!

Who took us for the very Gods from Heaven,

And we have sent them very fiend from Hell:

And I myself, myself not blameless, Could sometimes wish I had never led the wav.

Only the ghost of our great Catholic

Smiles on me, saying, "Be thou com forted! This creedless people will be brough

to Christ

And own the holy governance of Rome."

But who could dream that we, who bore the Cross

Thither, were excommunicated there For curbing crimes that scandalized the Cross.

By him, the Catalonian Minorite.

Rome's Vicar in our Indies? who be lieve

These hard memorials of our truth to Spain

Clung closer to us for a longer term Than any friend of ours at Court? and vet

Pardon - too harsh, unjust. I am rack'd with pains.

You see that I have hung them by my bed.

And I will have them buried in my grave.

Sir, in that flight of ages which are

Own voice to justify the dead — perchance

Spain once the most chivalric race on earth,

Spain then the mightiest, wealthiest realm on earth.

So made by me, may seek to unbury

To lay me in some shrine of this old Spain.

Or in that vaster Spain I leave to Spain.

Then some one standing by my grave

will say,

Behold the bones of Christopher Colòn " ---

'Ay, but the chains, what do they mean — the chains ? " —

sorrow for that kindly child of Spain Who then will have to answer, "These same chains

Bound these same bones back thro' the Atlantic sea.

Which he unchain'd for all the world to come."

O Queen of Heaven who seest the

souls in Hell And purgatory, I suffer all as much

As they do - for the moment. Stay, my son

s here anon: my son will speak for

Ablier than I can in these spasms that

Bone against bone. You will not. One last word.

You move about the Court, I pray you tell

King Ferdinand who plays with me, that one,

Whose life has been no play with him and his

Hidalgos — shipwrecks, famines, fevers, fights,

Mutinies, treacheries - wink'd at, and condoned -

That I am loyal to him till the death, And ready - tho' our Holy Catholic Queen,

Who fain had pledged her jewels on my first voyage,

Whose hope was mine to spread the

Catholic faith,

Who wept with me when I return'd in chains. Who sits beside the blessed Virgin

To whom I send my prayer by night

and day -She is gone - but you will tell the King, that I,

Rack'd as I am with gout, and

wrench'd with pains

fain'd in the service of His Highness, yet

Am ready to sail forth on one las. vovage,

And readier, if the King would hear to lead

One last crusade against the Saracen And save the Holy Sepulchre from thrall.

Going? I am old and slighted: you have dared

Somewhat perhaps in coming? my poor thanks!

I am but an alien and a Genovese.

# THE VOYAGE OF MAELDUNE.

(FOUNDED ON AN IRISH LEGEND. A.D. 700.)

I was the chief of the race - he had stricken my father dead -

But I gather'd my fellows together, I swore I would strike off his head.

Each one of them look'd like a king, and was noble in birth as in worth.

And each of them boasted he sprang from the oldest race upon earth.

Each was as brave in the fight as the bravest hero of song,

And each of them liefer had died than have done one another a wrong.

He lived on an isle in the ocean - we sail'd on a Friday morn -

He that had slain my father the day before I was born.

And we came to the isle in the ocean. and there on the shore was he. But a sudden blast blew us out and away thro' a boundless sea.

III.

And we came to the Silent Isle that we never had touch'd at before, Where a silent ocean always broke on a silent shore.

And the brooks glitter'd on in the light without sound, and the long waterfalls

Pour'd in a thunderless plunge to the base of the mountain walls,

And the poplar and cypress unshaken by storm flourish'd up beyond sight,

And the pine shot aloft from the crag to an unbelievable height,

And high in the heaven above it there flicker'd a songless lark,

And the cock couldn't crow, and the bull couldn't low, and the dog couldn't bark.

And round it we went, and thro' it, but never a murmur, a breath—

It was all of it fair as life, it was all of it quiet as death,

And we hated the beautiful Isle, for whenever we strove to speak Our voices were thinner and fainter

than any flittermouse-shriek; And the men that were mighty of tongue and could raise such a battle-cry

That a hundred who heard it would rush on a thousand lances and die —

O they to be dumb'd by the charm!
— so fluster'd with anger were
they

They almost fell on each other; but after we sail'd away.

#### IV.

And we came to the Isle of Shouting, we landed, a score of wild birds Cried from the topmost summit with human voices and words;

Once in an hour they cried, and whenever their voices peal'd

The steer fell down at the plow and the harvest died from the field, And the men dropt dead in the valleys

and half of the cattle went lame, And the roof sank in on the hearth,

and the dwelling broke into fiame;

And the shouting of these wild birds ran into the hearts of my crew,

Till they shouted along with the shouting and seized one another and slew;

But I drew them the one from the other; I saw that we could not

stay,

And we left the dead to the birds and we sail'd with our wounded away.

v.

And we came to the Isle of Flowers. their breath met us out on the seas,

For the Spring and the middle Summer sat each on the lap of the

breeze;

And the red passion-flower to the cliffs, and the dark-blue clematis, clung,

And starr'd with a myriad blossom the long convolvulus hung;

And the topmost spire of the mountain was lilies in lieu of snow,

And the lilies like glaciers winded down, running out below

Thro' the fire of the tulip and poppy, the blaze of gorse, and the blush

Of millions of roses that sprang without leaf or a thorn from the bush;

And the whole isle-side flashing down from the peak without ever a tree

Swept like a torrent of gems from the sky to the blue of the sea;

And we roll'd upon capes of crocus and vaunted our kith and our kin,

And we wallow'd in beds of lilies, and chanted the triumph of Finn.

Till each like a golden image was pollen'd from head to feet

And each was as dry as a cricket, with thirst in the middle-day heat.

Blossom and blossom, and promise of blossom, but never a fruit!

And we hated the Flowering Isle, as we hated the isle that was mute. And we tore up the flowers by the million and flung them in bight and bay.

And we left but a naked rock, and in

anger we sail'd away.

#### VI.

And we came to the Isle of Fruits: all round from the cliffs and the capes.

urple or amber, dangled a hundred

fathom of grapes,

And the warm melon lay like a little sun on the tawny sand,

and the fig ran up from the beach and rioted over the land.

And the mountain arose like a jewell'd throne thro' the fragrant air,

Howing with all-color'd plums and with golden masses of pear,

and the crimson and scarlet of berries that flamed upon bine and vine, But in every berry and fruit was the

poisonous pleasure of wine; and the peak of the mountain was

apples, the hugest that ever were seen.

And they prest, as they grew, on each other, with hardly a leaflet be-

and all of them redder than rosiest health or than utterest shame, and setting, when Even descended,

the very sunset aflame; And we stay'd three days, and we gorged and we madden'd, till

every one drew

His sword on his fellow to slay him, and ever they struck and they slew:

and myself, I had eaten but sparely, and fought till I sunder'd the

fray,

'hen I bade them remember my father's death, and we sail'd away.

#### VII.

and we came to the Isle of Fire: we were lured by the light from afar,

For the peak sent up one league of fire to the Northern Star:

Lured by the glare and the blare, but scarcely could stand upright,

For the whole isle shudder'd and shook like a man in a mortal affright:

We were giddy besides with the fruits we had gorged, and so crazed

that at last

There were some leap'd into the fire; and away we sail'd, and we past

Over that undersea isle, where the water is clearer than air:

Down we look'd: what a garden! O bliss, what a Paradise there!

Towers of a happier time, low down in a rainbow deep

Silent palaces, quiet fields of eternal

sleep!

And three of the gentlest and best of my people, whate'er I coul say,

Plunged head down in the sea, and the Paradise trembled away.

#### VIII.

And we came to the Bounteous Isle, where the heavens lean low on the land.

And ever at dawn from the cloud glitter'd o'er us a sunbright

hand,

Then it open'd and dropt at the side of each man, as he rose from his rest.

Bread enough for his need till the laborless day dipt under the

West:

And we wander'd about it and thro' it. O never was time good!

And we sang of the triumphs of Finn, and the boast of our

ancient blood,

And we gazed at the wandering wave as we sat by the gurgle of springs,

And we chanted the songs of the Bards and the glories of fairy kings;

But at length we began to be weary, to sigh, and to stretch and yawn,

Till we hated the Bounteous Isle and the sunbright hand of the

dawn,

For there was not an enemy near, but the whole green Isle was our own,

And we took to playing at ball, and we took to throwing the stone,

And we took to playing at battle, but that was a perilous play,

For the passion of the battle was in us, we slew and we sail'd away.

#### IX.

And we came to the Isle of Witches and heard their musical cry —

'Come to us, O come, come" in the stormy red of a sky

Dashing the fires and the shadows of dawn on the beautiful shapes, For a wild witch naked as heaven

stood on each of the loftiest.

capes,

And a hundred ranged on the rock like white sea-birds in a row,

And a hundred gamboll'd and pranced on the wrecks in the sand below,

And a hundred splash'd from the ledges, and bosom'd the burst of the spray,

But I knew we should fall on each other, and hastily sail'd away.

#### х.

And we came in an evil time to the Isle of the Double Towers,

One was of smooth-cut stone, one carved all over with flowers,

But an earthquake always moved in the hollows under the dells,

And they shock'd on each other and butted each other with clashing of bells,

And the daws flew out of the Towers and jangled and wrangled in vain.

And the clash and boom of the bells rang into the heart and the brain,

Till the passion of battle was on us, and all took sides with the Towers,

There were some for the clean-cut stone, there were more for the carven flowers,

And the wrathful thunder of God

peal'd over us all the day,
For the one half slew the other and
after we sail'd away.

#### XI.

And we came to the Isle of a Saint who had sail'd with St. Brendan of yore,

He had lived ever since on the Isle and his winters were fifteen score,

And his voice was low as from other worlds, and his eyes were sweet,

And his white hair sank to his heels and his white beard fell to his

feet,

And he spake to me, "O Maeldune, let be this purpose of thine!

Remember the words of the Lord when he told us 'Vengeance is mine!'

His fathers have slain thy fathers in war or in single strife,

Thy fathers have slain his fathers each taken a life for a life,

Thy father had slain his father, how long shall the murder last?

Go back to the Isle of Finn and suffer the Past to be Past."

And we kiss'd the fringe of his beard and we pray'd as we heard him pray,

And the Holy man he assoil'd us, and sadly we sail'd away.

#### XII.

And we came to the Isle we were blown from, and there on the shore was he,

The man that had slain my father. saw him and let him be.

O weary was I of the travel, the trouble, the strife and the sin,

When I landed again, with a tithe of my men, on the Isle of Finn.

### DE PROFUNDIS:

#### THE TWO GREETINGS.

I.

OUT of the deep, my child, out of the deep,

Where all that was to be, in all that was,

Whirl'd for a million æons thro' the

Waste dawn of multitudinous-eddying light —

Out of the deep, my child, out of the

deep,
Thro' all this changing world of
changeless law,

And every phase of ever-heightening life.

And nine long months of antenatal gloom,

With this last moon, this crescent—

Touch'd with earth's light — thou comest, darling boy;

Our own; a babe in lineament and

Perfect, and prophet of the perfect man;

Whose face and form are hers and mine in one,

Indissolubly married like our love; Live, and be happy in thyself, and

serve This mortal race thy kin so well, that

May bless thee as we bless thee, O

young life
Breaking with laughter from the dark;

and may
The fated channel where thy motion
` lives

Be prosperously shaped, and sway thy course

Along the years of haste and random youth

Unshatter'd; then full-current thro' full man;

And last in kindly curves, with gentlest fall,

By quiet fields, a slowly-dying power,

To that last deep where we and thou are still.

#### II.

I.

Our of the deep, my child, out of the deep,

From that great deep, before our world begins,

Whereon the Spirit of God moves as he will —

Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,

From that true world within the world we see,

Whereof our world is but the bounding shore —

Out of the deep, Sphrit, out of the deep, With this ninth moon, that sends the hidden sun

Down you dark sea, thou comest, darling boy.

#### II.

For in the world, which is not ours, They said

"Let us make man" and that which should be man,

From that one light no man can look upon,

Drew to this shore lit by the suns and

moons
And all the shadows. O dear Spirit

half-lost
In thine own shadow and this fleshly

That thou art thou - who wailest

being born
And banish'd into mystery, and the

Of this divisible-indivisible world Among the numerable-innumerable

Sun, sun, and sun, thro' finite-infinite space

In finite-infinite Time — our mortal

And shatter'd phantom of that infinite One,

Who made thee unconceivably Thy-

Out of His whole World-self and all

Live thou! and of the grain and husk, the grape

And ivyberry, choose; and still depart From death to death thro' life and life, and find

Nearer and ever nearer Him, who wrought

Not Matter, nor the finite-infinite,

But this main-miracle, that thou art thou,

With power on thine own act and on the world.

#### THE HUMAN CRY.

a.

HALLOWED be Thy name — Halle-luiah! —

Infinite Ideality!
Immeasurable Reality!

Infinite Personality!
Hallowed be Thy name — Halleluiah!

11

We feel we are nothing — for all is Thou and in Thee;

We feel we are something — that also has come from Thee;

We know we are nothing — but Thou wilt help us to be.

Hallowed be Thy name — Halleluiah!

# PREFATORY SONNET

TO THE "NINETEENTH CENTURY."

THOSE that of late had fleeted far and

To touch all shores, now leaving to the skill

Of others their old craft seaworthy still, Have charter'd this; where, mindful of the past,

Our true co-mates regather round the mast:

Of diverse tongue, but with a common will

Here, in this roaring moon of daffodil And crocus, to put forth and brave the blast:

For some, descending from the sacred peak

Of hoar high-templed Faith, have leagued again

Their lot with ours to rove the world about;

And some are wilder comrades, sworn to seek

If any golden harbor be for men

In seas of Death and sunless gulfs of Doubt.

# TO THE REV. W. H. BROOK-FIELD.

Brooks, for they call'd you so that knew you best,

Old Brooks, who loved so well to mouth my rhymes,

How oft we two have heard St. Mary's chimes!

How oft the Cantab supper, host and

Would echo helpless laughter to your jest!

How oft with him we paced that walk of lines,

Him, the lost light of those dawngolden times,

Who loved you well! Now both are gone to rest.

You man of humorous-melancholy mark,

Dead of some inward agony — is it so? Our kindlier, trustier Jaques, pass away!

I cannot laud this life, it looks so dark Σκιᾶς ὄναρ — dream of a shadow, go — God bless you. I shall join you in a day

### MONTENEGRO.

They rose to where their sovran eagle sails,

They kept their faith, their freedom on the height,

Chaste, frugal, savage, arm'd by day and night

Against the Turk; whose inroad no where scales

Their headlong passes, but his footstep fails,

nd red with blood the Crescent reels from fight

efore their dauntless hundreds, in prone flight

y thousands down the crags and thro' the vales.

smallest among peoples! rough rock-throne

f Freedom! warriors beating back the swarm

f Turkish Islam for five hundred years,

reat Tsernogora! never since thine own

lack ridges drew the cloud and brake the storm

as breathed a race of mightier mountaineers.

# TO VICTOR HUGO.

ictor in Drama, Victor in Romance, loud-weaver of phantasmal hopes and fears. French of the French, and Lord of human tears:

Child-lover; Bard whose fame-lit laurels glance

Darkening the wreaths of all that would advance,

Beyond our strait, their claim to be thy peers;

Weird Titan by thy winter weight of

As yet unbroken, Stormy voice of France!

Who dost not love our England — so they say;

I know not — England, France, all man to be

Will make one people ere man's race be run:

And I, desiring that diviner day,

Yield thee full thanks for thy full courtesy

To younger England in the boy my son.

# TRANSLATIONS, ETC.

# BATTLE OF BRUNANBURH.

Constantinus, King of the Scots, after ving sworn allegiance to Athelstan, allied mself with the Danes of Ireland under ulaf, and invading England, was defeated Athelstan and his brother Edmund with eat slaughter at Brunanburh in the year 7.

ı.

<sup>1</sup>Athelstan King, Lord among Earls, Bracelet-bestower and Baron of Barons, He with his brother, Edmund Atheling, Gaining a lifelong Glory in battle,

I have more or less availed myself of my n's prose translation of this poem in the intemporary Review (November 1876). Slew with the sword-edge
There by Brunanburh,
Brake the shield-wall,
Hew'd the linden-wood,
Hack'd the battleshield,
Sons of Edward with hammer'd brands.

II.

Theirs was a greatness
Got from their Grandsires—
Theirs that so often in
Strife with their enemies
Struck for their hoards and their
hearths and their homes.

III

Bow'd the spoiler, Bent the Scotsman,

1 Shields of lindenwood.

Fell the shipcrews Doom'd to the death.

All the field with blood of the fighters
Flow'd, from when first the great
Sun-star of morning tide,
Lamp of the Lord God
Lord everlasting,

Glode over earth till the glorious creature

Sank to his setting.

IV.

There lay many a man Marr'd by the javelin, Men of the Northland Shot over shield. There was the Scotsman Weary of war.

 $\mathbf{v}$ .

We the West-Saxons,
Long as the daylight
Lasted, in companies
Troubled the track of the host that
we hated,

Grimly with swords that were sharp from the grindstone,

Fiercely we hack'd at the flyers before

VI.

Mighty the Mercian, Hard was his hand-play, Sparing not any of Those that with Anlaf, Warriors over the Weltering waters Borne in the bark's-bosom, Drew to this island: Doom'd to the death.

VII

Five young kings put asleep by the sword-stroke, Seven strong Earls of the army of

Anlaf

Fell on the war-field, numberless numbers,

Shipmen and Scotsmen.

VIII.

Then the Norse leader, Dire was his need of it, Few were his following, Fled to his warship:
Fleeted his vessel to sea with the king
in it,
Saving his life on the fallow flood.

IX.

Also the crafty one, Constantinus, Crept to his North again, Hoar-headed hero!

х.

Slender warrant had He to be proud of
The welcome of war-knives—
He that was reft of his
Folk and his friends that had
Fallen in conflict,
Leaving his son too
Lost in the carnage,
Mangled to morsels,
A youngster in war!

XI.

Slender reason had He to be glad of The clash of the war-glaive . Traitor and trickster And spurner of treaties — He nor had Anlaf With armies so broken A reason for bragging That they had the better In perils of battle On places of slaughter -The struggle of standards. The rush of the javelins, The crash of the charges,1 The wielding of weapons. The play that they play'd wit The children of Edward.

XII.

Then with their nail'd prows Parted the Norsemen, a Blood-redden'd relic of Javelins over The jarring breaker, the dee

sea billow,
Shaping their way toward D

flen <sup>2</sup> again, Shamed in their souls.

<sup>1</sup> Lit. "the gathering of men." <sup>2</sup> Dublin

XIII.

Also the brethren,
King and Atheling,
Each in his glory,
Went to his own in his own WestSaxonland,

Glad of the war.

XIV.

Iany a carcase they left to be carrion, Iany a livid one, many a sallowskin—

Left for the white-tail'd eagle to tear

it, and

Left for the horny-nibb'd raven to rend it, and

dave to the garbaging war-hawk to

gorge it, and That gray beast, the wolf of the weald.

xv.

Never had huger
Slaughter of heroes
Slain by the sword-edge —
Such as old writers
Have writ of in histories —
Hapt in this isle, since
Up from the East hither
Saxon and Angle from
Over the broad billow
Broke into Britain with
Haughty war-workers who
Harried the Welshman, when
Earls that were lured by the
Hunger of glory gat
Hold of the land.

# ACHILLES OVER THE TRENCH.

ILIAD, xviii. 202.

o saying, light-foot Iris pass'd away. 'hen rose Achilles dear to Zeus; and round

'he warrior's puissant shoulders Pallas flung

nung

ler fringed ægis, and around his head

he glorious goddess wreath'd a golden cloud,

And from it lighted an all-shining flame.

As when a smoke from a city goes to heaven

Far off from out an island girt by foes,

All day the men contend in grievous war

From their own city, but with set of sun

Their fires flame thickly, and aloft the glare

Flies streaming, if perchance the neighbors round

May see, and sail to help them in the

So from his head the splendor went to heaven.

From wall to dyke he stept, he stood, nor join'd

The Achæans — honoring his wise mother's word —

There standing, shouted, and Pallas far away

Call'd; and a boundless panic shook the foe.

For like the clear voice when a trumpet shrills,

Blown by the fierce beleaguerers of a town,

So rang the clear voice of Æakidês; And when the brazen cry of Æakidês Was heard among the Trojans, all their hearts

Were troubled, and the full-maned horses whirl'd

The chariots backward, knowing griefs at hand;

And sheer-astounded were the charioteers

To see the dread, unweariable fire That always o'er the great Peleion's head

Burn'd, for the bright-eyed goddess made it burn.

Thrice from the dyke he sent his mighty shout,

Thrice backward reel'd the Trojans and allies;

And there and then twelve of their noblest died

Among their spears and chariots.

# TO PRINCESS FREDERICA ON HER MARRIAGE.

O you that were eyes and light to the
King till he past away
From the darkness of life—
He saw not his daughter—he blest
her: the blind King sees you
to-day,

He blesses the wife.

## SIR JOHN FRANKLIN

ON THE CENOTAPH IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Not here! the white North has thy bones; and thou, Heroic sailor-soul, Art passing on thine happier voyage

now
Toward no earthly pole.

# TO DANTE.

(WRITTEN AT REQUEST OF THE FLORENTINES.)

King, that hast reign'd six hundred years, and grown In power, and ever growest, since thine own Fair Florence honoring thy nativity, Thy Florence now the crown of Italy, Hath sought the tribute of a verse from me, I, wearing but the garland of a day, Cast at thy feet one flower that fades away

# TIRESIAS AND OTHER POEMS.

# TO MY GOOD FRIEND

# ROBERT BROWNING,

WHOSE GENIUS AND GENIALITY

WILL BEST APPRECIATE WHAT MAY BE BEST,

AND MAKE MOST ALLOWANCE FOR WHAT MAY BE WORST,

THIS VOLUME

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

## TO E. FITZGERALD.

LD FITZ, who from your suburb grange,

Where once I tarried for a while, lance at the wheeling Orb of change, And greet it with a kindly smile; Thom yet I see as there you sit

Beneath your sheltering garden-

nd watch your doves about you flit, And plant on shoulder, hand and knee,

r on your head their rosy feet,
As if they knew your diet spares
Thatever moved in that full sheet
Let down to Peter at his prayers;
Tho live on milk and meal and

grass;
And once for ten long weeks I tried
our table of Pythagoras,

And seem'd at first 'a thing enskied'

As Shakespeare has it) airy-light To float above the ways of men, hen fell from that half-spiritual height

Chill'd, till I tasted flesh again

One night when earth was winterblack,

And all the heavens flash'd in frost; And on me, half-asleep, came back That wholesome heat the blood had

lost,
And set me climbing icy capes

And glaciers, over which there roll'd

To meet me long-arm'd vines with

grapes
Of Eshcol hugeness; for the cold
Without, and warmth within me,

wrought
To mould the dream; but none can

That Lenten fare makes Lenten thought,

Who reads your golden Eastern lay,

Than which I know no version done
In English more divinely well;
A planet equal to the sun

Which cast it, that large infidel Your Omar; and your Omar drew Full-handed plaudits from our best

In modern letters, and from two, Old friends outvaluing all the rest. Two voices heard on earth no more; But we old friends are still alive, And I am nearing seventy-four,

While you have touch'd at seventy-

five,

And so I send a birthday line Of greeting; and my son, who dipt In some forgotten book of mine

With sallow scraps of manuscript,

And dating many a year ago,

Has hit on this, which you will take, My Fitz, and welcome, as I know

Less for its own than for the sake Of one recalling gracious times,

When, in our younger London days, You found some merit in my rhymes, And I more pleasure in your praise.

### TIRESIAS.

I wish I were as in the years of old, While yet the blessed daylight made itself

Ruddy thro' both the roofs of sight,

and woke
These eyes, now dull, but then so

keen to seek
The meanings ambush'd under all

they saw, The flight of birds, the flame of sac-

rifice, What omens may foreshadow fate to

And woman, and the secret of the Gods.

My son, the Gods, despite of human
prayer,

Are slower to forgive than human kings.

The great God, Arês, burns in anger still

Against the guiltless heirs of him from Tyre,

Our Cadmus, out of whom thou art,

Beside the springs of Dircê, smote, and still'd

Thro' all its folds the multitudinous beast,

The dragon, which our trembling fathers call'd

The God's own son.

A tale, that told to me When but thine age, by age as win ter-white

As mine is now, amazed, but made me yearn

For larger glimpses of that more than man Which rolls the heavens, and lifts

and lays the deep,
Yet loves and hates with mortal hate

and loves, And moves unseen among the way

of men.

Then, in my wanderings all th

lands that lie
Subjected to the Heliconian ridge

Have heard this footstep fall, althomy wont

Was more to scale the highest of the heights

With some strange hope to see th nearer God.

One naked peak — the sister of th

would climb from out the dark, an

linger there
To silver all the valleys with he
shafts—

There once, but long ago, five-fol

Of years, I lay; the winds were der for heat;

The noonday crag made the har burn; and sick

For shadow — not one bush was ne — I rose

Following a torrent till its myriad fal Found silence in the hollows undo neath.

There in a secret olive-glade I sa Pallas Athene climbing from t bath

In anger; yet one glittering foot d turb'd

The lucid well; one snowy knee w

Against the margin flowers; a dreaful light

Came from her golden hair, her go

And all her golden armor on t

and from her virgin breast, and virgin eyes

Remaining fixt on mine, till mine grew dark

for ever, and I heard a voice that said Henceforth be blind, for thou hast

seen too much.

and speak the truth that no man may believe.'

Son, in the hidden world of sight, that lives

Behind this darkness, I behold her still.

Beyond all work of those who carve the stone.

Beyond all dreams of Godlike woman-

hood,

neffable beauty, out of whom, at a glance.

and as it were, perforce, upon me flash'd

'he power of prophesying - but to me

lo power - so chain'd and coupled with the curse

of blindness and their unbelief, who heard

and heard not, when I spake of famine, plague,

hrine-shattering earthquake, fire, flood, thunderbolt.

and angers of the Gods for evil done

and expiation lack'd - no power on Fate,

'heirs, or mine own! for when the crowd would roar

'or blood, for war, whose issue was their doom,

'o cast wise words among the multitude

Vas flinging fruit to lions; nor, in

f civil outbreak, when I knew the

Yould each waste each, and bring on both the yoke

f stronger states, was mine the voice to curb

he madness of our cities and their kings.

Who ever turn'd upon his heel to hear

My warning that the tyranny of one Was prelude to the tyranny of all? My counsel that the tyranny of all

Led backward to the tyranny of one? This power hath work'd no good to aught that lives.

And these blind hands were useless in

their wars. O therefore that the unfulfill'd desire. The grief for ever born from griefs

The boundless yearning of the Proph-

et's heart -Could that stand forth, and like a

statue, rear'd To some great citizen, win all praise

from all

Who past it, saying, 'That was he!' In vain!

Virtue must shape itself in deed, and those

Whom weakness or necessity have cramp'd

Within themselves, immerging, each, his urn

In his own well, draw solace as he Menaceus, thou hast eyes, and I

can hear Too plainly what full tides of onset

Our seven high gates, and what a

weight of war Rides on those ringing axles! jingle

of bits, Shouts, arrows, tramp of the hornfooted horse

That grind the glebe to powder! Stony showers

Of that ear-stunning hail of Arês

Along the sounding walls. Above, below.

Shock after shock, the song-built

towers and gates Reel, bruised and butted with the shuddering

War-thunder of iron rams; and from within

The city comes a murmur void of joy,

Lest she be taken captive - maidens, wives.

And mothers with their babblers of the dawn.

And oldest age in shadow from the night,

Falling about their shrines before their Gods,

And wailing 'Save us.'

And they wail to thee! These eyeless eyes, that cannot see thine own.

See this, that only in thy virtue lies The saving of our Thebes; for, yesternight,

To me, the great God Arês, whose

one bliss

Is war, and human sacrifice - himself Blood-red from battle, spear and helmet tipt

With stormy light as on a mast at

Stood out before a darkness, crying 'Thebes, Thy Thebes shall fall and perish, for

I loathe The seed of Cadmus - yet if one of

these By his own hand - if one of these ---'

My son, No sound is breathed so potent to coerce.

And to conciliate, as their names who

For that sweet motherland which gave them birth

Nobly to do, nobly to die. Their names,

Graven on memorial columns, are a

Heard in the future; few, but more than wall

And rampart, their examples reach a hand

Far thro' all years, and everywhere they meet

And kindle generous purpose, and the strength

To mould it into action pure as theirs. Fairer thy fate than mine, if life's best end

Be to end well! and thou refusing this,

Unvenerable will thy memory be While men shall move the lips: but

if thou dare -Thou, one of these, the race of Cadmus - then

No stone is fitted in you marble girth Whose echo shall not tongue thy glorious doom,

Nor in this pavement but shall ring thy name

To every hoof that clangs it, and the springs

Of Dirce laving yonder battle-plain, Heard from the roofs by night, will murmur thee

To thine own Thebes, while Thebes thro' thee shall stand

Firm-based with all her Gods.

The Dragon's cave Half hid, they tell me, now in flowing vines -

Where once he dwelt and whence he roll'd himself

At dead of night - thou knowest, and that smooth rock

Before it, altar-fashion'd, where of late The woman-breasted Sphinx, with wings drawn back,

Folded her lion paws, and look'd to Thebes.

There blanch the bones of him she slew, and these

Mixt with her own, because the fierce beast found

A wiser than herself, and dash'd her-

Dead in her rage: but thou art wise enough,

Tho' young, to love thy wiser, blunt the curse

Of Pallas, hear, and tho' I speak the truth

Believe I speak it, let thine own hand

Thy youthful pulses into rest and quench

The red God's anger, fearing not to plunge

Thy torch of life in darkness, rather -thou

Rejoicing that the sun, the moon, the

stars

end no such light upon the ways of men

is one great deed.

Thither, my son, and there hou, that hast never known the embrace of love.

offer thy maiden life.

This useless hand! felt one warm tear fall upon it. Gone!

Ie will achieve his greatness.

But for me, would that I were gather'd to my rest, and mingled with the famous kings of old.

in whom about their ocean-islands

flash

'he faces of the Gods — the wise man's word,

lere trampled by the populace under-

'here crown'd with worship - and

these eyes will find he men I knew, and watch the

chariot whirl bout the goal again, and hunters race 'he shadowy lion, and the warrior-

1 height and prowess more than hu-

man, strive

gain for glory, while the golden lyre ever sounding in heroic ears eroic hymns, and every way the vales

ind, clouded with the grateful incense-fume

f those who mix all odor to the Gods n one far height in one far-shining fire.

'One height and one far-shining fire' And while I fancied that my friend For this brief idyll would require

A less diffuse and opulent end, And would defend his judgment well,

If I should deem it over nice -The tolling of his funeral bell

Broke on my Pagan Paradise, And mixt the dream of classic times, And all the phantoms of the dream. With present grief, and made the

rhymes,

That miss'd his living welcome,

Like would-be guests an hour too late.

Who down the highway moving on With easy laughter find the gate

Is bolted, and the master gone. Gone into darkness, that full light Of friendship! past, in sleep, away

By night, into the deeper night! The deeper night? A clearer day Than our poor twilight dawn on

earth -

If night, what barren toil to be! What life, so maim'd by night, were worth

Our living out? Not mine to me Remembering all the golden hours Now silent, and so many dead,

And him the last; and laying flowers, This wreath, above his honor'd

And praying that, when I from hence Shall fade with him into the unknown,

My close of earth's experience May prove as peaceful as his own,

# THE WRECK.

HIDE me, Mother! my Fathers belong'd to the church of old, I am driven by storm and sin and death to the ancient fold, I cling to the Catholic Cross once more, to the Faith that saves, My brain is full of the crash of wrecks, and the roar of waves, My life itself is a wreck, I have sullied a noble name, I am flung from the rushing tide of the world as a waif of shame, I am roused by the wail of a child, and awake to a livid light,
And a ghastlier face than ever has haunted a grave by night,
I would hide from the storm without, I would flee from the storm within,
I would make my life one prayer for a soul that died in his sin,
I was the tempter, Mother, and mine was the deeper fall;
I will sit at your feet, I will hide my face, I will tell you all.

11.

He that they gave me to, Mother, a heedless and innocent bride -I never have wrong'd his heart, I have only wounded his pride -Spain in his blood and the Jew - dark-visaged, stately and tall -A princelier-looking man never stept thro' a Prince's hall. And who, when his anger was kindled, would venture to give him the nay? And a man men fear is a man to be loved by the women they say. And I could have loved him too, if the blossom can doat on the blight, Or the young green leaf rejoice in the frost that sears it at night; He would open the books that I prized, and toss them away with a yawn, Repell'd by the magnet of Art to the which my nature was drawn, The word of the Poet by whom the deeps of the world are stirr'd, The music that robes it in language beneath and beyond the word! My Shelley would fall from my hands when he cast a contemptuous glance From where he was poring over his Tables of Trade and Finance: My hands, when I heard him coming would drop from the chords or the keys But ever I fail'd to please him, however I strove to please -All day long far-off in the cloud of the city, and there Lost, head and heart, in the chances of dividend, consol, and share -And at home if I sought for a kindly caress, being woman and weak, His formal kiss fell chill as a flake of snow on the cheek: And so, when I bore him a girl, when I held it aloft in my joy, He look'd at it coldly, and said to me "Pity it isn't a boy. The one thing given me, to love and to live for, glanced at in scorn! The child that I felt I could die for - as if she were basely born! I had lived a wild-flower life, I was planted now in a tomb; The daisy will shut to the shadow, I closed my heart to the gloom; I threw myself all abroad - I would play my part with the young By the low foot-lights of the world - and I caught the wreath that was flun

#### III.

Mother, I have not—however their tongues may have babbled of me—Sinn'd thro' an animal vileness, for all but a dwarf was he, And all but a hunchback too; and I look'd at him, first, askance With pity—not he the knight for an amorous girl's romance! Tho' wealthy enough to have bask'd in the light of a dowerless smile, Having lands at home and abroad in a rich West-Indian isle; But I came on him once at a ball, the heart of a listening crowd—Why, what a brow was there! he was seated—speaking aloud To women, the flower of the time, and men at the helm of state—Flowing with easy greatness and touching on all things great, Science, philosophy, song—till I felt myself ready to weep For I knew not what, when I heard that voice,—as mellow and deep

s a psalm by a mighty master and peal'd from an organ,—roll ising and falling—for, Mother, the voice was the voice of the soul; nd the sun of the soul made day in the dark of his wonderful eyes. Iere was the hand that would help me, would heal me—the heart that was wise!

nd he, poor man, when he learnt that I hated the ring I wore, le helpt me with death, and he heal'd me with sorrow forevermore.

IV.

or I broke the bond. That day my nurse had brought me the child. he small sweet face was flush'd, but it coo'd to the Mother and smiled. Anything ailing," I ask'd her, "with baby?" She shook her head, and the Motherless Mother kiss'd it, and turn'd in her haste and fled.

V.

ow warm winds had gently breathed us away from the land en long sweet summer days upon deck, sitting hand in hand -When he clothed a naked mind with the wisdom and wealth of his own, and I bow'd myself down as a slave to his intellectual throne, Vhen he coin'd into English gold some treasure of classical song, Vhen he flouted a statesman's error, or flamed at a public wrong, When he rose as it were on the wings of an eagle beyond me, and past ver the range and the change of the world from the first to the last, Vhen he spoke of his tropical home in the canes by the purple tide, and the high star-crowns of his palms on the deep-wooded mountain-side, and cliffs all robed in lianas that dropt to the brink of his bay, and trees like the towers of a minster, the sons of a winterless day. Paradise there!" so he said, but I seem'd in Paradise then Vith the first great love I had felt for the first and greatest of men, 'en long days of summer and sin - if it must be sout days of a larger light than I ever again shall knowlays that will glimmer, I fear, thro' life to my latest breath; No frost there," so he said, "as in truest Love no Death."

VI.

Iother, one morning a bird with a warble plaintively sweet erch'd on the shrouds, and then fell fluttering down at my feet; took it, he made it a cage, we fondled it, Stephen and I, ut it died, and I thought of the child for a moment, I scarce know why.

#### VII.

ut if sin be sin, not inherited fate, as many will say, is sin to my desolate little one found me at sea on a day, hen her orphan wail came borne in the shriek of a growing wind, and a voice rang out in the thunders of Ocean and Heaven "Thou hast sinn'd." and down in the cabin were we, for the towering crest of the tides lunged on the vessel and swept in a cataract off from her sides, and ever the great storm grew with a howl and a hoot of the blast the rigging, voices of hell—then came the crash of the mast.

"The wages of sin is death," and then I began to weep,
"I am the Jonah, the crew should cast me into the deep,
For ah God, what a heart was mine to forsake her even for you."
"Never the heart among women," he said, "more tender and true."
"The heart! not a mother's heart, when I left my darling alone."
"Comfort yourself, for the heart of the father will care for his own."
"The heart of the father will spurn her," I cried, "for the sin of the wife,
The cloud of the mother's shame will enfold her and darken her life."
Then his pale face twitch'd; "O Stephen, I love you, I love you, and yet"—
As I lean'd away from his arms—"would God, we had never met!"
And he spoke not—only the storm; till after a little, I yearn'd
For his voice again, and he call'd to me "Kiss me!" and there—as I turn'd—
"The heart, the heart!" I kiss'd him, I clung to the sinking form,
And the storm went roaring above us, and he—was out of the storm.

#### VIII.

And then, then, Mother, the ship stagger'd under a thunderous shock, That shock us asunder, as if she had struck and crash'd on a rock; For a huge sea smote every soul from the decks of The Falcon but one; All of them, all but the man that was lash'd to the helm had gone; And I fell—and the storm and the days went by, but I knew no more—Lost myself—lay like the dead by the dead on the cabin floor, Dead to the death beside me, and lost to the loss that was mine, With a dim dream, now and then, of a hand giving bread and wine, Till I woke from the trance, and the ship stood still, and the skies were blue But the face I had known, O Mother, was not the face that I knew.

#### TX.

The strange misfeaturing mask that I saw so amazed me, that I Stumbled on deck, half mad. I would fling myself over and die! But one—he was waving a flag—the one man left on the wreck—"Woman"—he graspt at my arm—"stay there"—I crouch'd on the deck-"We are sinking, and yet there's hope: look yonder," he cried, "a sail" In a tone so rough that I broke into passionate tears, and the wail Of a beaten babe, till I saw that a boat was nearing us—then All on a sudden I thought, I shall look on the child again.

#### ~

They lower'd me down the side, and there in the boat I lay With sad eyes fixt on the lost sea-home, as we glided away, And I sigh'd, as the low dark hull dipt under the smiling main, "Had I stayed with him, I had now — with him — been out of my pain."

#### ΚI.

They took us aboard: the crew were gentle, the captain kind; But I was the lonely slave of an often-wandering mind; For whenever a rougher gust might tumble a stormier wave, "O Stephen," I moan'd, "I am coming to thee in thine Ocean-grave." And again, when a balmier breeze curl'd over a peacefuller sea, I found myself moaning again "O child, I am coming to thee."

#### XII.

The broad white brow of the Isle—that bay with the color'd sand—Rich was the rose of sunset there, as we drew to the land; All so quiet the ripple would hardly blanch into spray At the feet of the cliff; and I pray'd—"my child"—for I still could pray—"May her life be as blissfully calm, be never gloom'd by the curse Of a sin, not hers!"

Was it well with the child?

I wrote to the nurse
Who had borne my flower on her hireling heart; and an answer came
Not from the nurse — nor yet to the wife — to her maiden name!
I shook as I open'd the letter — I knew that hand too well, —
And from it a scrap, clipt out of the "deaths" in a paper, fell.
"Ten long sweet summer days" of fever, and want of care!
And gone — that day of the storm — O Mother, she came to me there.

#### DESPAIR.

A man and his wife having lost faith in a God, and hope of a life to come, and being utterly miserable in this, resolve to end themselves by drowning. The woman is drowned, but the man rescued by a minister of the sect he had abandoned.

#### Ι.

Is it you, that preach'd in the chapel there looking over the sand? Follow'd us too that night, and dogg'd us, and drew me to land?

#### II.

What did I feel that night? You are curious. How should I tell? Does it matter so much what I felt? You rescued me—yet—was it well That you came unwish'd for, uncall'd, between me and the deep and my doom, Three days since, three more dark days of the Godless gloom Of a life without sun, without health, without hope, without any delight In anything here upon earth? but ah God, that night, that night When the rolling eyes of the light-house there on the fatal neck Of land running out into rock—they had saved many hundreds from wreck—Glared on our way toward death, I remember I thought, as we past, Does it matter how many they saved? we are all of us wreck'd at last—"Do you fear," and there came thro' the roar of the breaker a whisper, a breath, "Fear? am I not with you? I am frighted at life not death."

#### III.

And the suns of the limitless Universe sparkled and shone in the sky, Flashing with fires as of God, but we knew that their light was a lie—Bright as with deathless hope—but, however they sparkled and shone, The dark little worlds running round them were worlds of woe like our own—No soul in the heaven above, no soul on the earth below, A flery scroll written over with lamentation and woe.

IV.

See, we were nursed in the drear night-fold of your fatalist creed, And we turn'd to the growing dawn, we had hoped for a dawn indeed, When the light of a Sun that was coming would scatter the ghosts of the Past, And the cramping creeds that had madden'd the peoples would vanish at last, And we broke away from the Christ, our human brother and friend, For He spoke, or it seem'd that He spoke, of a Hell without help, without end.

v

Hoped for a dawn and it came, but the promise had faded away;
We had past from a cheerless night to the glare of a drearier day;
He is only a cloud and a smoke who was once a pillar of fire,
The guess of a worm in the dust and the shadow of its desire —
Of a worm as it writhes in a world of the weak trodden down by the strong,
Of a dying worm in a world, all massacre, murder, and wrong.

VI.

O we poor orphans of nothing—alone on that lonely shore—
Born of the brainless Nature who knew not that which she bore!
Trusting no longer that earthly flower would be heavenly fruit—
Come from the brute, poor souls—no souls—and to die with the brute—

VII.

Nay, but I am not claiming your pity: I know you of old — Small pity for those that have ranged from the narrow warmth of your fold, Where you bawl'd the dark side of your faith and a God of eternal rage, Till you flung us back on ourselves, and the human heart, and the Age.

#### VIII.

But pity — the Pagan held it a vice — was in her and in me, Helpless, taking the place of the pitying God that should be! Pity for all that aches in the grasp of an idiot power, And pity for our own selves on an earth that bore not a flower; Pity for all that suffers on land or in air or the deep. And pity for our own selves till we long'd for eternal sleep.

TY

"Lightly step over the sands! the waters — you hear them call!
Life with its anguish, and horrors, and errors — away with it all!"
And she laid her hand in my own — she was always loyal and sweet —
Till the points of the foam in the dusk came playing about our feet.
There was a strong sea-current would sweep us out to the main.
"Ah God" tho' I felt as I spoke I was taking the name in vain —
"Ah God" and we turn'd to each other, we kiss'd, we embraced she and I.
Knowing the Love we were used to believe everlasting would die:

Ve had read their know-nothing books and we lean'd to the darker side—
th God, should we find Him, perhaps, perhaps, if we died, if we died;
Ve never had found Him on earth, this earth is a fatherless Hell—
Dear Love, forever and ever, forever and ever farewell,"
Vever cry so desolate, not since the world began,
Vever a kiss so sad, no, not since the coming of man!

#### χ.

But the blind wave cast me ashore, and you saved me, a valueless life. Not a grain of gratitude mine! You have parted the man from the wife, am left alone on the land, she is all alone in the sea; f a curse meant ought, I would curse you for not having let me be.

#### XI.

Visions of youth — for my brain was drunk with the water, it seems; I had past into perfect quiet at length out of pleasant dreams, And the transient trouble of drowning — what was it when match'd with the

If the hellish heat of a wretched life rushing back thro' the veins?

#### XII.

Why should I live? one son had forged on his father and fled, And if I believed in a God, I would thank him, the other is dead, And there was a baby-girl, that had never look'd on the light: Happiest she of us all, for she past from the night to the night.

#### XIII.

But the crime, if a crime, of her eldest born, her glory, her boast, Struck hard at the tender heart of the mother, and broke it almost; Tho' glory and shame dying out forever in endless time, Does it matter so much whether crown'd for a virtue, or hang'd for a crime?

#### XIV.

And ruin'd by him, by him, I stood there, naked, amazed In a world of arrogant opulence, fear'd myself turning crazed, And I would not be mock'd in a madhouse! and she, the delicate wife, With a grief that could only be cured, if cured, by the surgeon's knife,—

#### XV.

Why should we bear with an hour of torture, a moment of pain,
If every man die forever, if all his griefs are in vain,
And the homeless planet at length will be wheel'd thro' the silence of space,
Motherless evermore of an ever-vanishing race,
When the worm shall have writhed its last, and its last brother-worm will have

fled
From the dead fossil skull that is left in the rocks of an earth that is dead?

#### XVI.

Have I crazed myself over their horrible infidel writings? O yes, For these are the new dark ages, you see, of the popular press, When the bat comes out of his cave, and the owls are whooping at noon, And Doubt is the lord of this dunghill and crows to the sun and the moon, Till the Sun and the Moon of our science are both of them turn'd into blood And Hope will have broken her heart, running after a shadow of good; For their knowing and know-nothing books are scatter'd from hand to hand—We have knelt in your know-all chapel too looking over the sand.

#### XVII.

What! I should call on that Infinite Love that has served us so well? Infinite cruelty rather that made everlasting Hell, Made us, foreknew us, foredoom'd us, and does what he will with his own; Better our dead brute mother who never has heard us groan!

#### XVIII.

Hell? if the souls of men were immortal, as men have been told, The lecher would cleave to his lusts, and the miser would yearn for his gold, And so there were Hell forever! but were there a God as you say, His Love would have power over Hell till it utterly vanish'd away.

#### XIX.

Ah yet — I have had some glimmer, at times, in my gloomiest woe, Of a God behind all — after all — the great God for aught that I know; But the God of Love and of Hell together — they cannot be thought, If there be such a God, may the Great God curse him and bring him to nought

#### XX.

Blasphemy: whose is the fault? is it mine? for why would you save A madman to vex you with wretched words, who is best in his grave? Blasphemy! ay, why not, being dann'd beyond hope of grace? O would I were yonder with her, and away from your faith and your face! Blasphemy! true! I have scared you pale with my scandalous talk, But the blasphemy to my mind lies all in the way that you walk.

#### XXI.

Hence! she is gone! can I stay? can I breathe divorced from the Past? You needs must have good lynx-eyes if I do not escape you at last. Our orthodox coroner doubtless will find it a felode-se, And the stake and the cross-road, fool, if you will, does it matter to me?

# THE ANCIENT SAGE.

A THOUSAND summers ere the time of Christ From out his ancient city came a

Seer Whom one that loved, and honor'd

him, and yet

Was no disciple, richly garb'd, but worn

From wasteful living, follow'd - in his hand

A scroll of verse — till that old man before

A cavern whence an affluent fountain pour'd

From darkness into daylight, turn'd and spoke.

Chis wealth of waters might but seem to draw

From you dark cave, but, son, the source is higher,

I'on summit half-a-league in air — and higher,

The cloud that hides it — higher still,

Whereby the cloud was moulded, and whereout

The cloud descended. Force is from the heights.

am wearied of our city, son, and go To spend my one last year among the

What hast thou there? Some deathsong for the Ghouls

To make their banquet relish? let me read.

How far thro' all the bloom and brake That nightingale is heard!

What power but the bird's could make This music in the bird? How summer-bright are yonder skies,

And earth as fair in hue!

And yet what sign of aught that lies

Behind the green and blue? But man to-day is fancy's fool

As man hath ever been.
The nameless Power, or Powers, that rule
Were never heard or seen.

f thou would'st hear the Nameless, and wilt dive into the Temple-cave of thine own self, There, brooding by the central altar, thou

May'st haply learn the Nameless hath a voice,

By which thou wilt abide, if thou be wise,

As if thou knewest, tho' thou canst not know;

For Knowledge is the swallow on the lake

That sees and stirs the surface-shadow

But never yet hath dipt into the abysm,

The Abysm of all Abysms, beneath, within

The blue of sky and sea, the green of earth,

And in the million-millionth of a grain Which cleft and cleft again fore more,

And ever vanishing, never vanishes, To me, my son, more mystic than myself,

Or even than the Nameless is to me.

And when thou sendest thy free soul thro' heaven,

Nor understandest bound nor boundlessness,

Thou seest the Nameless of the hundred names.

And if the Nameless should withdraw from all

Thy frailty counts most real, all thy world

Might vanish like thy shadow in the dark.

And since — from when this earth began —
The Nameless never came
Among us, never spake with man,
And never named the Name —

Thou canst not prove the Nameless, O my son,

Nor canst thou prove the world thou movest in,

Thou canst not prove that thou art body alone,

Nor canst thou prove that thou art spirit alone

Nor canst thou prove that thou art both in one:

Thou canst not prove thou art immortal, no

Nor yet that thou art mortal — nay my son,

Thou canst not prove that I, who speak with thee,

Am not thyself in converse with thyself, For nothing worthy proving can be proven,

Nor yet disproven: wherefore thou be wise,

Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt,

And cling to Faith beyond the forms of Faith!

She reels not in the storm of warring words,

She brightens at the clash of "Yes" and "No,"

She sees the Best that glimmers thro' the Worst,

She feels the Sun is hid but for a night,

She spies the summer thro' the winter

She tastes the fruit before the blossom falls.

She hears the lark within the songless

She finds the fountain where they wail'd "Mirage!"

What Power? aught akin to Mind, The mind in me and you? Or power as of the Gods gone blind Who see not what they do?

But some in yonder city hold, my son, That none but Gods could build this house of ours.

So beautiful, vast, various, so beyond All work of man, yet, like all work of man,

And is not known, but felt thro' what we feel

Within ourselves is highest, shall descend

On this half-deed, and shape it at the

According to the Highest in the Highest.

What Power but the Years that make And break the vase of clay, And stir the sleeping earth, and wake The bloom that fades away?

What rulers but the Days and Hours
That cancel weal with woe,
And wind the front of youth with flowers,
And cap our age with snow?

The days and hours are ever glancing by,

And seem to flicker past thro' sur and shade,

Or short, or long, as Pleasure leads or Pain;

But with the Nameless is nor Day no Hour;

Tho' we, thin minds, who creep from thought to thought

Break into "Thens" and "Whens the Eternal Now:

This double seeming of the single world!—

My words are like the babblings in dream

Of nightmare, when the babbling break the dream.

But thou be wise in this dream-world of ours,

Nor take thy dial for thy deity, But make the passing shadow serv thy will.

The years that made the stripling wise Undo their work again, And leave him, blind of heart and eyes,

The last and least of men;
Who clings to earth, and once would dar

Hell-heat or Arctic cold, And now one breath of cooler air Would loose him from his hold; His winter chills him to the root,

He withers marrow and mind;
The kernel of the shrivell'd fruit
Is jutting thro' the rind;
The tiggr spasms tar his chest

The tiger spasms tear his chest,
The palsy wags his head;
The wife, the sons, who love him best

Would fain that he were dead; The griefs by which he once was wrung Were never worth the while—

Who knows? or whether this earth narrow life

Be yet but yolk, and forming in th

The shaft of scorn that once had stung But wakes a dotard smile. he placid gleam of sunset after

The statesman's brain that sway'd the past Is feebler than his knees; The passive sailor wrecks at last

In ever-silent seas;

The warrior hath forgot his arms,
The Learned all his lore;
The changing market frets or charms
The merchant's hope no more;

The prophet's beacon burn'd in vain,

And now is lost in cloud; The plowman passes, bent with pain,

To mix with what he plow'd;
The poet whom his Age would quote

As heir of endless fame — He knows not ev'n the book he wrote,

Not even his own name. For man has overlived his day, And, darkening in the light,

Scarce feels the senses break away To mix with ancient Night.

he shell must break before the bird can fly.

The years that when my Youth began Had set the lily and rose

Had set the lily and rose
By all my ways where'er they ran,
Have ended mortal foes;

My rose of love forever gone,
My lily of truth and trust—
They made her lily and rose in one,

They made her lily and rose in one,
And changed her into dust.
O rosetree planted in my grief,
And growing, on her tomb,

Her dust is greening in your leaf, Her blood is in your bloom. O slender lily waving there,

And laughing back the light, In vain you tell me "Earth is fair" When all is dark as night.

y son, the world is dark with griefs and graves,

o dark that men cry out against the Heavens.

'ho knows but that the darkness is in man?

ne doors of Night may be the gates of Light;

or wert thou born or blind or deaf, and then

iddenly heal'd, how would'st thou glory in all

ne splendors and the voices of the world!

id we, the poor earth's dying race, and yet

No phantoms, watching from a phantom shore

Await the last and largest sense to make

The phantom walls of this illusion fade,

And show us that the world is wholly fair.

But vain the tears for darken'd years
As laughter over wine,

And vain the laughter as the tears,
O brother, mine or thine,
For all that laugh, and all that was

For all that laugh, and all that weep, And all that breathe are one Slight ripple on the boundless deep

That moves, and all is gone.

But that one ripple on the boundless deep

Feels that the deep is boundless, and itself

Forever changing form, but evermore One with the boundless motion of the deep.

Yet wine and laughter friends! and set The lamps alight, and call For golden music, and forget The darkness of the pall.

If utter darkness closed the day, my son ——

But earth's dark forehead flings athwart the heavens

Her shadow crown'd with stars — and yonder — out
To northward — some that never set,

but pass

From sight and night to lose them.

From sight and night to lose themselves in day.

I hate the black negation of the bier, And wish the dead, as happier than ourselves

And higher, having climb'd one step beyond

Our village miseries, might be borne in white

To burial or to burning, hymn'd from hence

With songs in praise of death, and crown'd with flowers!

O worms and maggots of to-day Without their hope of wings!

But louder than thy rhyme the silent Word

Of that world-prophet in the heart of man.

Tho' some have gleams or so they say
Of more than mortal things.

To-day? but what of yesterday? for oft

On me, when boy, there came what then I call'd,

Who knew no books and no philosophies,

In my boy-phrase "The Passion of the Past."

The first gray streak of earliest summer-dawn,

The last long stripe of waning crimson gloom,

As if the late and early were but one — A height, a broken grange, a grove, a flower

Had murmurs "Lost and gone and lost and gone!"

A breath, a whisper — some divine farewell —

farewell —
Desolate sweetness — far and far
away —

What had he loved, what had he lost, the boy?

I know not and I speak of what has been.

And more, my son! for more than once when I

Sat all alone, revolving in myself
The word that is the symbol of myself,
The mortal limit of the Self was
loosed.

And past into the Nameless, as a cloud Melts into Heaven. I touch'd my limbs, the limbs

Were strange not mine — and yet no shade of doubt,

But utter clearness, and thro' loss of

Self
The gain of such large life as match'd

with ours
Were Sun to spark — unshadowable
in words.

Themselves but shadows of a shadow-world.

And idle gleams will come and go, But still the clouds remain;

The clouds themselves are children of the Sun.

And Night and Shadow rule below When only Day should reign.

And Day and Night are children of the Sun,

And idle gleams to thee are light to me, Some say, the Light was father of the Night,

And some, the Night was father of the Light.

No night no day! — I touch thy world again —

No ill no good! such counter-terms my son,

Are border-races, holding, each its

By endless war: but night enough is there

In you dark city: get thee back: and since

The key to that weird casket, which

But holds a skull, is neither thine no mine,

But in the hand of what is more than man,

Or in man's hand when man is mor

Let be thy wail and help thy fellowmen,

And make thy gold thy vassal not the king,

And fling free alms into the beggar bowl,

And send the day into the darken' heart;

Nor list for guerdon in the voice of men,

A dying echo from a falling wall; Nor care — for Hunger hath the Ev

eye —
To vex the noon with fiery gems,

fold fold gens,

Thy presence in the silk of sumptious looms;

Nor roll thy viands on a lusciou tongue,

For drown thyself with flies in honied wine;

Ior thou be rageful, like a handled bee, and lose thy life by usage of thy

sting;

Ior harm an adder thro' the lust for harm, Ior make a snail's horn shrink for

wantonness;
and more — think well! Do-well
will follow thought,

and in the fatal sequence of this world

An evil thought may soil thy children's blood;

But curb the beast would cast thee in the mire,

And leave the hot swamp of voluptu-

A cloud between the Nameless and thyself,

And lay thine uphill shoulder to the wheel,

And climb the Mount of Blessing, whence, if thou

Look higher, then — perchance — thou mayest — beyond

A hundred ever-rising mountain lines,

And past the range of Night and Shadow—see

The high-heaven dawn of more than mortal day
Strike on the Mount of Vision!

So, farewell.

# THE FLIGHT.

Τ.

Are you sleeping? have you forgotten? do not sleep, my sister dear! How can you sleep? the morning brings the day I hate and fear; The cock has crow'd already once, he crows before his time; Awake! the creeping glimmer steals, the hills are white with rume.

II.

Ah, clasp me in your arms, sister, ah, fold me to your breast!
Ah, let me weep my fill once more, and cry myself to rest!
To rest? to rest and wake no more were better rest for me,
Than to waken every morning to that face I loathe to see:

III.

I envied your sweet slumber, all night so calm you lay,
The night was calm, the morn is calm, and like another day;
But I could wish you moaning sea would rise and burst the shore,
And such a whirlwind blow these woods, as never blew before.

IV.

For, one by one, the stars went down across the gleaming pane, And project after project rose, and all of them were vain; The blackthorn-blossom fades and falls and leaves the bitter sloe, The hope I catch at vanishes and youth is turn'd to woe.

v.

Come, speak a little comfort! all night I pray'd with tears, And yet no comfort came to me, and now the morn appears, When he will tear me from your side, who bought me for his slave: This father pays his debt with me, and weds me to my grave.

VI.

What father, this or mine, was he, who, on that summer day When I had fall'n from off the crag we clamber'd up in play, Found, fear'd me dead, and groan'd, and took and kiss'd me, and again He kiss'd me; and I loved him then; he was my father then.

VII.

No father now, the tyrant vassal of a tyrant vice!
The Godless Jephtha vows his child . . . to one cast of the dice.
These ancient woods, this Hall at last will go — perhaps have gone,
Except his own meek daughter yield her life, heart, soul to one —

VIII.

To one who knows I scorn him. O the formal mocking bow, The cruel smile, the courtly phrase that masks his malice now—But often in the sidelong eyes a gleam of all things ill—It is not Love but Hate that weds a bride against her will;

IX.

Hate, that would pluck from this true breast the locket that I wear, The precious crystal into which I braided Edwin's hair! The love that keeps this heart alive beats on it night and day — One golden curl, his golden gift, before he past away.

x

He left us weeping in the woods; his boat was on the sand; How slowly down the rocks he went, how loth to quit the land! And all my life was darken'd, as I saw the white sail run, And darken, up that lane of light into the setting sun.

XI.

How often have we watch'd the sun fade from us thro' the West, And follow Edwin to those isles, those islands of the Blest! Is he not there? would I were there, the friend, the bride, the wife, With him, where summer never dies, with Love, the Sun of life!

XII.

O would I were in Edwin's arms—once more—to feel his breath Upon my cheek—on Edwin's ship, with Edwin, ev'n in death, Tho' all about the shuddering wreck the death-white sea should rave. Or if lip were laid to lip on the pillows of the wave.

#### XIII.

Shall I take him? I kneel with him? I swear and swear forsworn
To love him most, whom most I loathe, to honor whom I scorn?
The Fiend would yell, the grave would yawn, my mother's ghost would

To lie, to lie - in God's own house - the blackest of all lies!

#### XIV.

Why—rather than that hand in mine, tho' every pulse would freeze, I'd sooner fold an icy corpse dead of some foul disease:
Wed him? I will not wed him, let them spurn me from the doors,
And I will wander till I die about the barren moors.

#### XV.

The dear, mad bride who stabb'd her bridegroom on her bridal night—
If mad, then I am mad, but sane, if she were in the right.
My father's madness makes me mad—but words are only words!
I am not mad, not yet, not quite—There! listen how the birds

#### XVI.

Begin to warble yonder in the budding orchard trees! The lark has past from earth to Heaven upon the morning breeze. How gladly, were I one of those, how early would I wake! And yet the sorrow that I bear is sorrow for his sake.

#### XVII.

They love their mates, to whom they sing; or else their songs, that meet The morning with such music, would never be so sweet! And tho' these fathers will not hear, the blessed Heavens are just, And Love is fire, and burns the feet would trample it to dust.

#### XVIII.

A door was open'd in the house — who? who? my father sleeps!
A stealthy foot upon the stair! he — some one — this way creeps!
If he? yes, he . . . lurks, listens, fears his victim may have fled —
He! where is some sharp-pointed thing? he comes, and finds me dead.

#### XIX.

Not he, not yet! and time to act — but how my temples burn! And idle fancies flutter me, I know not where to turn; Speak to me, sister; counsel me; this marriage must not be. You only know the love that makes the world a world to me!

#### XX.

Our gentle mother, had she lived — but we were left alone: That other left us to ourselves; he cared not for his own; So all the summer long we roam'd in these wild woods of ours, My Edwin loved to call us then "His two wild woodland flowers."

#### XXI.

Wild flowers blowing side by side in God's free light and air, Wild flowers of the secret woods, when Edwin found us there, Wild woods in which we roved with him, and heard his passionate vow, Wild woods in which we rove no more, if we be parted now!

#### XXII.

You will not leave me thus in grief to wander forth forlorn; We never changed a bitter word, not one since we were born; Our dying mother join'd our hands; she knew this father well; She bad us love, like souls in Heaven, and now I fly from Hell,

#### XXIII.

And you with me; and we shall light upon some lonely shore, Some lodge within the waste sea-dunes, and hear the waters roar, And see the ships from out the West go dipping thro' the foam, And sunshine on that sail at last which brings our Edwin home.

#### XXIV.

But look, the morning grows apace, and lights the old church-tower, And lights the clock! the hand points five — O me — it strikes the hour—I bide no more, I meet my fate, whatever ills betide! Arise, my own true sister, come forth! the world is wide.

#### XXV.

And yet my heart is ill at ease, my eyes are dim with dew, I seem to see a new-dug grave up yonder by the yew! If we should never more return, but wander hand in hand With breaking hearts, without a friend, and in a distant land.

#### XXVI.

O sweet, they tell me that the world is hard, and harsh of mind, But can it be so hard, so harsh, as those that should be kind? That matters not: let come what will; at last the end is sure, And every heart that loves with truth is equal to endure.

### TOMORROW.

I.

Ler, that yer Honor was spakin' to? Whin, yer Honor? last year—tandin' here be the bridge, when last yer Honor was here? n' yer Honor ye gev her the top of the mornin', "Tomorra" says she. What did they call her, yer Honor? They call'd her Molly Magee. n' yer Honor's the thrue ould blood that always manes to be kind, but there's rason in all things, yer Honor, for Molly was out of her mind.

II.

hure, an' meself remimbers wan night comin' down be the sthrame, in' it seems to me now like a bit of yisther-day in a dhrame lere where yer Honor seen her - there was but a slip of a moon, But I hard thim - Molly Magee wid her batchelor, Danny O'Roon -You've been takin' a dhrop o' the crathur " an' Danny says "Troth, an' I been Dhrinkin' yer health wid Shamus O'Shea at Katty's shebeen; 1 But I must be lavin' ye soon." "Ochone are ye goin' away?" Goin' to cut the Sassenach whate "he says "over the say"-An' whin will ye meet me agin?" 'an' I hard him "Molly asthore, 'll meet you agin tomorra," says he, "be the chapel-door."
An' whin are ye goin' to lave me?" "O' Monday mornin'" says he; An' shure thin ye'll meet me tomorra?" "Tomorra, tomorra, Machree!" 'hin Molly's ould mother, yer Honor, that had no likin' for Dan, 'all'd from her cabin an' tould her to come away from the man, in' Molly Magee kem flyin' acrass me, as light as a lark, in' Dan stood there for a minute, an' thin wint into the dark. But wirrah! the storm that night - the tundher, an' rain that fell, in' the sthrames runnin' down at the back o' the glin 'ud 'a dhrownded Hell.

TTT

But airth was at pace nixt mornin', an' Hiven in its glory smiled, as the Holy Mother o' Glory that smiles at her sleepin' child — Ithen — she stept an the chapel-green, an' she turn'd herself roun' Vid a diamond dhrop in her eye, for Danny was not to be foun', an' many's the time that I watch'd her at mass lettin' down the tear, for the Divil a Danny was there, yer Honor, for forty year.

IV.

Ich, Molly Magee, wid the red o' the rose an' the white o' the May, an' yer hair as black as the night, an' yer eyes as bright as the day! Achora, yer laste little whishper was sweet as the lilt of a bird! Acushla, ye set me heart batin' to music wid ivery word! An' sorra the Queen wid her sceptre in sich an illigant han', an' the fall of yer foot in the dance was as light as snow an the lan',

An' the sun kem out of a cloud whiniver ye walkt in the shtreet, An' Shamus O'Shea was yer shadda, an' laid himself undher yer feet, An' I loved ye meself wid a heart and a half, me darlin', and he 'Ud 'a shot his own sowl dead for a kiss of ye, Molly Magee.

v.

But shure we wor betther frinds whin I crack'd his skull for her sake, An' he ped me back wid the best he could give at ould Donovan's wake—For the boys wor about her agin whin Dan didn't come to the fore, An' Shamus along wid the rest, but she put thim all to the door. An', afther, I thried her meself av the bird 'ud come to me call, But Molly, begorrah, 'ud listhen to naither at all, at all.

VT.

An' her nabors an' frinds 'ud consowl an' condowl wid her, airly and late, "Your Danny," they says, "niver crasst over say to the Sassenach whate; He's gone to the States, aroon, an' he's married another wife, An' ye'll niver set eyes an the face of the thraithur agin in life! An' to dhrame of a married man, death alive, is a mortial sin." But Molly says "I'd his hand-promise, an' shure he'll meet me agin."

VII

An' afther her paärints had inter'd glory, an' both in wan day, She began to spake to herself, the crathur, an' whishper, an' say "Tomorra, Tomorra!" an' Father Molowny he tuk her in han', "Molly, you're manin'," he says, "me dear, av I undherstan', That ye'll meet your paärints agin an' yer Danny O'Roon afore God Wid his blessed Marthyrs an' Saints;" an' she gev him a frindly nod, "Tomorra, Tomorra," she says, an' she didn't intind to desave, But her wits wor dead, an' her hair was white as the snow an a grave.

VIII.

Arrah now, here last month they wor diggin' the bog, an' they foun' Dhrownded in black bog-wather a corp lyin' undher groun'.

IX.

Yer Honor's own agint, he says to me wanst, at Katty's shebeen, "The Divil take all the black lan', for a blessin' 'ud come wid the green!" An' where 'ud the poor man, thin, cut his bit o' turf for the fire? But och! bad scran to the bogs whin they swallies the man intire! An' sorra the bog that's in Hiven wid all the light an' the glow, An' there's hate enough, shure, widout thim in the Divil's kitchen below.

x.

Thim ould blind nagers in Agypt, I hard his Riverence say, Could keep their haithen kings in the flesh for the Jidgemint day, An', faix, be the piper o' Moses, they kep the cat an' the dog, But it 'ud 'a been aisier work av they lived be an Irish bog.

#### XI.

How-an-iver they laid this body they foun' an the grass Be the chapel-door, an' the people 'ud see it that wint into mass— But a frish gineration had riz, an' most of the ould was few, An' I didn't know him meself, an' none of the parish knew.

#### XII.

But Molly kem limpin' up wid her stick, she was lamed iv a knee, Thin a slip of a gossoon call'd, "Div ye know him, Molly Magee?" An' she stood up strait as the Queen of the world — she lifted her head — "He said he would meet me tomorra!" an' dhropt down dead an the dead.

#### XIII.

Och, Molly, we thought, machree, ye would start back agin into life, Whin we laid yez, aich be aich, at yer wake like husban' an' wife. Sorra the dhry eye thin but was wet for the frinds that was gone! Sorra the silent throat but we hard it cryin' "Ochone!" An' Shamus O'Shea that has now ten childer, hansome an' tall, Him an' his childer wor keenin' as if he had lost thim all.

#### XIV.

Thin his Riverence buried thim both in wan grave be the dead boor-tree, 1 The young man Danny O'Roon wid his ould woman, Molly Magee.

#### XV.

May all the flowers o' Jeroosilim blossom an' spring from the grass, Imbrashin' an' kissin' aich other — as ye did — over yer Crass! An' the lark fly out o' the flowers wid his song to the Sun an' the Moon, An' tell thim in Hiven about Molly Magee an' her Danny O'Roon, Till Holy St. Pether gets up wid his kays an' opens the gate! An' shure, be the Crass, that's betther nor cuttin' the Sassenach whate To be there wid the Blessed Mother, an' Saints an' Marthyrs galore, An' singin' yer "Aves" an' "Pathers" foriver an' ivermore.

#### XVI.

An' now that I tould yer Honor whativer I hard an' seen, Yer Honor 'ill give me a thrifle to dhrink yer health in potheen.

# THE SPINSTER'S SWEET-ARTS.

Ι.

MILK for my sweet-arts, Bess! fur it mun be the time about now When Molly cooms in fro' the far-end close wi' her paäils fro' the cow. Eh! tha be new to the plaäce—thou'rt gaäpin'—doesn't tha see I calls 'em arter the fellers es once was sweet upo' me?

TT.

Naäy to be sewer it be past 'er time. What maäkes 'er sa laäte? Goä to the laäne at the back, an' looök thruf Maddison's gaäte!

TIT.

Sweet-arts! Molly belike may 'a lighted to-night upo' one. Sweet-arts! thanks to the Lord that I niver not listen'd to noan! So I sits i' my oan armchair wi' my oan kettle theere o' the hob, 'An' Tommy the fust, an' Tommy the second, an' Steevie an' Rob.

ıv.

Rob, coom oop 'ere o' my knee. Thou sees that i' spite o' the men I 'a kep' thruf thick an' thin my two 'oonderd a-year to mysen; Yis! thaw tha call'd me es pretty es ony lass i' the Shere, An' thou be es pretty a Tabby, but Robby I seed thruf ya theere.

v.

Feyther 'ud saäy I wur ugly as sin, an' I beänt not vaäin, But I niver wur downright hugly, thaw soom 'ud 'a thowt ma plaäin, An' I wasn't sa plaäin i' pink ribbons, ye said I wur pretty i' pinks, An' I liked to 'ear it I did, but I beänt sich a fool as ye thinks; Ye was stroäkin ma down wi' the 'air, as I be a-stroäkin o' you, But whiniver I looök'd i' the glass I wur sewer that it couldn't be true; Niver wur pretty, not I, but ye knaw'd it wur pleasant to 'ear, Thaw it warn't not me es wur pretty, but my two 'oonderd a-year.

VΤ

D'ya mind the murnin' when we was a-walkin' togither, an' stood By the claay'd-oop pond, that the foalk be sa scared at, i' Gigglesby wood, Wheer the poor wench drowndid hersen, black Sal, es 'ed been disgraaced? An' I feel'd thy arm es I stood wur a-creeapin about my waaist: An' me es wur allus afear'd of a man's gittin' ower fond, I sidled awaay an' awaay till I plumpt foot fust i' the pond; And, Robby, I niver 'a liked tha sa well, as I did that daäy, Fur tha joompt in thysen, an' tha hoickt my feet wi' a flop fro' the claay. Av, stick oop thy back, an' set oop thy taail, tha may gie ma a kiss, Fur I walk'd wi' tha all the way hoam an' wur niver sa nigh saäyin' Yis. But wa boath was i' sich a clat we was shaamed to cross Gigglesby Greean, Fur a cat may looök at a king thou knaws but the cat mun be clean. Sa we boath on us kep out o' sight o' the winders o' Gigglesby Hinn-Naäy, but the claws o' tha! quiet! they pricks clean thruf to the skin -An' wa boath slinkt 'oam by the brokken shed i' the laane at the back, Wheer the poodle runn'd at tha' once, an' thou runn'd oop o' the thack; An' tha squeedg'd my 'and i' the shed, fur theere we was forced to 'ide, Fur I seed that Steevie wur coomin', and one o' the Tommies beside.

VII.

Theere now, what art'a mewin at, Steevie? for owt I can tell—Robby wur fust to be sewer, or I mowt 'a liked tha as well.

### VIII.

sut, Robby, I thowt o' tha all the while I wur chaëngin' my gown, n' I thowt shall I chaënge my staëte? but, O Lord, upo' coomin' down—Iy bran-new carpet es fresh es a midder o' flowers i' Maëy—Vhy 'edn't tha wiped thy shoes? it wur clatted all ower wi' claëy. n' I could 'a cried ammost, fur I seed that it couldn't be, n' Robby I gied tha a raëtin that sattled thy coortin o' me. n' Molly an' me was agreed, as we was a-cleënin' the floor, 'hat a man be a durty thing an' a trouble an' plague wi' indoor. ut I rued it arter a bit, fur I stuck to tha more na the rest, 'ut I couldn't 'a lived wi' a man an' I knaws it be all fur the best.

### T

aäy — let ma stroäk tha down till I maäkes tha as smooth as silk, ut if I 'ed married tha, Robby, thou'd not 'a been worth thy milk, hou'd niver 'a cotch'd ony mice but 'a left me the work to do, nd 'a taäen to the bottle beside, so es all that I 'ears be true; ut I loovs tha to maäke thysen 'appy, an' soa purr awaäy, my dear, hou 'ed wellnigh purr'd ma awaäy fro' my oän two 'oonderd a-year.

### x.

weärin agean, you Toms, as ye used to do twelve years sin'! e niver 'eärd Steevie sweär 'cep' it wur at a dog coomin' in. n' boath o' ye mun be fools to be hallus a-shawin' your claws, ur I niver cared nothink for neither — an' one o' ye deäd ye knaws! oom giv hoäver then, weant ye? I warrant ye soom fine daäy — heere, lig down — I shall hev to gie one or tother awaäy. an't ye taäke pattern by Steevie? ye shant hev a drop fro' the paäil. teevie be right good manners bang thruf to the tip o' the taäil.

#### XI.

obby, git down wi'tha, wilt tha? let Steevie coom oop o' my knee. teevie, my lad, thou 'ed very nigh been the Steevie fur me! obby wur fust to be sewer, 'e wur burn an' bred i' the 'ouse, ut thou be es 'ansom a tabby as iver patted a mouse.

#### XII.

n' I beänt not vaäin, but I knaws I 'ed led tha a quieter life or her wi' the hepitaph yonder! "A faäithful an' loovin' wife!" n' 'cos o' thy farm by the beck, an' thy windmill oop o' the croft, na thowt tha would marry ma, did tha? but that wur a bit ower soft, naw thou was es soäber as daäy, wi' a niced red faäce, an' es cleän a shillin' fresh fro' the mint wi' a bran-new 'eäd o' the Queeän, n' thy farmin' es cleän es thysen, fur, Steevie, tha kep' it sa neät nat I niver not spied sa much as a poppy along wi' the wheät, n' the wool of a thistle a-flyin' an' seeädin' tha haäted to see; 'wur as bad as a battle-twig 1'ere i' my oän blue chaumber to me, y, roob thy whiskers ageän ma, fur I could 'a taäen to tha well, ut fur thy bairns, poor Steevie, a bouncin' boy an' a gell.

### XIII.

An' thou was es fond o' thy bairns es I be mysen o' my cats,
But I niver not wish'd fur childer, I hevn't naw likin' fur brats;
Pretty anew when ya dresses 'em oop, an' they goäs fur a walk,
Or sits wi' their 'ands afoor 'em, an' doesn't not 'inder the talk!
But their bottles o' pap, an' their mucky bibs, an' the clats an' the clouts,
An' their mashin' their toys to pieäces an' maäkin' ma deäf wi' their shouts,
An' hallus a-joompin' about ma as if they was set upo' springs,
An' a haxin' ma hawkard questions, an' saäyin' ondecent things,
'An' a-callin' ma "hugly" mayhap to my faäce, or a teärin' my gown—
Dear! dear! I mun part them Tommies—Steevie git down.

### XIV.

Ye be wuss nor the men-tommies, you. I tell'd ya, na moor o' that! Tom, lig theere o' the cushion, an' tother Tom 'ere o' the mat.

#### XV

Theere! I ha' master'd them! Hed I married the Tommies — O Lord, To loove an' obaäy the Tommies! I couldn't 'a stuck by my word. To be horder'd about, an' waäked, when Molly 'd put out the light, By a man coomin' in wi' a hiccup at ony hour o' the night! An' the taäble staäin'd wi' 'is aäle, an' the mud o' 'is boots o' the stairs, An' the stink o' 'is pipe i' the 'ouse, an' the mark o' 'is 'eäd o' the chairs! An' noan o' my four sweet-arts 'ud 'a let me 'a hed my oan waäy, Sa I likes 'em best wi' taäils when they 'evn't a word to saäy.

#### V 77 T

An' I sits i' my oan little parlor, an' sarved by my oan little lass, Wi' my oan little garden outside, an' my oan bed o' sparrow-grass, An' my oan door-poorch wi' the woodbine an' jessmine a-dressin' it greeän, An' my oan fine Jackman i' purple a roäbin' the 'ouse like a Queeän.

#### VII

An' the little gells bobs to ma hoffens es I be abroad i' the laänes, When I goäs to coomfut the poor es be down wi' their haäches an' their paäins An' a haäf-pot o' jam, or a mossel o' meät when it beänt too dear, They maäkes ma a graäter Laädy nor 'er i' the mansion theer, Hes 'es hallus to hax of a man how much to spare or to spend; An' a spinster I be an' I will be, if soä pleäse God, to the hend.

#### XVIII.

Mew! mew! — Bess wi' the milk! what ha' maäde our Molly sa laäte? It should 'a been 'ere by seven, an' theere — it be strikin' height — "Cushie wur craäzed fur 'er cauf" well — I 'eärd 'er a maäkin' 'er moän, An' I thowt to mysen "thank God that I hevn't naw cauf o' my oän." Theere!

Set it down!

Now Robby!

You Tommies shall waäit to-nig

Till Robby an' Steevie 'es 'ed their lap - an' it sarves ye right.

## BALIN AND BALAN.1

PELLAM the King, who held and lost with Lot n that first war, and had his realm

restored

But render'd tributary, fail'd of late 'o send his tribute; wherefore Arthur call'd

lis treasurer, one of many years, and

spake.

Go thou with him and him and bring it to us,

est we should set one truer on his throne.

Ian's word is God in man."

His Baron said We go but harken: there be two strange knights

Vho sit near Camelot at a fountain-

side.

mile beneath the forest, challengand overthrowing every knight who

Vilt thou I undertake them as we

pass. .nd send them to thee?"

Arthur laugh'd upon him. Old friend, too old to be so young, depart,

lelay not thou for ought, but let them sit.

ntil they find a lustier than themselves."

So these departed. Early, one fair dawn,

he light-wing'd spirit of his youth return'd

n Arthur's heart; he arm'd himself and went.

o coming to the fountain-side beheld alin and Balan sitting statuelike,

rethren, to right and left the spring, that down.

rom underneath a plume of lady-fern, ang, and the sand danced at the bottom of it.

nd on the right of Balin Balin's horse

Was fast beside an alder, on the left Of Balan Balan's near a poplartree.

"Fair Sirs," said Arthur, "wherefore sit ye here?"

Balin and Balan answer'd "For the sake

Of glory; we be mightier men than

In Arthur's court; that also have we proved;

For whatsoever knight against us came

Or I or he have easily overthrown." "I too," said Arthur, "am of Arthur's

hall. But rather proven in his Paynim

wars

Than famous jousts; but see, or proven or not,

Whether me likewise ye can overthrow."

And Arthur lightly smote the brethren down,

And lightly so return'd, and no man knew.

Then Balin rose, and Balan, and beside The carolling water set themselves

again. And spake no word until the shadow

turn'd: When from the fringe of coppice

round them burst A spangled pursuivant, and crying

"Sirs, Rise, follow! ye be sent for by the King,"

They follow'd; whom when Arthur seeing ask'd

"Tell me your names; why sat ye by the well?"

Balin the stillness of a minute broke Saying "An unmelodious name to thee,

Balin, 'the Savage' - that addition thine -

My brother and my better, this man here,

Balan. I smote upon the naked skull

A thrall of thine in open hall, my hand

An introduction to "Merlin and Vivien."

Was gauntleted, half slew him; for I heard

He had spoken evil of me; thy just wrath

Sent me a three-years' exile from thine eyes.

I have not lived my life delightsomely:

For I that did that violence to thy

thrall, Had often wrought some fury on my-

self,
Saving for Balan: those three king-

less years
Have past—were wormwood-bitter

to me. King,
Methought that if we sat beside the

well,
And hurl'd to ground what knight

soever spurr'd Against us, thou would'st take me

gladlier back, And make, as ten-times worthier to

be thine
Than twenty Balins, Balan knight.

I have said. Not so — not all. A man of thine

to-day Abash'd us both, and brake my boast. Thy will?"

Said Arthur "Thou hast ever spoken

truth;
Thy too fierce manhood would not

let thee lie.

Rise, my true knight. As children learn, be thou

Wiser for falling! walk with me, and move

To music with thine Order and the King.

Thy chair, a grief to all the brethren, stands

Vacant, but thou retake it, mine again!"

Thereafter, when Sir Balin enter'd hall,

The Lost one Found was greeted as in Heaven

With joy that blazed itself in woodland wealth

Of leaf, and gayest garlandage of flowers,

Along the walls and down the board; they sat,

And cup clash'd cup; they drank and some one sang, Sweet-voiced, a song of welcome,

whereupon
Their common shout in chorus

Their common shout in chorus, mounting, made Those banners of twelve battles over-

head Stir, as they stirr'd of old, when Ar-

thur's host Proclaim'd him Victor, and the day

was won.

Then Balan added to their Order

lived A wealthier life than heretofore with

these And Balin, till their embassage re-

turn'd.
"Sir King" they brought report
"we hardly found,

So bush'd about it is with gloom, the

Of him to whom ye sent us, Pellam,

A Christless foe of thine as ever dash'd

Horse against horse; but seeing that thy realm

Hath prosper'd in the name of Christ the King

Took, as in rival heat, to holy things And finds himself descended from the Saint

Arimathæan Joseph; him who first Brought the great faith to Britain

over seas;

He boasts his life as purer than thing

own; Eats scarce enow to keep his pulse

abeat; Hath push'd aside his faithfu. wife

Hath push'd aside his faithful wife nor lets Or dame or damsel enter at hi

gates

Lest he should be polluted. Thi gray King

Show'd us a shrine wherein were won ders — yea —

Rich arks with priceless bones o martyrdom,

horns of the crown and shivers of the cross,

nd therewithal (for thus he told us)

brought

y holy Joseph hither, that same spear Therewith the Roman pierced the side of Christ.

e much amazed us; after, when we sought

he tribute, answer'd 'I have quite

foregone
ll matters of this world: Garlon,

mine heir

f him demand it,' which this Garlon gave

ith much ado, railing at thine and thee.

But when we left, in those deep woods we found

knight of thine spear-stricken from behind,

ead, whom we buried; more than

ried out on Garlon, but a woodman

there

eported of some demon in the woods as once a man, who driven by evil tongues

om all his fellows, lived alone, and came

learn black magic, and to hate his kind

ith such a hate, that when he died,

ecame a Fiend, which, as the man in life

as wounded by blind tongues he saw not whence,

rikes from behind. This woodman show'd the cave

om which he sallies, and wherein he dwelt.

e saw the hoof-print of a horse, no more."

Then Arthur, "Let who goes before me, see

do not fall behind me: foully slain

d villainously! who will hunt for me

is demon of the woods?" Said Balan, "I"!

So claim'd the quest and rode away, but first,

Embracing Balin, "Good, my brother, hear!

Let not thy moods prevail, when I am gone

Who used to lay them! hold them outer fiends,

Who leap at thee to tear thee; shake them aside,

Dreams ruling when wit sleeps! yea, but to dream

That any of these would wrong thee, wrongs thyself.

Witness their flowery welcome. Bound are they

To speak no evil. Truly save for fears,

My fears for thee, so rich a fellowship

Would make me wholly blest: thou one of them,

Be one indeed: consider them, and all Their bearing in their common bond of love,

No more of hatred than in Heaven itself,

No more of jealousy than in Paradise."

So Balan warn'd, and went; Balin remain'd:

Who — for but three brief moons had glanced away From being knighted till he smote the

thrall, And faded from the presence into

years
Of exile—now would strictlier set

himself
To learn what Arthur meant by courtesy.

Manhood, and knighthood; wherefore hover'd round

Lancelot, but when he mark'd his high sweet smile

In passing, and a transitory word

Made knight or churl or child or damsel seem

From being smiled at happier in themselves —

Sigh'd, as a boy lame-born beneath a height,

That glooms his valley, sighs to see the peak Sun-flush'd, or touch at night the

northern star;

For one from out his village lately climb'd

And brought report of azure lands and fair,

Far seen to left and right; and he himself

Hath hardly scaled with help a hundred feet

Up from the base: so Balin marvelling oft

How far beyond him Lancelot seem'd

to move, Groan'd, and at times would mutter,

"These be gifts, Born with the blood, not learnable,

divine,

Beyond my reach. Well had I foughten — well —

In those fierce wars, struck hard and had I crown'd

With my slain self the heaps of whom

I slew —
So — better! — But this worship of

the Queen,
That honor too wherein she holds him
— this.

This was the sunshine that hath given

A growth, a name that branches o'er the rest,

And strength against all odds, and what the King

So prizes — overprizes — gentleness. Her likewise would I worship an I

might.

I never can be close with her, as he That brought her hither. Shall I pray the King

To let me bear some token of his Queen

Whereon to gaze, remembering her — forget

My heats and violences? live afresh? What, if the Queen disdain'd to grant it! nav

Being so stately-gentle, would she make
My darkness blackness? and with
how sweet grace

She greeted my return! Bold will be —
Some goodly cognizance of Guinevere

In lieu of this rough beast upon m shield,

Langued gules, and tooth'd with gring ning savagery."

And Arthur, when Sir Balin sough

him, said
"What wilt thou bear?" Balin wa

bold, and ask'd To bear her own crown-royal upo

shield, Whereat she smiled and turn'd her t

the King,
Who answer'd "Thou shalt put the

crown to use.

The crown is but the shadow of the

And this a shadow's shadow, let his have it,

So this will help him of his vi

"No shadow" said Sir Balin "O n Queen.

But light to me! no shadow, O my Kir But golden earnest of a gentler life So Balin bare the crown, and a

the knights

Approved him, and the Queen, as all the world

Made music, and he felt his being move

In music with his Order, and t King.

The nightingale, full-toned in mi

Hath ever and anon a note so thin It seems another voice in oth

groves; Thus, after some quick burst of su

den wrath,
The music in him seem'd to chang
and grow

Faint and far-off.

And once he saw the thr His passion half had gauntleted death,

That causer of his banishment a shame.

Smile at him, as he deem'd, presun tuously:

is arm half rose to strike again, but fell:

he memory of that cognizance on

reighted it down, but in himself he moan'd:

"Too high this mount of Camelot

for me: hese high-set courtesies are not for

nall I not rather prove the worse for these?

ierier and stormier from restraining,

ito some madness ev'n before the

Queen?"
Thus, as a hearth lit in a mountain

home, nd glancing on the window, when

the gloom f twilight deepens round it, seems a

flame hat rages in the woodland far below, when his moods were darken'd,

court and King

nd all the kindly warmth of Arthur's hall

nadow'd an angry distance: yet he strove

learn the graces of their Table, fought

ard with himself, and seem'd at length in peace.

Then chanced, one morning, that Sir Balin sat

ose-bower'd in that garden nigh the hall.

walk of roses ran from door to

walk of lilies crost it to the bower:
d down that range of roses the
great Queen

me with slow steps, the morning on her face:

id all in shadow from the counter

Lancelot as to meet her, then at once,

if he saw not, glanced aside, and paced

the long white walk of lilies toward

Follow'd the Queen; Sir Balin heard her "Prince,

Art thou so little loyal to thy Queen, As pass without good morrow to thy Queen?"

To whom Sir Lancelot with his eyes on earth,

"Fain would I still be loyal to the Queen."

"Yea so" she said "but so to pass me by—

So loyal scarce is loyal to thyself, Whom all men rate the king of courtesy.

Let be: ye stand, fair lord, as in a dream."

Then Lancelot with his hand among the flowers

"Yea — for a dream. Last night methought I saw

That maiden Saint who stands with lily in hand

In yonder shrine. All round her prest the dark,

And all the light upon her silver face

Flow'd from the spiritual lily that she held.

Lo! these her emblems drew mine

eyes — away:
For see, how perfect-pure! As light

a flush As hardly tints the blossom of the

quince
Would mar their charm of stainless
maidenhood."

"Sweeter to me" she said "this garden rose

Deep-hued and many-folded! sweeter still

The wild-wood hyacinth and the bloom of May.

Prince, we have ridd'n before among the flowers

In those fair days — not all as cool as these.

Tho' season-earlier. Art thou sad? or sick?

Our noble King will send thee his own leech —

Sick? or for any matter anger'd at me?"

Then Lancelot lifted his large eyes; they dwelt

Deep-tranced on hers, and could not fall: her hue

Changed at his gaze: so turning side by side

They past, and Balin started from his bower.

"Queen? subject? but I see not what I see.

Damsel and lover? hear not what I hear.

My father hath begotten me in his wrath.

I suffer from the things before me.

know,
Learn nothing; am not worthy to be

knight;
A churl, a clown!" and in him gloom

on gloom

Deepen'd: he sharply caught his

lance and shield,

Nor stay'd to crave permission of the

king, But, mad for strange adventure,

dash'd away.

He took the selfsame track as Ba-

lan, saw The fountain where they sat together,

"Was I not better there with him?"

and rode
The skyless woods, but under open

Came on the hoarhead woodman at a bough

Wearily hewing, "Churl, thine axe!" he cried,

Descended, and disjointed it at a blow:

To whom the woodman utter'd wonderingly

"Lord, thou couldst lay the Devil of these woods

If arm of flesh could lay him." Balin cried

"Him, or the viler devil who plays his part,

To lay that devil would lay the Devil in me."

"Nay" said the churl, "our devil is a truth,

I saw the flash of him but yestereven And some do say that our Sir Garlor too

Hath learn'd black magic, and to rid

Hath learn'd black magic, and to rid unseen.

Look to the cave." But Balin answer'd him

"Old fabler, these be fancies of the churl,

Look to thy woodcraft." and so leav

ing him,
Now with slack rein and careless of

himself,
Now with dug spur and raving a

himself, Now with droopt brow down the lon

glades he rode; So mark'd not on his right a cavern

chasm Yawn over darkness, where, not fa

within
The whole day died, but, dying

gleam'd on rocks Roof-pendent, sharp; and others from

the floor,
Tusklike, arising, made that mout

of night Whereout the Demon issued up fro

Hell.

He mark'd not this, but blind an deaf to all

Save that chain'd rage, which ever yelpt within,

Past eastward from the falling su At once

He felt the hollow-beaten moss thud And tremble, and then the shadow

a spear, Shot from behind him, ran along t

ground. Sideways he started from the pat

and saw,

With pointed lance as if to pierce shape,

A light of armor by him flash, and pa And vanish in the woods; and fe

low'd this, But all so blind in rage that ur

wares He burst his lance against a fore bough, ishorsed himself, and rose again, and fled

r, till the castle of a King, the hall Pellam, lichen-bearded, grayly draped

ith streaming grass, appear'd, lowbuilt but strong;

ne ruinous donjon as a knoll of moss.

ne battlement overtopt with ivytods, home of bats, in every tower an owl.

Then spake the men of Pellam crying "Lord,

hy wear ye this crown-royal upon

shield?"
id Balin "For the fairest and the

best ladies living gave me this to

bear." stall'd his horse, and strode across

the court,
it found the greetings both of
knight and King

int in the low dark hall of banquet:

id their green faces flat against the panes,

rays grated, and the canker'd

boughs without hined in the wood; for all was hush'd within.

ll when at feast Sir Garlon likewise ask'd

Vhy wear ye that crown-royal?"
Balin said

The Queen we worship, Lancelot, I, and all,

fairest, best and purest, granted me

bear it!" Such a sound (for Arthur's knights

ere hated strangers in the hall) as makes

e white swan-mother, sitting, when she hears

strange knee rustle thro' her secret reeds,

ide Garlon, hissing; then he sourly smile.

'airest I grant her: I have seen; but best,

Best, purest? thou from Arthur's hall, and yet

So simple! hast thou eyes, or if, are these

So far besotted that they fail to see

This fair wife-worship cloaks a secret shame?

Truly, ye men of Arthur be but babes."

A goblet on the board by Balin, boss'd

With holy Joseph's legend, on his right

Stood, all of massiest bronze: one side had sea

And ship and sail and angels blowing on it:

And one was rough with pole and scaffoldage

Of that low church he built at Glastonbury.

This Balin graspt, but while in act to hurl,

Thro' memory of that token on the shield Relax'd his hold: "I will be gentle"

he thought "And passing gentle" caught his

hand away,
Then fiercely to Sir Garlon "eyes

Then fiercely to Sir Garlon "eyes have I
That saw to-day the shadow of a spear,

Shot from behind me, run along the ground;

Eyes too that long have watch'd how Lancelot draws

From homage to the best and purest,
might,
Name manhood and a grace but

Name, manhood, and a grace, but scantly thine,

Who, sitting in thine own hall, canst endure

To mouth so huge a foulness — to thy guest,

Me, me of Arthur's Table. Felon

Let be! no more!"

But not the less by night The scorn of Garlon, poisoning all his rest,

Stung him in dreams. At length, and dim thro' leaves

Blinkt the white morn, sprays grated, and old boughs

Whined in the wood. He rose, descended, met

The scorner in the castle court, and fain,

For hate and loathing, would have past him by;

But when Sir Garlon utter'd mockingwise;
"What, wear ye still that same crown-

scandalous?"
His countenance blacken'd, and his

forehead veins Bloated, and branch'd; and tearing

out of sheath
The brand, Sir Balin with a flery
"Ha!

So thou be shadow, here I make thee ghost,"

Hard upon helm smote him, and the blade flew

Splintering in six, and clinkt upon the stones.

Then Garlon, reeling slowly backward, fell,

And Balin by the banneret of his helm Dragg'd him, and struck, but from the castle a cry

Sounded across the court, and — menat-arms,

A score with pointed lances, making at him —

He dash'd the pummel at the foremost face,

Beneath a low door dipt, and made his feet Wings thro' a glimmering gallery

till he mark'd The portal of King Pellam's chaper

wide
And inward to the wall; he stept

behind;

Thence in a moment heard them pass like wolves

Howling; but while he stared about the shrine,

In which he scarce could spy the Christ for Saints,

Beheld before a golden altar lie
The longest lance his eyes had ever
seen.

Point-painted red; and seizing ther upon Push'd thro' an open casement down

lean'd on it,

Leapt in a semicircle, and lit on eartl Then hand at ear, and harkening fro what side

The blindfold rummage buried in the walls

Might echo, ran the counter path, ar

His charger, mounted on him an away.

An arrow whizz'd to the right, one

the left, One overhead; and Pellam's feeb

"Stay, stay him! he defileth heaven

things
With earthly uses "— made hi

quickly dive Beneath the boughs, and race the

many a mile
Of dense and open, till his good
horse,

Arising wearily at a fallen oak, Stumbled headlong, and cast him fa

to ground. Half-wroth he had not ended, b

all glad, Knightlike, to find his charger y

unlamed, Sir Balin drew the shield from off l

Stared at the priceless cognizance, a thought

"I have shamed thee so that n thou shamest me,

Thee will I bear no more," high or branch

Hung it, and turn'd aside into woods,

And there in gloom cast himself along,

Moaning "My violences, my v lences!"

But now the wholesome music the wood

Was dumb'd by one from out the h

A damsel-errant, warbling, as

ie woodland alleys, Vivien, with her Squire.

"The fire of Heaven has kill'd the barren cold.

and kindled all the plain and all the wold. ie new leaf ever pushes off the old.

ie fire of Heaven is not the flame of Hell. Old priest, who mumble worship in

your quire d monk and nun, ye scorn the world's desire,

it in your frosty cells ye feel the fire! ie fire of Heaven is not the flame

of Hell.

The fire of Heaven is on the dusty ways.

ie wayside blossoms open to the blaze.

ne whole wood-world is one full peal of praise. ne fire of Heaven is not the flame

of Hell.

The fire of Heaven is lord of all things good,

id starve not thou this fire within thy blood.

follow Vivien thro' the fiery flood!

ie fire of Heaven is not the flame of Hell!"

Then turning to her Squire "This fire of Heaven.

nis old sun-worship, boy, will rise again,

id beat the cross to earth, and break the King

id all his Table."

Then they reach'd a glade. here under one long lane of cloud-

less air

fore another wood, the royal crown arkled, and swaying upon a restless

ew the vague glance of Vivien, and her Squire:

nazed were these: "Lo there" she cried - "a crown -

rne by some high lord-prince of Arthur's hall.

And there a horse! the rider? where See, yonder lies one dead within the

wood. Not dead; he stirs! - but sleeping.

I will speak.

Hail, royal knight, we break on thy sweet rest.

Not, doubtless, all unearn'd by noble deeds.

But bounden art thou, if from Arthur's hall,

To help the weak. Behold, I fly from shame,

A lustful King, who sought to win my love

Thro' evil ways: the knight, with whom I rode.

Hath suffer'd misadventure, and my squire

Hath in him small defence: but thou, Sir Prince,

Wilt surely guide me to the warrior King,

Arthur the blameless, pure as any maid,

To get me shelter for my maidenhood.

I charge thee by that crown upon thy shield,

And by the great Queen's name, arise and hence." And Balin rose, "Thither no more!

nor Prince Nor knight am I, but one that hath

defamed The cognizance she gave me: here I

dwell Savage among the savage woods,

here die-Die: let the wolves' black maws en-

sepulchre Their brother beast, whose anger was his lord.

O me, that such a name as Guinevere's,

Which our high Lancelot hath so lifted up,

And been thereby uplifted, should thro' me.

My violence, and my villainy, come to shame."

Thereat she suddenly laugh'd and shrill, anon

Sigh'd all as suddenly. Said Balin to her

"Is this thy courtesy — to mock me, ha?

Hence, for I will not with thee."
Again she sigh'd

"Pardon, sweet lord! we maidens often laugh

When sick at heart, when rather we should weep.

I knew thee wrong'd. I brake upon thy rest, And now full loth am I to break thy

dream,

But thou art man, and canst abide a truth,

Tho' bitter. Hither, boy — and mark me well.

Dost thou remember at Caerleon once—

A year ago — nay, then I love thee

Ay, thou rememberest well—one summer dawn—

By the great tower — Caerleon upon
Usk —

Nay, truly we were hidden: this fair lord,

The flower of all their vestal knighthood, knelt

In amorous homage — knelt — what else? — O ay

Knelt, and drew down from out his night-black hair

And mumbled that white hand whose ring'd caress

Had wander'd from her own King's golden head,

And lost itself in darkness, till she cried —

I thought the great tower would crash down on both —

'Rise, my sweet king, and kiss me on the lips,

Thou art my King.' This lad, whose lightest word

Is mere white truth in simple nakedness,

Saw them embrace: he reddens, cannot speak. So bashful, he! but all the maider Saints,

The deathless mother-maidenhood of Heaven

Cry out upon her. Up then, ride with me! Talk not of shame! thou canst not

an thou would'st, Do these more shame than these hav

done themselves."
She lied with ease; but horror

stricken he, Remembering that dark bower a

Camelot,
Breathed in a dismal whisper "It is truth."

Sunnily she smiled "And even i this lone wood

Sweet lord, ye do right well to whis per this.

Fools prate, and perish traitor Woods have tongues,

As walls have ears: but thou sha go with me, And we will speak at first exceeding

low.

Meet is it the good King be not de

ceived.
See now, I set thee high on vantag

ground,
From whence to watch the time, ar
eagle-like

Stoop at thy will on Lancelot and the Queen."

She ceased; his evil spirit upon him leapt,

He ground his teeth together, sprar with a yell,

Tore from the branch, and cast earth, the shield,

Drove his mail'd heel athwart t

Stampt all into defacement, hurl

Among the forest weeds, and curs

The told-of, and the teller.

That weird ye

Unearthlier than all shriek of bird beast, (Theill'd thro' the woods: and Bal

Thrill'd thro' the woods; and Bal lurking there Iis quest was unaccomplish'd', heard and thought

The scream of that Wood-devil I came to quell!"

ien nearing "Lo!he hath slain some brother-knight,

nd tramples on the goodly shield to

s loathing of our Order and the Queen.

y quest, meseems, is here. Or devil or man

1ard thou thine head." Sir Balin spake not word,

it snatch'd a sudden buckler from the Squire.

nd vaulted on his horse, and so they crash'd

onset, and King Pellam's holy spear,

puted to be red with sinless blood.

dden'd at once with sinful, for the

ross the maiden shield of Balan prick'd

ie hauberk to the flesh; and Balin's horse

as wearied to the death, and, when they clash'd,

blling back upon Balin, crush'd the

ward, and either fell, and swoon'd away. Then to her Squire mutter'd the

damsel "Fools! his fellow hath wrought some foul-

ness with his Queen: se never had he borne her crown,

nor raved

id thus form'd over at a rival name:

t thou, Sir Chick, that scarce hast broken shell,

t yet half-yolk, not even come to down -

ho never sawest Caerleon upon Usk -

d yet hast often pleaded for my

what I see, be thou where I have been,

Or else Sir Chick - dismount and loose their casques

I fain would know what manner of men they be."

And when the Squire had loosed them, "Goodly! - look!

They might have cropt the myriad flower of May,

And butt each other here, like brain less bulls,

Dead for one heifer!"

Then the gentle Squire "I hold them happy, so they died for love:

And, Vivien, tho' ye beat me like your dog,

I too could die, as now I live, for thee."

"Live on, Sir Boy," she cried. "I better prize

The living dog than the dead lion: away!

I cannot brook to gaze upon the dead."

Then leapt her palfrey o'er the fallen oak.

And bounding forward "Leave them to the wolves."

But when their foreheads felt the cooling air,

Balin first woke, and seeing that true face. Familiar up from cradle-time,

Crawl'd slowly with low moans to

where he lay, And on his dying brother cast him-

self Dying; and he lifted faint eyes; he

felt One near him; all at once they found

the world. Staring wild-wide; then with a childlike wail,

And drawing down the dim disastrous

That o'er him hung, he kiss'd it, moan'd and spake,

"O Balin, Balin, I that fain had died

To save thy life, have brought thee to thy death.

Why had ye not the shield I knew? and why

Trampled ye thus on that which bare the Crown?"

Then Balin told him brokenly, and in gasps,

All that had chanced, and Balan moan'd again. "Brother, I dwelt a day in Pellam's

hall:
This Garlon mock'd me, but I heeded

not.
And one said 'Eat in peace! a liar

is he,
And hates thee for the tribute!' this
good knight

Told me, that twice a wanton damsel

And sought for Garlon at the castlegates, \*

Whom Pellam drove away with holy

I well believe this damsel, and the

Who stood beside thee even now, the same.

'She dwells among the woods' he said 'and meets

And dallies with him in the Mouth of Hell.'

Foul are their lives; foul are their lips; they lied.

Pure as our own true Mother is our

Queen."
"O brother" answer'd Balin "Woe

"O brother" answer a Balla " woe is me!

My madness all thy life has been thy doom,

Thy curse, and darken'd all thy day; and now

The night has come. I scarce can see thee now.

Goodnight! for we shall never bid again

Goodmorrow — Dark my doom was here, and dark

It will be there. I see thee now no more.

I would not mine again should darken thine,

Goodnight, true brother."

Balan answer'd lo "Goodnight, true brother here! goo

morrow there!
We two were born together, and we die

Together by one doom: " and whi
he spoke
Closed his dooth drowsing aves at

Closed his death-drowsing eyes, an slept the sleep

With Balin, either lock'd in either arm.

# PROLOGUE TO GENERAL HAMLEY.

Our birches yellowing and from ear The light leaf falling fast, While squirrels from our fiery bee

Were bearing off the mast, You came, and look'd and loved t

view
Long-known and loved by me,

Green Sussex fading into blue
With one gray glimpse of sea;

And, gazing from this height alone We spoke of what had been

Most marvellous in the wars you

Crimean eyes had seen;
And now — like old-world inns the

Some warrior for a sign

That therewithin a guest may mak True cheer with honest wine —

Because you heard the lines I read Nor utter'd word of blame,

I dare without your leave to head These rhymings with your name

Who know you but as one of those I fain would meet again,

Yet know you, as your England kno That you and all your men

Were soldiers to her heart's desire When, in the vanish'd year,

You saw the league-long rampart-Flare from Tel-el-Kebir

Thro' darkness, and the foe was driv And Wolseley overthrew

Arâbi, and the stars in heaven Paled, and the glory grew. HE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE AT BALACLAVA.

OCTOBER 25, 1854.

ı.

te charge of the gallant three hundred, the Heavy Brigade!

own the hill, down the hill, thousands of Russians.

lousands of horsemen, drew to the

valley — and stay'd;
or Scarlett and Scarlett's three hun-

dred were riding by hen the points of the Russian lances

arose in the sky;
id he call'd "Left wheel into line!"

and they wheel'd and obey'd.

nen he look'd at the host that had

halted he knew not why,
id he turn'd half round, and he bad
his trumpeter sound

the charge, and he rode on ahead, as he waved his blade

the gallant three hundred whose glory will never die—

follow," and up the hill, up the hill, up the hill,

llow'd the Heavy Brigade.

11.

e trumpet, the gallop, the charge, and the might of the fight! ousands of horsemen had gather'd

there on the height,

ith a wing push'd out to the left, and a wing to the right, d who shall escape if they close?

but he dash'd up alone ro' the great gray slope of men, ay'd his sabre, and held his own

te an Englishman there and then; in a moment follow'd with force ree that were next in their fiery

course,

edged themselves in between horse and horse,

ught for their lives in the narrow gap they had made —

Four amid thousands! and up the hill, up the hill,

Gallopt the gallant three hundred, the Heavy Brigade.

III

Fell like a cannonshot,
Burst like a thunderbolt,
Crash'd like a hurricane,
Broke thro' the mass from below,
Drove thro' the midst of the foe,
Plunged up and down, to and fro,
Rode flashing blow upon blow,
Brave Inniskillens and Greys
Whisling the single of the state of the sta

Brave Inniskillens and Greys
Whirling their sabres in circles of
light!

And some of us, all in amaze,

Who were held for a while from the fight,

And were only standing at gaze,
When the dark-muffled Russian crowd
Folded its wings from the left and the
right,

And roll'd them around like a cloud,— O mad for the charge and the battle were we,

When our own good redcoats sank from sight,

Like drops of blood in a dark-gray sea, And we turn'd to each other, whispering, all dismay'd,

"Lost are the gallant three hundred of Scarlett's Brigade!"

IV.

"Lost one and all" were the words
Mutter'd in our dismay;
But they rode like Victors and Lords
Thro' the forest of lances and swords
In the heart of the Russian hordes,
They rode, or they stood at bay—
Struck with the sword-hand and slew,
Down with the bridle-hand drew
The foe from the saddle and threw
Underfoot there in the fray—
Ranged like a storm or stood like a
rock

In the wave of a stormy day; Till suddenly shock upon shock Stagger'd the mass from without, Drove it in wild disarray, For our men gallopt up with a cheer and a shout,

And the foeman surged, and waver'd, and reel'd

Up the hill, up the hill, up the hill, out of the field,

And over the brow and away.

V

Glory to each and to all, and the charg that they made!

Glory to all the three hundred, and a the Brigade!

NOTE. -- The "three hundred" of the "Heavy Brigade" who made this famous charge wei the Scots Greys and the 2nd squadron of Inniskillings; the remainder of the "Heavy Brigade subsequently dashing up to their support.

The "three" were Scarlett's aide-de-camp, Elliot, and the trumpeter and Shegog th

orderly, who had been close behind him.

### EPILOGUE.

IRENE.

Not this way will you set your name A star among the stars.

POET.

What way?

IRENE.

You praise when you should blame The barbarism of wars. A juster epoch has begun.

### POET.

Yet the 'this cheek be gray,
And that bright hair the modern sun,
Those eyes the blue to-day,
You wrong me, passionate little friend.
I would that wars should cease,
I would the globe from end to end
Might sow and reap in peace,
And some new Spirit o'erbear the old,

And some new Spirit o'erbear the old Or Trade re-frain the Powers From war with kindly links of gold, Or Love with wreaths of flowers.

Slav, Teuton, Kelt, I count them all My friends and brother souls, With all the peoples, great and small,

That wheel between the poles.
But since, our mortal shadow, Ill
To waste this earth began—

To waste this earth began—
Perchance from some abuse of Will
In worlds before the man

Involving ours — he needs must figl To make true peace his own, He needs must combat might wit

might,
Or Might would rule alone;
nd who loves War for War's or

And who loves War for War's ow sake Is fool, or crazed, or worse;

But let the patriot-soldier take
His meed of fame in verse;
Nay—tho' that realm were in th
wrong

For which her warriors bleed, It still were right to crown with sor

The warrior's noble deed —
A crown the Singer hopes may last,

For so the deed endures; But Song will vanish in the Vast; And that large phrase of yours

"A Star among the stars," my dear
Is girlish talk at best;

For dare we dally with the sphere As he did half in jest,

Old Horace? "I will strike" said I
"The stars with head sublime,"

But scarce could see, as now we see The man in Space and Time,

So drew perchance a happier lot Than ours, who rhyme to-day.

The fires that arch this dusky dot –
You myriad-worlded way —
The wast sun-alustors' gathar'd blaz

The vast sun-clusters' gather'd blaz World-isles in lonely skies,

Whole heavens within themselve amaze

Our brief humanities;

And so does Earth; for Homer's fame,

The falling drop will make his name
As mortal as my own.

TRENE.

No!

### POET.

Let it live then—ay, till when? Earth passes, all is lost In what they prophesy, our wise men, Sun-flame or sunless frost, And deed and song alike are swept

Away, and all in vain
As far as man can see, except
The man himself remain;
And tho', in this lean age forlorn,

Too many a voice may cry
That man can have no after-morn,
Not yet of these am I.
The man remains, and whatsoe'er
He wrought of good or brave

Will mould him thro' the cycle-year That dawns behind the grave.

And here the Singer for his Art
Not all in vain may plead
"The song that nerves a nation's
heart,
Is in itself a deed."

# TO VIRGIL.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE MANTUANS FOR THE NINETEENTH CENTENARY OF VIRGIL'S DEATH.

1

ROMAN VIRGIL, thou that singest Ilion's lofty temples robed in fire, Ilion falling, Rome arising, wars, and filial faith, and Dido's pyre;

TT.

Landscape-lover, lord of language more than he that sang the Works and Days, All the chosen coin of fancy flashing out from many a golden phrase;

TIT.

Thou that singest wheat and woodland, tilth and vineyard, hive and horse

and herd:

All the charm of all the Muses often flowering in a lonely word;

IV.

Poet of the happy Tityrus piping underneath his beechen bowers;

Poet of the poet-satyr whom the laughing shepherd bound with flowers;

7.

Chanter of the Pollio, glorying in the blissful years again to be, Summers of the snakeless meadow, unlaborious earth and oarless sea;

VI.

Thou that seëst Universal Nature moved by Universal Mind;

Thou majestic in thy sadness at the doubtful doom of human kind;

### VII.

Light among the vanish'd ages; star that gildest yet this phantom shore;

Golden branch amid the shadows, kings and realms that pass to rise no more;

#### VIII.

Now thy Forum roars no longer, fallen every purple Cæsar's dome—

Tho' thine ocean-roll of rhythm sound forever of Imperial Rome —

ıv

Now the Rome of slaves hath perish'd, and the Rome of freemen holds her place,

I, from out the Northern Island sunder'd once from all the human race.

X.

I salute thee, Mantovano,
I that loved thee since my day
began,

Wielder of the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man.

### THE DEAD PROPHET.

182-.

i.

DEAD!

And the Muses cried with a stormy

"Send them no more, forevermore. Let the people die."

TT.

Dead!

"Is it he then brought so low?"

And a careless people flock'd from
the fields

With a purse to pay for the show.

III.

Dead, who had served his time, Was one of the people's kings, Had labor'd in lifting them out of slime.

And showing them, souls have wings!

IV.

Dumb on the winter heath he lay. His friends had stript him bare, And roll'd his nakedness everyway That all the crowd might stare.

V

A storm-worn signpost not to be read, And a tree with a moulder'd nest On its barkless bones, stood stark by the dead;

And behind him, low in the West,

VI.

With shifting ladders of shadow and light,

And blurr'd in color and form, The sun hung over the gates of Night, And glared at a coming storm.

II.

Then glided a vulturous Beldam forth, That on dumb death had thriven; They call'd her "Reverence" here

upon earth,
And "The Curse of the Prophet"
in Heaven.

VIII.

She knelt—"We worship him"—
all but wept—

"So great so noble was he!"
She clear'd her sight, she arose, she
swept

The dust of earth from her knee.

IX.

"Great! for he spoke and the people heard,

And his eloquence caught like a flame

From zone to zone of the world, till his Word

Had won him a noble name.

X.

"Noble! he sung, and the sweet sound ran

Thro' palace and cottage door, For he touch'd on the whole sad

planet of man,
The kings and the rich and the

The kings and the rich and the poor;

XI.

"And he sung not alone of an old sun set,

But a sun coming up in his youth! Great and noble — O yes — but yet — For man is a lover of Truth,

### XII.

And bound to follow, wherever she go Stark-naked, and up or down, Thro' her high hill-passes of stainless

snow,

Or the foulest sewer of the town-

### XIII.

'Noble and great — O ay — but then, Tho' a prophet should have his due, Was he noblier-fashion'd than other men?

Shall we see to it, I and you?

#### XIV.

'For since he would sit on a Prophet's

seat,

As a lord of the Human soul,
We needs must scan him from head
to feet

Were it but for a wart or a mole?"

#### XV

His wife and his child stood by him in tears,

But she — she push'd them aside.
"Tho' a name may last for a thousand years,

Yet a truth is a truth," she cried.

#### XVI.

And she that had haunted his pathway still,

Had often truckled and cower'd When he rose in his wrath, and had yielded her will

To the master, as overpower'd,

### XVII.

She tumbled his helpless corpse about.

"Small blemish upon the skin!
But I think we know what is fair
without

Is often as foul within."

#### XVIII.

She crouch'd, she tore him part from part,

And out of his body she drew

The red "Blood-eagle" of liver and heart;

She held them up to the view;

### XIX.

She gabbled, as she groped in the dead,

And all the people were pleased; "See, what a little heart," she said, "And the liver is half-diseased!"

### XX.

She tore the Prophet after death, And the people paid her well. Lightnings flicker'd along the heath, One shriek'd "The fires of Hell!"

### EARLY SPRING.

Ι.

ONCE more the Heavenly Power Makes all things new,
And domes the red-plow'd hills
With loving blue;
The blackbirds have their wills,
The throstles too.

#### II.

Opens a door in Heaven;
From skies of glass
A Jacob's ladder falls
On greening grass,
And o'er the mountain-walls
Young angels pass.

#### III.

Before them fleets the shower,
And burst the buds,
And shine the level lands,
And flash the floods;
The stars are from their hands
Flung thro' the woods,

1 Old Viking term for lungs, liver, etc., when torn by the conqueror out of the body of the conquered.

IV.

The woods with living airs
How softly fann'd,
Light airs from where the deep,
All down the sand,
Is breathing in his sleep,
Heard by the land.

v.

O follow, leaping blood,
The season's lure!
O heart, look down and up
Serene, secure,
Warm as the crocus cup,
Like snowdrops, pure!

VI.

Past, Future glimpse and fade Thro' some slight spell, A gleam from yonder vale, Some far blue fell, And sympathies, how frail, In sound and smell!

VII.

Till at thy chuckled note,
Thou twinkling bird,
The fairy fancies range,
And, lightly stirr'd,
Ring little bells of change
From word to word.

VIII.

For now the Heavenly Power Makes all things new, And thaws the cold, and fills The flower with dew; The blackbirds have their wills, The poets too.

PREFATORY POEM TO MY BROTHER'S SONNETS.

Midnight, June 30, 1879.

ı.

MIDNIGHT—in no midsummer tune The breakers lash the shores: The cuckoo of a joyless June Is calling out of doors: And thou hast vanish'd from thine owr To that which looks like rest, True brother, only to be known By those who love thee best.

II.

Midnight — and joyless June gone by, And from the deluged park The cuckoo of a worse July Is calling thro' the dark:

But thou art silent underground, And o'er thee streams the rain, True poet, surely to be found When Truth is found again.

III.

And, now to these unsummer'd skies The summer bird is still, Far off a phantom cuckoo cries From out a phantom hill;

And thro' this midnight breaks the sun
Of sixty years away,
The light of days when life begun,

The days that seem to-day,
When all my griefs were shared witl

thee,
As all my hopes were thine—
As all thou wert was one with me,
May all thou art be mine!

# "FRATER AVE ATQUE VALE."

Row us out from Desenzano, to you Sirmione row!
So they row'd, and there we landed—

"O venusta Sirmio!"
There to me thro' all the groves o

olive in the summer glow,
There beneath the Roman ruin where

the purple flowers grow, Came that "Ave atque Vale" of the

Poet's hopeless woe,
Tenderest of Roman poets nineteen
hundred years ago,

"Frater Ave atque Vale"—as we wander'd to and fro

Gazing at the Lydian laughter of the Garda Lake below Sweet Catullus's all-but-island, olivesilvery Sirmio!

## HELEN'S TOWER.1

HELEN'S TOWER, here I stand,
Dominant over sea and land.
Son's love built me, and I hold
Mother's love engrav'n in gold.
Love is in and out of time,
I am mortal stone and lime.
Would my granite girth were strong
As either love, to last as long!
I should wear my crown entire
To and thro' the Doomsday fire,
And be found of angel eyes
In earth's recurring Paradise.

# EPITAPH ON LORD STRAT-FORD DE REDCLIFFE.

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Thou third great Canning, stand among our best And noblest, now thy long day's

work hath ceased, Here silent in our Minster of the

West

Who wert the voice of England in the East.

# EPITAPH ON GENERAL GOR-DON.

### FOR A CENOTAPH.

WARRIOR of God, man's friend, not laid below,

But somewhere dead far in the waste Soudan,

Thou livest in all hearts, for all men know

This earth has borne no simpler, nobler man.

<sup>1</sup> Written at the request of my friend, Lord Dufferin.

## EPITAPH ON CAXTON.

IN ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER.

FIAT LUX (his motto).

Thy prayer was "Light — more Light
— while Time shall last!"

Thou sawest a glory growing on the night,

But not the shadows which that light would cast,

Till shadows vanish in the Light of Light.

### TO THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

O Patriot Statesman, be thou wise to know

The limits of resistance, and the bounds

Determining concession; still be bold Not only to slight praise but suffer scorn:

And be thy heart a fortress to main-

The day against the moment, and the year

Against the day; thy voice, a music heard

Thro' all the yells and counter-yells
of feud

And faction, and thy will, a power to make

This ever-changing world of circumstance,

In changing, chime with never-changing Law.

# HANDS ALL ROUND.

First pledge our Queen this solemn night,

Then drink to England, every guest; That man's the true Cosmopolite

Who loves his native country best.

May freedom's oak forever live

With stronger life from day to day;
That man's the best Conservative

Who lops the moulder'd branch away.

Hands all round!

God the traitor's hope confound!
To this great cause of Freedom drink,
my friends,

And the great name of England, round and round.

To all the loyal hearts who long
To keep our English Empire whole!
To all our noble sons, the strong

New England of the Southern Pole!
To England under Indian skies,

To those dark millions of her realm!

To Canada whom we love and prize,
Whatever statesman hold the helm.

Hands all round!

God the traitor's hope confound!
To this great name of England drink,
my friends,

And all her glorious empire, round and round.

To all our statesmen so they be
True leaders of the land's desire!
To both our Houses, may they see
Beyond the borough and the shire!
We sail'd wherever ship could sail,
We founded many a mighty state;
Pray God our greatness may not fail
Through craven fears of being great.

Hands all round!
God the traitor's hope confound!
To this great cause of Freedom drink,
my friends,

And the great name of England, round and round.

## FREEDOM.

ı.

O thou so fair in summers gone, While yet thy fresh and virgin soul Inform'd the pillar'd Parthenon, The glittering Capitol;

#### II.

So fair in southern sunshine bathed, But scarce of such majestic mien As here with forehead vapor-swathed In meadows ever green;

### III.

For thou—when Athens reign'd and Rome, Thy glorious eyes were dimm'd

with pain

To mark in many a freeman's home The slave, the scourge, the chain;

### IV.

O follower of the Vision, still
In motion to the distant gleam,
Howe'er blind force and brainless
will
May jar thy golden dream

#### v

Of Knowledge fusing class with class, Of civic Hate no more to be, Of Love to leaven all the mass, Till every Soul be free;

### VI.

Who yet, like Nature, wouldst not mar By changes all too fierce and fast This order of Her Human Star,

This order of Her Human Star This heritage of the past;

#### VII.

O scorner of the party cry
That wanders from the public good
Thou — when the nations rear on high
Their idol smear'd with blood,

### VIII.

And when they roll their idol down-Of saner worship sanely proud; Thou loather of the lawless crown As of the lawless crowd;

### IX.

How long thine ever-growing mind Hath still'd the blast and strown the wave,

Tho' some of late would raise a wind To sing thee to thy grave, x.

Men loud against all forms of power—

Unfurnish'd brows, tempestuous tongues —

Expecting all things in an hour— Brass mouths and iron lungs!

### TO H.R.H. PRINCESS BEATRICE.

Two Suns of Love make day of human life,

Which else with all its pains, and griefs, and deaths,

Were utter darkness - one, the Sun of dawn

That brightens thro' the Mother's tender eyes,

And warms the child's awakening world — and one

The later-rising Sun of spousal Love, Which from her household orbit draws the child

To move in other spheres. The Mother weeps

At that white funeral of the single life, Her maiden daughter's marriage; and her tears

Are half of pleasure, half of pain — the child

Is happy—ev'n in leaving her! but
Thou,

Frue daughter, whose all-faithful, filial eyes

Have seen the loneliness of earthly thrones,

Wilt neither quit the widow'd Crown, nor let

This later light of Love have risen in vain,

But moving thro' the Mother's home, between

The two that love thee, lead a summer life,

Sway'd by each Love, and swaying to each Love,

Like some conjectured planet in mid heaven

Between two Suns, and drawing down from both

The light and genial warmth of double day.

# POETS AND THEIR BIBLIOG-RAPHIES.

OLD poets foster'd under friendlier skies,

Old Virgil who would write ten lines, they say,

At dawn, and lavish all the golden

To make them wealthier in his readers' eyes;

And you, old popular Horace, you the wise

Adviser of the nine-years-ponder'd lay,

And you, that wear a wreath of sweeter bay,

Catullus, whose dead songster never dies;

If, glancing downward on the kindly sphere That once had roll'd you round and

round the Sun, You see your Art still shrined in

human shelves,

You should be jubilant that you flourish'd here

Before the Love of Letters, overdone,

Had swampt the sacred poets with themselves.

### LOCKSLEY HALL SIXTY YEARS AFTER.

LATE, my grandson! half the morning have I paced these sandy tracts, Watch'd again the hollow ridges roaring into cataracts,

Wander'd back to living boyhood while I heard the curlews call, I myself so close on death, and death itself in Locksley Hall.

So — your happy suit was blasted — she the faultless, the divine; And you liken — boyish babble — this boy-love of yours with mine.

I myself have often babbled doubtless of a foolish past; Babble, babble; our old England may go down in babble at last.

"Curse him!" curse your fellow-victim? call him dotard in your rage?
Eyes that lured a doting boyhood well might fool a dotard's age.

Jilted for a wealthier! wealthier? yet perhaps she was not wise; I remember how you kiss'd the miniature with those sweet eyes.

In the hall there hangs a painting — Amy's arms about my neck — Happy children in a sunbeam sitting on the ribs of wreck.

In my life there was a picture, she that clasp'd my neck had flown; I was left within the shadow sitting on the wreck alone.

Yours has been a slighter ailment, will you sicken for her sake? You, not you! your modern amourist is of easier, earthlier make.

Amy loved me, Amy fail'd me, Amy was a timid child; But your Judith — but your worldling — she had never driven me wild.

She that holds the diamond necklace dearer than the golden ring, She that finds a winter sunset fairer than a morn of Spring.

She that in her heart is brooding on his briefer lease of life, While she vows "till death shall part us," she the would-be-widow wife

She the worldling born of worldlings—father, mother—be content, Ev'n the homely farm can teach us there is something in descent.

Yonder in that chapel, slowly sinking now into the ground, Lies the warrior, my forefather, with his feet upon the hound.

Cross'd! for once he sail'd the sea to crush the Moslem in his pride; Dead the warrior, dead his glory, dead the cause in which he died.

Yet how often I and Amy in the mouldering aisle have stood, Gazing for one pensive moment on that founder of our blood.

There again I stood to-day, and where of old we knelt in prayer, Close beneath the casement crimson with the shield of Locksley — there,

All in white Italian marble, looking still as if she smiled, Lies my Amy dead in child-birth, dead the mother, dead the child.

Dead — and sixty years ago, and dead her aged husband now, I this old white-headed dreamer stoopt and kiss'd her marble brow.

Gone the fires of youth, the follies, furies, curses, passionate tears, Gone like fires and floods and earthquakes of the planet's dawning years.

Fires that shook me once, but now to silent ashes fall'n away. Cold upon the dead volcano sleeps the gleam of dying day.

Gone the tyrant of my youth, and mute below the chancel stones, All his virtues — I forgive them — black in white above his bones.

Gone the comrades of my bivouac, some in fight against the foe, Some thro' age and slow diseases, gone as all on earth will go.

Gone with whom for forty years my life in golden sequence ran, She with all the charm of woman, she with all the breadth of man,

Strong in will and rich in wisdom, Edith, loyal, lowly, sweet, Feminine to her inmost heart, and feminine to her tender feet,

Very woman of very woman, nurse of ailing body and mind, She that link'd again the broken chain that bound me to my kind.

Here to-day was Amy with me, while I wander'd down the coast, Near us Edith's holy shadow, smiling at the slighter ghost.

Gone our sailor son thy father, Leonard early lost at sea; Thou alone, my boy, of Amy's kin and mine art left to me.

Gone thy tender-natured mother, wearying to be left alone, Pining for the stronger heart that once had beat beside her own.

Truth, for Truth is Truth, he worshipt, being true as he was brave; Good, for Good is Good, he follow'd, yet he look'd beyond the grave,

Wiser there than you, that crowning barren Death as lord of all, Deem this over-tragic drama's closing curtain is the pall!

Beautiful was death in him who saw the death but kept the deck, Saving women and their babes, and sinking with the sinking wreck,

Gone forever! Ever? no — for since our dying race began,. Ever, ever, and forever was the leading light of man. Those that in barbarian burials kill'd the slave, and slew the wife, Felt within themselves the sacred passion of the second life.

Indian warriors dream of ampler hunting grounds beyond the night; Ev'n the black Australian dying hopes he shall return, a white.

Truth for truth, and good for good! The Good, the True, the Pure-the Just;

Take the charm "Forever" from them, and they crumble into dust.

Gone the cry of "Forward, Forward," lost within a growing gloom;

Lost, or only heard in silence from the silence of a tomb.

Half the marvels of my morning, triumphs over time and space, Staled by frequence, shrunk by usage into commonest commonplace!

"Forward" rang the voices then, and of the many mine was one. Let us hush this cry of "Forward" till ten thousand years have gone.

Far among the vanish'd races, old Assyrian kings would flay Captives whom they caught in battle — iron-hearted victors they.

Ages after, while in Asia, he that led the wild Moguls, Timur built his ghastly tower of eighty thousand human skulls,

Then, and here in Edward's time, an age of noblest English names, Christian conquerors took and flung the conquer'd Christian into flames.

Love your enemy, bless your haters, said the Greatest of the great; Christian love among the Churches look'd the twin of heathen hate.

From the golden alms of Blessing man had coin'd himself a curse:
Rome of Cæsar, Rome of Peter, which was crueller? which was worse?

France had shown a light to all men, preach'd a Gospel, all men's good; Celtic Demos rose a Demon, shriek'd and slaked the light with blood.

Hope was ever on her mountain, watching till the day begun, Crown'd with sunlight — over darkness — from the still unrisen sun.

Have we grown at last beyond the passions of the primal clan? "Kill your enemy, for you hate him," still, "your enemy" was a man.

Have we sunk below them? peasants maim the helpless horse, and drive Innocent cattle under thatch, and burn the kindlier brutes alive.

Brutes, the brutes are not your wrongers — burnt at midnight, found at morn,

Twisted hard in mortal agony with their offspring, born-unborn,

Clinging to the silent mother! Are we devils? are we men? Sweet St. Francis of Assisi, would that he were here again,

He that in his Catholic wholeness used to call the very flowers Sisters, brothers — and the beasts — whose pains are hardly less than ours!

Chaos, Cosmos! Cosmos, Chaos! who can tell how all will end! Read the wide world's annals, you, and take their wisdom for your friend.

Hope the best, but hold the Present fatal daughter of the Past, Shape your heart to front the hour, but dream not that the hour will last.

Ay, if dynamite and revolver leave you courage to be wise: When was age so cramm'd with menace? madness? written, spoken lies?

Envy wears the mask of Love, and, laughing sober fact to scorn, Cries to Weakest as to Strongest, "Ye are equals, equal-born."

Equal-born? O yes, if yonder hill be level with the flat. Charm us, Orator, till the Lion look no larger than the Cat.

Till the Cat thro' that mirage of overheated language loom Larger than the Lion. — Demos end in working its own doom.

Russia bursts our Indian barrier, shall we fight her? shall we yield? Pause, before you sound the trumpet, hear the voices from the field.

Those three hundred millions under one Imperial sceptre now, Shall we hold them? shall we loose them? take the suffrage of the plow.

Nay, but these would feel and follow Truth if only you and you, Rivals of realm-ruining party, when you speak were wholly true.

Plowmen, Shepherds, have I found, and more than once, and still could find, Sons of God, and kings of men in utter nobleness of mind,

Truthful, trustful, looking upward to the practised hustings-liar; So the Higher wields the Lower, while the Lower is the Higher.

Here and there a cotter's babe is royal-born by right divine; Here and there my lord is lower than his oxen or his swine.

Chaos, Cosmos! Cosmos, Chaos! once again the sickening game; Freedom, free to slay herself, and dying while they shout her name.

Step by step we gain'd a freedom known to Europe, known to all; Step by step we rose to greatness, — thro' the tonguesters we may fall.

You that woo the Voices — tell them "old experience is a fool,"
Teach your flatter'd kings that only those who cannot read can rule.

Pluck the mighty from their seat, but set no meek ones in their place; Pillory Wisdom in your markets, pelt your offal at her face.

Tumble Nature heel o'er head, and, yelling with the yelling street, Set the feet above the brain and swear the brain is in the feet.

Bring the old dark ages back without the faith, without the hope, Break the State, the Church, the Throne, and roll their ruins down the slope.

Authors — atheist, essayist, novelist, realist, rhymester, play your part, Paint the mortal shame of nature with the living hues of Art.

Rip your brothers' vices open, strip your own foul passions bare; Down with Reticence, down with Reverence — forward — naked — let them stare.

Feed the budding rose of boyhood with the drainage of your sewer; Send the drain into the fountain, lest the stream should issue pure.

Set the maiden fancies wallowing in the troughs of Zolaism, — Forward, forward, ay and backward, downward too into the abysm.

Do your best to charm the worst, to lower the rising race of men; Have we risen from out the beast, then back into the beast again?

Only "dust to dust" for me that sicken at your lawless din, Dust in wholesome old-world dust before the newer world begin.

Heated am I? you — you wonder — well, it scarce becomes mine age — Patience! let the dying actor mouth his last upon the stage.

Cries of unprogressive dotage ere the dotard fall asleep? Noises of a current narrowing, not the music of a deep?

Ay, for doubtless I am old, and think gray thoughts, for I am gray: After all the stormy changes shall we find a changeless May?

After madness, after massacre, Jacobinism and Jacquerie, Some diviner force to guide us thro' the days I shall not see?

When the schemes and all the systems, Kingdoms and Republics fall, Something kindlier, higher, holier—all for each and each for all?

All the full-brain, half-brain races, led by Justice, Love, and Truth; All the millions one at length, with all the visions of my youth?

All diseases quench'd by Science, no man halt, or deaf or blind; Stronger ever born of weaker, lustier body, larger mind?

Earth at last a warless world, a single race, a single tongue, I have seen her far away — for is not Earth as yet so young?—

Every tiger madness muzzled, every serpent passion kill'd, Every grim ravine a garden, every blazing desert till'd,

Robed in universal harvest up to either pole she smiles, Universal ocean softly washing all her warless Isles.

Warless? when her tens are thousands, and her thousands millions, then — All her harvest all too narrow — who can fancy warless men?

Warless? war will die out late then. Will it ever? late or soon? Can it, till this outworn earth be dead as you dead world the moon?

Dead the new astronomy calls her. . . . On this day and at this hour, In this gap between the sandhills, whence you see the Locksley tower,

Here we met, our latest meeting — Amy — sixty years ago — She and I — the moon was falling greenish thro' a rosy glow,

Just above the gateway tower, and even where you see her now — Here we stood and claspt each other, swore the seeming-deathless vow. . . .

Dead, but how her living glory lights the hall, the dune, the grass! Yet the moonlight is the sunlight, and the sun himself will pass.

Venus near her! smiling downward at this earthlier earth of ours, Closer on the Sun, perhaps a world of never fading flowers.

Hesper, whom the poet call'd the Bringer home of all good things. All good things may move in Hesper, perfect peoples, perfect kings.

Hesper — Venus — were we native to that splendor or in Mars, We should see the Globe we groan in, fairest of their evening stars.

Could we dream of wars and carnage, craft and madness, lust and spite, Roaring London, raving Paris, in that point of peaceful light?

Might we not in glancing heavenward on a star so silver-fair, Yearn, and clasp the hands and murmur, "Would to God that we were there"?

Forward, backward, backward, forward, in the immeasurable sea, Sway'd by vaster ebbs and flows than can be known to you or me.

All the suns—are these but symbols of innumerable man, Man or Mind that sees a shadow of the planner or the plan?

Is there evil but on earth? or pain in every peopled sphere? Well be grateful for the sounding watchword, "Evolution" here.

Evolution ever climbing after some ideal good, And Reversion ever dragging Evolution in the mud.

What are men that He should heed us? cried the king of sacred song; Insects of an hour, that hourly work their brother insect wrong,

While the silent Heavens roll, and Suns along their fiery way, All their planets whirling round them, flash a million miles a day.

Many an Æon moulded earth before her highest, man, was born, Many an Æon too may pass when earth is manless and forlorn,

Only That which made us, meant us to be mightier by and by, Set the sphere of all the boundless Heavens within the human eye,

Sent the shadow of Himself, the boundless, thro' the human soul; Boundless inward, in the atom, boundless outward, in the Whole.

Here is Locksley Hall, my grandson, here the lion-guarded gate. Not to-night in Locksley Hall — to-morrow — you, you come so late.

Wreck'd — your train — or all but wreck'd? a shatter'd wheel? a vicious boy!

Good, this forward, you that preach it, is it well to wish you joy?

Is it well that while we range with Science, glorying in the Time, City children soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime?

There among the glooming alleys Progress halts on palsied feet, Crime and hunger cast our maidens by the thousand on the street.

There the Master scrimps his haggard sempstress of her daily bread, There a single sordid attic holds the living and the dead.

There the smouldering fire of fever creeps across the rotted floor, And the crowded couch of incest in the warrens of the poor.

Nay, your pardon, cry your "forward," yours are hope and youth, but I—Eighty winters leave the dog too lame to follow with the cry,

Lame and old, and past his time, and passing now into the night; \(^1\) Yet I would the rising race were half as eager for the light.

Light the fading gleam of Even? light the glimmer of the dawn? Aged eyes may take the growing glimmer for the gleam withdrawn.

Far away beyond her myriad coming changes earth will be Something other than the wildest modern guess of you and me.

Earth may reach her earthly-worst, or if she gain her earthly-best, Would she find her human offspring this ideal man at rest?

Forward then, but still remember how the course of Time will swerve, Crook and turn upon itself in many a backward streaming curve. Not the Hall to-night, my grandson! Death and Silence hold their own. Leave the Master in the first dark hour of his last sleep alone.

Worthier soul was he than I am, sound and honest, rustic Squire, Kindly landlord, boon companion — youthful jealousy is a liar.

Cast the poison from your bosom, oust the madness from your brain. Let the trampled serpent show you that you have not lived in vain.

Youthful! youth and age are scholars yet but in the lower school, Nor is he the wisest man who never proved himself a fool.

Yonder lies our young sea-village — Art and Grace are less and less: Science grows and Beauty dwindles — roofs of slated hideousness!

There is one old Hostel left us where they swing the Locksley shield, Till the peasant cow shall butt the "Lion passant" from his field.

Poor old Heraldry, poor old History, poor old Poetry, passing hence, In the common deluge drowning old political common-sense!

Poor old voice of eighty crying after voices that have fled! All I loved are vanish'd voices, all my steps are on the dead.

All the world is ghost to me, and as the phantom disappears, Forward far and far from here is all the hope of eighty years.

In this Hostel — I remember — I repent it o'er his grave — Like a clown — by chance he met me — I refused the hand he gave.

From that casement where the trailer mantles all the mouldering bricks—I was then in early boyhood, Edith but a child of six—

While I shelter'd in this archway from a day of driving showers— Peept the winsome face of Edith like a flower among the flowers.

Here to-night! the Hall to-morrow, when they toll the Chapel bell! Shall I hear in one dark room a wailing, "I have loved thee well."

Then a peal that shakes the portal — one has come to claim his bride, Her that shrank, and put me from her, shriek'd, and started from my side —

Silent echoes! you, my Leonard, use and not abuse your day, Move among your people, know them, follow him who led the way,

Strove for sixty widow'd years to help his homelier brother men, Served the poor, and built the cottage, raised the school, and drain'd the fen

Hears he now the Voice that wrong'd him? who shall swear it cannot be? Earth would never touch her worst, were one in fifty such as he.

Ere she gain her Heavenly-best, a God must mingle with the game: Nay, there may be those about us whom we neither see nor name,

Felt within us as ourselves, the Powers of Good, the Powers of Ill, Strowing balm, or shedding poison in the fountains of the Will.

Follow you the Star that lights a desert pathway, yours or mine. Forward, till you see the highest Human Nature is divine.

Follow Light, and do the Right — for man can half-control his doom — Till you find the deathless Angel seated in the vacant tomb.

Forward, let the stormy moment fly and mingle with the Past. I that loathed, have come to love him. Love will conquer at the last.

Gone at eighty, mine own age, and I and you will bear the pall; Then I leave thee Lord and Master, latest Lord of Locksley Hall.

## THE FLEET.1

т

You, you, if you shall fail to under-

What England is, and what her allin-all,

On you will come the curse of all the

Should this old England fall Which Nelson left so great.

1 The speaker said that "he should like to be assured that other outlying portions of the Empire, the Crown colonies, and important coaling stations were being as promptly and as thoroughly fortified as the various capitals of the self-governing colonies. He was credibly informed this was not so. It was impossible, also, not to feel some degree of anxiety about the efficacy of present provision to defend and protect, by means of swift, well-armed cruisers, the immense mercantile fleet of the Empire. A third source of anxiety, so far as the colonies were con-cerned, was the apparently insufficient pro-vision for the rapid manufacture of armaments and their prompt despatch when or-dered to their colonial destination. Hence the necessity for manufacturing appliances equal to the requirements, not of Great Britain alone, but of the whole Empire. the keystone of the whole was the necessity for an overwhelmingly powerful fleet and efficient defence for all necessary coaling staIT.

His isle, the mightiest Ocean-power on earth,

Our own fair isle, the lord of every sea —

Her fuller franchise — what would that be worth —

Her ancient fame of Free — Were she . . . a fallen state?

tions. This was as essential for the colonies as for Great Britain. It was the one condition for the continuance of the Empire. All that Continental Powers did with respect to armies England should effect with her navy. It was essentially a defensive force, and could be moved rapidly from point to point, but it should be equal to all that was expected from it. It was to strengthen the fleet that colonists would first readily tax themselves, because they realized how essential a powerful fleet was to the safety, not only of that extensive commerce sailing in every sea, but ultimately to the security of the distant por-tions of the Empire. Who could estimate the loss involved in even a brief period of disaster to the Imperial Navy. Any amount of money timely expended in preparation would be quite insignificant when compared with the possible calamity he had referred to." - Extract from Sir Graham Berry's Speech at the Colonial Institute, 9th November, 1886.

III.

Her dauntless army scatter'd, and so small,

Her island-myriads fed from alien lands —

The fleet of England is her all-in-all; Her fleet is in your hands, And in her fleet her Fate.

IV.

You, you, that have the ordering of her fleet, If you should only compass her

disgrace,

When all men starve, the wild mob's million feet

Will kick you from your place, But then too late, too late.

OPENING OF THE INDIAN AND COLONIAL EXHIBITION BY THE QUEEN.

I.

Welcome, welcome with one voice! In your welfare we rejoice,
Sons and brothers that have sent,
From isle and cape and continent,
Produce of your field and flood,
Mount and mine, and primal wood;
Works of subtle brain and hand,
And splendors of the morning land,
Gifts from every British zone;
Britons, hold your own!

TT

May we find, as ages run,
The mother featured in the son;
And may yours forever be
That old strength and constancy
Which has made your fathers great
In our ancient island State,
And wherever her flag fly,
Glorying between sea and sky,
Makes the might of Britain known;
Britons, hold your own!

III.

Britain fought her sons of yore—Britain failed; and never more, Careless of our growing kin, Shall we sin our fathers' sin, Men that in a narrower day—Unprophetic rulers they—Drove from out the mother's nest That young eagle of the West To forage for herself alone;
Britons, hold your own!

IV.

Sharers of our glorious past,
Brothers, must we part at last?
Shall we not thro' good and ill
Cleave to one another still?
Britain's myriad voices call,
"Sons, be wedded each and all,
Into one imperial whole,
One with Britain, heart and soul!
One life, one flag, one fleet, one
Throne!"

Britons, hold your own!

TO THE MARQUIS OF DUF-FERIN AND AVA.

Τ.

At times our Britain cannot rest,
At times her steps are swift and
rash:

She moving, at her girdle clash The golden keys of East and West.

Ι.

Not swift or rash, when late she lent The sceptres of her West, her East To one, that ruling has increased Her greatness and her self-content.

III.

Your rule has made the people love Their ruler. Your viceregal days Have added fulness to the phrase Of "Gauntlet in the velvet glove." IV.

But since your name will grow with Time,

Not all, as honoring your fair fame Of Statesman, have I made the name

A golden portal to my rhyme:

V.

But more, that you and yours may know

From me and mine, how dear a debt We owed you, and are owing yet To you and yours, and still would owe.

VI.

For he — your India was his Fate,
And drew him over sea to you —
He fain had ranged her thro' and
thro',

To serve her myriads and the State,-

VII

A soul that, watch'd from earliest youth,

And on thro' many a brightening

Had never swerved for craft or fear, By one side-path, from simple truth;

VIII.

Who might have chased and claspt Renown

And caught her chaplet here — and there

In haunts of jungle-poison'd air
The flame of life went wavering down;

IX.

But ere he left your fatal shore,
And lay on that funereal boat,
Dying, "Unspeakable" he wrote
"Their kindness," and he wrote no
more;

X.

And sacred is the latest word;
And now The was, the Might-havebeen,

And those lone rites I have not seen, And one drear sound I have not heard,

XI.

Are dreams that scarce will let me be, Not there to bid my boy farewell, When That within the coffin fell, Fell and flash'd into the Red Sea.

XII.

Beneath a hard Arabian moon
And alien stars. To question, why
The sons before the fathers die,
Not mine! and I may meet him soon

XIII.

But while my life's late eve endures.

Nor settles into hueless gray,

My memories of his briefer day

Will mix with love for you and yours.

ON THE JUBILEE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

I.

FIFTY times the rose has flower'd and faded, Fifty times the golden harvest fallen

Since our Queen assumed the globe, the sceptre.

11.

She beloved for a kindliness Rare in Fable or History, Queen and Empress of India, Crown'd so long with a diadem Never worn by a worthier, Now with prosperous auguries Comes at last to the bounteous Crowning year of her Jubilee.

III.

Nothing of the lawless, of the Despot Nothing of the vulgar, or vainglori ous,

All is gracious, gentle, great and Queenly.

65

### ıv.

You then joyfully, all of you, set the mountain aflame to-night, shoot your stars to the firmament, Deck your houses, illuminate all your towns for a festival, and in each let a multiude Loyal, each, to the heart of it, Dne full voice of allegiance, Hail the fair Ceremonial of this year of her Jubilee.

### V

Queen, as true to womanhood as Queenhood, Horying in the glories of her people, Sorrowing with the sorrows of the

### VI.

You, that wanton in affluence, spare not now to be bountiful, Call your poor to regale with you, All the lowly, the destitute, Make their neighborhood healthfuller,

Five your gold to the Hospital,
Let the weary be comforted,
Let the needy be banqueted,
Let the maim'd in his heart rejoice
At this glad Ceremonial,
And this year of her Jubilee.

#### VII.

Henry's fifty years are all in shadow, 3ray with distance Edward's fifty summers, 2v'n her Grandsire's fifty half forgotten.

#### VIII.

Cou, the Patriot Architect,
Cou that shape for Eternity,
Laise a stately memorial,
Make it regally gorgeous,
Come Imperial Institute,
Lich in symbol, in ornament,
Which may speak to the centuries,
All the centuries after us,

Of this great Ceremonial, And this year of her Jubilee.

### IX.

Fifty years of ever-broadening Commerce!
Fifty years of ever-brightening Science!
Fifty years of ever-widening Empare

### x.

You, the Mighty, the Fortunate, You, the Lord-territorial, You, the Lord-manufacturer, You, the hardy, laborious, Patient children of Albion, You, Canadian, Indian, Australasian, African, All your hearts be in harmony, All your voices in unison, Singing "Hail to the glorious Golden year of her Jubilee!"

# XI. Are there thunders moaning in the

distance?

Are there spectres moving in the darkness?

Trust the Hand of Light will lead her people,

Till the thunders pass, the spectres vanish,

And the Light is the Victor, and the darkness

Dawns into the Jubilee of the Ager

# TO PROFESSOR JEBB

### WITH THE FOLLOWING POE

FAIR things are slow to fade awa Bear witness you, that yesterday From out the Ghost of Pindar you Roll'd an Olympian; and they say

<sup>1</sup> In Bologna.<sup>2</sup> They say, for the fact is doubtful.

That here the torpid mummy wheat Of Egypt bore a grain as sweet

As that which gilds the glebe of England,

Sunn'd with a summer of milder heat.

So may this legend for awhile If greeted by your classic smile, Tho' dead in its Trinacrian Enna,

Blossom again on a colder isle.

# DEMETER AND PERSEPHONE.

# (IN ENNA.)

FAINT as a climate-changing bird that flies

All night across the darkness, and at

dawn
Falls on the threshold of her native

land, And can no more, thou camest, O my

child, Led upward by the God of ghosts

and dreams, Who laid thee at Eleusis, dazed and

dumb
With passing thro' at once from state

to state, Until I brought thee hither, that the

When here thy hands let fall the gather'd flower,

Might break thro' clouded memories

once again On thy lost self. A sudden nightin-

Saw thee, and flash'd into a frolic of

And welcome; and a gleam as of the moon,

When first she peers along the tremu-

lous deep, Fled wavering o'er thy face, and

chased away
That shadow of a likeness to the king
Of shadows, thy dark mate. Per-

sephone!

Queen of the dead no more — my
child! Thine eyes

Again were human-godlike, and the Sun Burst from a swimming fleece of win-

ter gray, And robed thee in his day from head

to feet —
"Mother!" and I was folded in thine
arms.

Child, those imperial, disimpassion'd, eyes

Awed even me at first, thy mother—eyes

That oft had seen the serpent-wanded power

Draw downward into Hades with his

drift
Of flickering spectres, lighted from

below

By the red race of fiery Phlegethon;

By the red race of fiery Phlegethon; But when before have Gods or men beheld

The Life that had descended re-arise, And lighted from above him by the

So mighty was the mother's childless cry,

A cry that rang thro' Hades, Earth, and Heaven!

So in this pleasant vale we stand again,

The field of Enna, now once more ablaze

With flowers that brighten as thy footstep falls,

All flowers — but for one black blur of earth

Left by that closing chasm, throwhich the car

Of dark Aïdoneus rising rapt thee hence.

And here, my child, tho' folded in thine arms,

I feel the deathless heart of motherhood

Within me shudder, lest the naked glebe

Should yawn once more into the

gulf, and thence
The shrilly whinnyings of the tean
of Hell,

scending, pierce the glad and songful air,

ad all at once their arch'd necks, midnight-maned,

t upward thro' the mid-day blossom. No! r, see, thy foot has touch'd it; all

the space

blank earth-baldness clothes itself afresh,

d breaks into the crocus-purple hour

at saw thee vanish.

Child, when thou wert gone, envied human wives, and nested birds.

a, the cubb'd lioness; went in search of thee

ro' many a palace, many a cot, and gave

y breast to ailing infants in the

night.

id set the mother waking in amaze find her sick one whole; and forth again

long the wail of midnight winds, and cried,

There is my loved one? Wherefore do ye wail?"

d out from all the night an answer shrill'd,

Ve know not, and we know not why we wail."

limb'd on all the cliffs of all the

d ask'd the waves that moan about

the world There? do ye make your moaning

for my child?" d round from all the world the

voices came e know not, and we know not why we moan."

here"? and I stared from every eagle-peak,

aridded the black heart of all the woods,

er'd thro' tomb and cave, and in the storms

Autumn swept across the city, and heard

The murmur of their temples chanting me,

Me. me, the desolate Mother! "Where"? - and turn'd.

And fled by many a waste, forlorn cf. man,

And grieved for man thro' all my grief for thee, -

The jungle rooted in his shatter'd hearth.

The serpent coil'd about his broken shaft,

The scorpion crawling over naked skulls;-

I saw the tiger in the ruin'd fane Spring from his fallen God, but trace of thee

I saw not; and far on, and, following

A league of labyrinthine darkness.

On three gray heads beneath a gleaming rift.

"Where"? and I heard one voice from all the three

"We know not, for we spin the lives of men.

And not of Gods, and know not why we spin!

There is a Fate beyond us." Nothing knew.

Last as the likeness of a dying Without his knowledge, from him

flits to warn A far-off friendship that he comes no

more, So he, the God of dreams, who heard my cry,

Drew from thyself the likeness of

thyself Without thy knowledge, and thy

shadow past Before me, crying "The Bright one in the highest

Is brother of the Dark one in the lowest,

And Bright and Dark have sworn that I, the child

Of thee, the great Earth-Mother, thee, the Power

That lifts her buried life from gloom to bloom,

Should be forever and forevermore The Bride of Darkness."

So the Shadow wail'd.

Then I, Earth-Goddess, cursed the
Gods of Heaven.

I would not mingle with their feasts;

to me Their nectar smack'd of hemlock on

the lips,
Their rich ambrosia tasted aconite.
The man, that only lives and loves an

hour,

Seem'd nobler than their hard Eternities.

My quick tears kill'd the flower, my ravings hush'd

The bird, and lost in utter grief I fail'd

To send my life thro' olive-yard and vine

And golden grain, my gift to helpless

Rain-rotten died the wheat, the barley-spears

Were hollow-husk'd, the leaf fell, and the sun,

Pale at my grief, drew down before his time

Sickening, and Ætna kept her winter

Then He, the brother of this Darkness, He

Who still is highest, glancing from his height

On earth a fruitless fallow, when he miss'd

The wonted steam of sacrifice, the praise

And prayer of men, decreed that thou

should'st dwell
For nine white moons of each whole

year with me, The three dark ones in the shadow

with thy King.

Once more the reaper in the gleam of dawn

Will see me by the landmark far away, Blessing his field, or seated in the dusk Of even, by the lonely threshing-floo Rejoicing in the harvest and the grange.

Yet I, Earth-Goddess, am but i content

With them, who still are higher Those gray heads, What meant they by their "Fa

beyond the Fates"
But younger kindlier Gods to be

us down, As we bore down the Gods before us

Gods,
To quench, not hurl the thunderbo

to stay, Not spread the plague, the famin

Gods indeed,
To send the noon into the night a

break
The sunless halls of Hades in

Heaven?
Till thy dark lord accept and lo

the Sun,
And all the Shadow die into t
Light,

When thou shalt dwell the who

And souls of men, who grew beyo their race,

And made themselves as Gods again the fear Of Death and Hell; and thou th

of Death and Hell; and thou the hast from men,

As Queen of Death, that worsh which is Fear,

Henceforth, as having risen from the dead,

Shalt eversend thy life along with m

Shalt eversend thy life along withm From buried grain thro' spring blade, and bless

Their garner'd Autumn also, re with me,

Earth-mother, in the harvest hyn of Earth

The worship which is Love, and no more

The Stone, the Wheel, the dim glimmering lawns

Of that Elysium, all the hateful fi Of torment, and the shadowy warr

glide
Along the silent field of Asphodel.

### OWD ROAL

- Aïx, noä mander<sup>2</sup> o' use to be callin' 'm Roä, Roä, Roä, ' the dog's stoän-deäf, an' e's blind, 'e can neither stan' nor goä.
- nt I meäns fur to maäke 'is owd aäge as 'appy as iver I can, nr I owäs owd Roäver moor nor I iver owäd mottal man.
- nou's rode of 'is back when a babby, afoor thou was gotten too owd, or 'e'd fetch an' carry like owt, 'e was allus as good as gowd.
- 1, but 'e'd fight wi' a will when 'e fowt; 'e could howd 3 'is oan, 1' Roä was the dog as knaw'd when an' wheere to bury his boane.
- a' 'e kep his heäd hoop like a king, an' 'e'd niver not down wi' 'is täail, ar 'e'd niver done nowt to be shäamed on, when we was i' Howlaby Daäle.
- n' 'e sarved me sa well when 'e lived, that, Dick, when 'e cooms to be deäd hinks as I'd like fur to hev soom soort of a sarvice reäd.
- ır 'e's moor good sense na the Parliament man 'at stans fur us 'ere, a' I'd voät fur 'im, my oän sen, if 'e could but stan fur the Shere.
- faäithful an' True"—them words be 'Scriptur—an' Faäithful an' True l be fun' upo' four short legs ten times fur one upo' two.
- 1' maäybe they'll walk upo' two but I knaws they runs upo' four,5—edtime, Dicky! but waäit till tha 'eärs it be strikin' the hour.
- r I wants to tell tha o' Roä when we lived i' Howlaby Daäle, n year sin— Naäy— naäy! tha mun nobbut hev' one glass of aäle.
- ra<br/>änge an' owd-farran'd  $^6$  the 'ouse, an' bel<br/>t  $^7$  long afoor my daäy i' haäfe o' the chimleys a-twizzen'd  $^8$  an' twined like a band o' ha<br/>äy.
- he fellers as maäkes them picturs, 'ud coom at the fall o' the year, i' sattle their ends upo stools to pictur the door-poorch theere,
- h' the Heagle 'as hed two heads stannin' theere o' the brokken stick; 'they niver 'ed seed sich ivin' 10 as graw'd hall ower the brick;
- i' theere i' the 'ouse one night but it's down, an' all on it now an into mangles an' tonups, 11 an' raäved slick thruf by the plow —
- eere, when the 'ouse wur a house, one night I wur sittin' aloän, i' Roäver athurt my feeät, an' sleeäpin still as a stoän,
- Old Rover. <sup>2</sup> Manner. <sup>3</sup> Hold. <sup>7</sup> Built. On a staff *ragulé*. <sup>10</sup> Ivy.
- <sup>4</sup> Found. <sup>5</sup> "Ou" as in "house." <sup>8</sup> "Twizzen'd." twisted.
- 11 Mangolds and turnips.

Of a Christmas Eäve, an' as cowd as this, an' the midders 1 as white, An' the fences all on 'em bolster'd oop wi' the windle 2 that night;

An' the cat wur a-sleeäpin alongside Roäver, but I wur awaäke, An' smoäkin' an' thinkin' o' things — Doänt maäke thysen sick wi' the caäk

Fur the men ater supper 'ed sung their songs an' 'ed 'ed their beer, An' 'ed goan their waäys; ther was nobbut three, an' noan on 'em theere.

They was all on 'em fear'd o' the Ghoäst an' dussn't not sleeäp i' the 'ouse, But Dicky, the Ghoäst moästlins 3 was nobbut a rat or a mouse.

An' I looökt out wonst 4 at the night, an' the daäle was all of a thaw, Fur I seed the beck coomin' down like a long black snaäke i' the snaw,

An' I heärd greät heäps o' the snaw slushin' down fro' the bank to the beck. An' then as I stood i' the doorwaäy, I feeäld it drip o' my neck.

Saw I turn'd in ageän, an' I thowt o' the good owd times 'at was goan, An' the munney they maäde by the war, an' the times 'at was coomin' on;

Fur I thowt if the Staäte was a gawin' to let in furriners wheät, Howiver was British farmers to stan' ageän o' their feeät.

Howiver was I fur to find my rent an' to paäy my men? An' all along o' the feller 5 as turn'd 'is back of hissen.

Thou slep i' the chaumber above us, we couldn't ha' 'eard tha call, Sa Moother 'ed tell'd ma to bring tha down, an' thy craadle an' all;

Fur the gell o' the farm 'at slep wi' tha then 'ed gotten wer leäve, Fur to goä that night to 'er foälk by cause o' the Christmas Eäve;

But I cleän forgot tha, my lad, when Moother 'ed gotten to bed, An' I slep i' my chair hup-on-end, an' the Freeä Traäde runn'd i' my 'ead,

Till I dreäm'd 'at Squire walkt in, an' I says to him "Squire, ya're laäte," Then I seed at 'is faäce wur as red as the Yuleblock theer i' the graäte.

An' 'e says "can ya paäy me the rent to-night?" an' I says to 'im "Noä," An' 'e cotch'd howd hard o' my hairm, "Then hout to-night tha shall goä."

"Tha'll niver," says I, "be a-turnin ma hout upo' Christmas Eäve?" Then I waäked an' I fun it was Roäver a-tuggin' an' teärin' my slieäve.

An' I thowt as 'e'd goän cleän-wud,<sup>7</sup> fur I noäwaeys knaw'd 'is intent; An' I says "Git awaäy, ya beäst," an' I fetcht 'im a kick an' 'e went.

Then 'e tummled up stairs, fur I 'eärd 'im, as if 'e'd 'a brokken 'is neck, An' I'd cleär forgot, little Dicky, thy chaumber door wouldn't sneck; 8

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Meadows.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Drifted snow.

<sup>3 &</sup>quot;Moästlins," for the most part, generally.

<sup>6</sup> Arm.

<sup>7</sup> Mad.

<sup>8</sup> Latch.

<sup>4</sup> Once.

<sup>5</sup> Peel.

An' I slep' i' my chair ageän wi' my hairm hingin' down to the floor, An' I thowt it was Roäver a-tuggin' an' teärin' me wuss nor afoor,

An' I thowt 'at I kick'd 'im ageän, but I kick'd thy Moother istead. 'What arta snorin' theere fur? the house is afire," she said.

Thy Moother 'ed beän a-naggin' about the gell o' the farm, She offens 'ud spy summut wrong when there warn't not a mossel o' harm;

An' she didn't not solidly meän I wur gawin' that waäy to the bad, Fur the gell 1 was as howry a trollope as iver traäps'd i' the squad.

But Moother was free of 'er tongue, as I offens 'ev tell'd 'er mysen, Sa I kep i' my chair, fur I thowt she was nobbut a-rilin' ma then.

An' I says "I'd be good to tha, Bess, if tha'd onywaäys let ma be good," But she skelpt ma haäfe ower i' the chair, an' screeäd like a Howl gone wud 2—

'Ya mun run fur the lether.' Git oop, if ya're onywaäys good for owt." And I says "If I beänt noäwaäys — not nowadaäys — good fur nowt —

'Yit I beant sich a Nowt 4 of all Nowts as 'ull hallus do as 'e's bid."
'But the stairs is afire," she said; then I seed 'er a-cryin', I did.

n' she beäld "Ya mun saäve little Dick, an' be sharp about it an' all," a I runs to the yard fur a lether, an' sets 'im ageän the wall,

in' I claums an' I mashes the winder hin, when I gits to the top, but the heat druv hout i' my heyes till I feäld mysen ready to drop.

'hy Moother was howdin' the lether, an' tellin' me not to be skeärd, in' I wasn't afeärd, or I thinks leästwaäys as I wasn't afeärd;

iut I couldn't see for the smoäke wheere thou was a-liggin, my lad, in' Roäver was theere i' the chaumber a-yowlin' an' yaupin' like mad;

n' thou was a-beälin' likewise, an' a-squeälin', as if tha was bit, n' it wasn't a bite but a burn, fur the merk's 5 o' thy shou'der yit;

'hen I call'd out Roä, Roä, Roä, thaw I didn't haäfe think as 'e'd 'ear, lut 'e coom'd thruf the fire wi' my bairn i' 's mouth to the winder theere!

e coom'd like a Hangel o' marcy as soon as 'e 'eärd 'is naäme, r like tother Hangel i' Scriptur 'at summun seed i' the flaäme.

7hen summun 'ed hax'd fur a son, an' 'e promised a son to she, n' Roä was as good as the Hangel i' saävin' a son fur me.

2 She half overturned me and shricked like an owl gone mad.
4 A thoroughly insignificant or worthless person.

<sup>3</sup> Ladder.
<sup>5</sup> Mark.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The girl was as dirty a slut as ever trudged in the mud, but there is a sense of slatternliss in "traäpes'd" which is not expressed in "trudged."

Sa I browt tha down, an' I says "I mun gaw up agean fur Roa." "Gaw up ageän fur the varmint?" I tell'd 'er "Yeas I maun goa."

An' I claumb'd up ageän to the winder, an' clemm'd 1 owd Roa by the 'ead, An' 'is 'air coom'd off i' my 'ands an' I taaked 'im at fust fur dead;

Fur 'e smell'd like a herse a-singein', an' seeäm'd as blind as a poop, An' haäfe on 'im bare as a bublin'.2 I couldn't wakken 'im oop,

But I browt 'im down, an' we got to the barn, fur the barn wouldn't burn Wi' the wind blawin' hard tother waay, an' the wind wasn't like to turn.

An' I kep a-callin' o' Roä till 'e waggled 'is taäil fur a bit, But the cocks kep a-crawin' an' crawin' all night, an' I 'ears 'em yit;

An' the dogs was a-yowlin' all round, and thou was a-squeälin' thysen, An' Moother was naggin' an' groänin an' moänin' an' naggin' agean;

An' I 'eard the bricks an' the baulks 3 rummle down when the roof gev waay Fur the fire was a-raägin' an' raävin' an' roarin' like judgment daäy.

Warm enew theere sewer-ly, but the barn was as cowd as owt, An' we cuddled and huddled togither, an' happt 4 wersens oop as we mowt.

An' I browt Roä round, but Moother 'ed beän sa soäk'd wi' the thaw 'At she cotch'd 'er death o' cowd that night, poor soul, i' the straw.

Haäfe o' the parish runn'd oop when the rigtree 5 was tummlin' in — Too laate - but it's all ower now - hall hower - an' ten year sin;

Too laäte, tha mun git tha to bed, but I'll coom an' I'll squench the light, Fur we moant 'ev naw moor fires - and soa little Dick, good-night.

## VASTNESS.

MANY a hearth upon our dark globe sighs after many a vanish'd face, Many a planet by many a sun may roll with the dust of a vanish'd race.

Raving politics, never at rest — as this poor earth's pale history runs, — What is it all but a trouble of ants in the gleam of a million million of sur

Lies upon this side, lies upon that side, truthless violence mourn'd by Wise. Thousands of voices drowning his own in a popular torrent of lies upon li

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Clutched. <sup>2</sup> "Bubbling," a young unfledged bird. <sup>3</sup> Beams. <sup>4</sup> The beam that runs along the roof of the house just beneath the ridge. 4 Wrapt oursel

### v.

Stately purposes, valor in battle, glorious annals of army and fleet,

Death for the right cause, death for the wrong cause, trumpets of victory, groans of defeat;

### V

nnocence seethed in her mother's milk, and Charity setting the martyr aflame;

Thraldom who walks with the banner of Freedom, and recks not to ruin a realm in her name.

### VI.

Faith at her zenith, or all but lost in the gloom of doubts that darken the schools;

Craft with a bunch of all-heal in her hand, follow'd up by her vassal legion of fools;

### VII.

Frade flying over a thousand seas with her spice and her vintage, her silk and her corn;
Desolate offing, sailorless harbors, famishing populace, wharves forlorn;

### VIII.

Star of the morning, Hope in the sunrise; gloom of the evening, Life at a close;

Pleasure who flaunts on her wide down-way with her flying robe and her poison'd rose;

#### IX.

Pain, that has crawl'd from the corpse of Pleasure, a worm which writhes all day, and at night

itirs up again in the heart of the sleeper, and stings him back to the curse of the light:

#### x

Wealth with his wines and his wedded harlots; honest Poverty, bare to the bone;

)pulent Avarice, lean as Poverty; Flattery gilding the rift in a throne;

#### XI.

Pame blowing out from her golden trumpet a jubilant challenge to Time and to Fate;

lander, her shadow, sowing the nettle on all the laurel'd graves of the Great;

#### XII.

ove for the maiden, crown'd with marriage, no regrets for aught that has been,

Iousehold happiness, gracious children, debtless competence, golden mean;

#### XIII.

Iational hatreds of whole generations, and pigmy spites of the village spire; ows that will last to the last death-ruckle, and vows that are snapt in a moment of fire;

#### XIV.

He that has lived for the lust of the minute, and died in the doing it, flesh without mind;

He that has nail'd all flesh to the Cross, till Self died out in the love of his kind;

### xv.

Spring and Summer and Autumn and Winter, and all these old revolutions of earth;

All new-old revolutions of Empire - change of the tide - what is all of it worth?

### XVI.

What the philosophies, all the sciences, poesy, varying voices of prayer? All that is noblest, all that is basest, all that is filthy with all that is fair?

### XVII.

What is it all, if we all of us end but in being our own corpse-coffins at last, Swallow'd in Vastness, lost in Silence, drown'd in the deeps of a meaningles Past?

### XVIII.

What but a murmur of gnats in the gloom, or a moment's anger of bees in their hive?—

Peace, let it be! for I loved him, and love him forever: the dead are no dead but alive.

Dedicated to the Hon. J. Russell Lowell.

### THE RING.

MIRIAM AND HER FATHER.

MIRIAM (singing).

Mellow moon of heaven, Bright in blue, Moon of married hearts, Hear me, you!

Twelve times in the year Bring me bliss, Globing Honey Moons Bright as this.

Moon, you fade at times
From the night.
Young again you grow
Out of sight.

Silver crescent-curve,
Coming soon,
Globe again, and make
Honey Moon.

Shall not my love last,
Moon, with you,
For ten thousand years
Old and new?

### FATHER.

And who was he with such lov drunken eyes They made a thousand honey moo of one?

#### MIRIAM.

The prophet of his own, my Hube — his

The words, and mine the setting. "Air and Words,"

Said Hubert, when I sang the song, "are bride

And bridegroom." Does it please you?

### FATHER.

Mainly, child, Because I hear your Mother's voice in yours.

she-, why, you shiver tho' the

wind is west

With all the warmth of summer.

### MIRIAM.

Well, I felt n a sudden I know not what, a breath that past Vith all the cold of winter.

FATHER (muttering to himself).

Even so. 'he Ghost in Man, the Ghost that

once was Man. lut cannot wholly free itself from

re calling to each other thro' a dawn tranger than earth has ever seen;

the veil

rending, and the Voices of the day re heard across the Voices of the dark. o sudden heaven, nor sudden hell, for man,

ut thro' the Will of One who knows

and rules -

nd utter knowledge is but utter love —

Conian Evolution, swift or slow, hro' all the Spheres - an ever open-

ing height.

n ever lessening earth - and she perhaps.

y Miriam, breaks her latest earthly link

ith me to-day.

### MIRIAM.

You speak so low, what is it? our "Miriam breaks" - is making a new link

eaking an old one?

### FATHER.

No, for we, my child, Have been till now each other's allin-all.

### MIRIAM.

And you the lifelong guardian of the child.

### FATHER.

I, and one other whom you have not known.

### MIRIAM.

And who? what other?

### FATHER.

Whither are you bound? For Naples which we only left in May?

### MIRIAM.

No! father, Spain, but Hubert brings me home

With April and the swallow. Wish me joy!

### FATHER.

What need to wish when Hubert weds in you

The heart of Love, and you the soul of Truth

In Hubert?

#### MIRIAM.

Tho' you used to call me once The lonely maiden-Princess of the wood.

Who meant to sleep her hundred summers out

Before a kiss should wake her.

### FATHER.

Av. but now Your fairy Prince has found you, take this ring.

### MIRIAM.

"Io t'amo" - and these diamonds beautiful!

"From Walter," and for me from you then?

### FATHER.

Well,

One way for Miriam.

### MIRIAM.

Miriam am I not?

### FATHER.

This ring bequeath'd you by your mother, child,

Was to be given you - such her dving wish -

Given on the morning when you came of age

Or on the day you married. Both the days

Now close in one. The ring is doubly

Why do you look so gravely at the tower?

### MIRIAM.

I never saw it yet so all ablaze With creepers crimsoning to the pinnacles.

As if perpetual sunset linger'd there, And all ablaze too in the lake below! And how the birds that circle round the tower

Are cheeping to each other of their flight

To summer lands!

### FATHER.

And that has made you grave? Fly - care not. Birds and brides must leave the nest.

Child, I am happier in your happiness

Than in mine own.

### MIRIAM.

It is not that!

FATHER.

What else

MIRIAM.

That chamber in the tower.

### FATHER.

What chamber, child

Your nurse is here?

### MIRIAM.

My Mother's nurse and mine She comes to dress me in my brida veil.

### FATHER.

What did she say?

### MIRIAM.

She said, that you and Had been abroad for my poor healt

so long She fear'd I had forgotten her, and ask'd

About my Mother, and she said "Thy hair

Is golden like thy Mother's, not s fine."

### FATHER.

What then? what more?

### MIRIAM.

She said - perhaps inde She wander'd, having wander'd no so far

Beyond the common date of death

that you, When I was smaller than the statuet Of my dear Mother on your brack

here -You took me to that chamber in t tower.

The topmost - a chest there, by whi

you knelt -And there were books and dresses

left to me, A ring too which you kiss'd, and

she said,

I babbled, Mother, Mother — as I used To prattle to her picture — stretch'd my hands

As if I saw her; then a woman came And caught me from my nurse. I

hear her yet -

A sound of anger like a distant storm.

### FATHER.

Garrulous old crone.

### MIRIAM.

Poor nurse!

### FATHER.

I bad her keep, Like a seal'd book, all mention of the ring,

For I myself would tell you all to-day.

### MIRIAM.

"She too might speak to-day," she mumbled. Still,

I scarce have learnt the title of your book.

But you will turn the pages.

#### FATHER.

Ay, to-day!

I brought you to that chamber on your third

September birthday with your nurse, and felt

An icy breath play on me, while I stoopt

To take and kiss the ring.

### MIRIAM.

This very ring

lo t'amo?

### FATHER.

Yes, for some wild hope was mine That, in the misery of my married life, Miriam your Mother might appear to

She came to you, not me. The storm,

far-off, is Muriel — your stepmother's voice.

### MIRIAM.

Vext, that you thought my Mother came to me?

Or at my crying "Mother?" or to find My Mother's diamonds hidden from her there,

Like worldly beauties in the Cell, not shown

To dazzle all that see them?

### FATHER.

Wait a while.

Your Mother and step-mother — Miriam Erne

And Muriel Erne — the two were cousins — lived

With Muriel's mother on the down, that sees

A thousand squares of corn and meadow, far

As the gray deep, a landscape which your eyes

Have many a time ranged over when a babe.

#### MIRTAM.

I climb'd the hill with Hubert yesterday,

And from the thousand squares, one silent voice

Came on the wind, and seem'd to say "Again."

We saw far off an old forsaken house, Then home, and past the ruin'd mill.

### FATHER.

And there I found these cousins often by the

brook,
For Miriam sketch'd and Muriel
threw the fly:

The girls of equal age, but one was

fair, And one was dark, and both were

beautiful.

No voice for either spoke within my

heart Then, for the surface eye, that only

doats

On outward beauty glancing from

On outward beauty, glancing from the one

To the other, knew not that which pleased it most,

The raven ringlet or the gold; but

Were dowerless, and myself, I used to walk This Terrace - morbid, melancholy:

mine And yet not mine the hall, the farm,

the field; For all that ample woodland whis-

per'd " debt." The brook that feeds this lakelet

murmur'd "debt," And in you arching avenue of old

elms, Tho' mine, not mine, I heard the

sober rook And carrion crow cry "Mortgage."

### MIRIAM.

Father's fault

Visited on the children!

### FATHER.

Ay, but then A kinsman, dying, summon'd me to Rome -

He left me wealth - and while I journey'd hence,

And saw the world fly by me like a dream,

And while I communed with my truest self.

I woke to all of truest in myself,

Till, in the gleam of those mid-summer dawns,

The form of Muriel faded, and the face Of Miriam grew upon me, till I knew; And past and future mix'd in Heaven and made

The rosy twilight of a perfect day.

#### MIRIAM.

So glad? no tear for him, who left you wealth,

Your kinsman?

#### FATHER.

I had seen the man but once; He loved my name not me; and then I pasa'd

Home, and thro' Venice, where a jeweller.

So far gone down, or so far up in life, That he was nearing his own hundred. sold

This ring to me, then laugh'd "the ring is weird."

And weird and worn and wizard-like was he. "Why weird?" I ask'd him; and he

said "The souls Of two repentant Lovers guard the

ring;" Then with a ribald twinkle in his

bleak eyes -"And if you give the ring to any maid,

They still remember what it cost them here, And bind the maid to love you by

the ring:

And if the ring were stolen from the maid, The theft were death or madness to

the thief. So sacred those Ghost Lovers hold the gift."

And then he told their legend:

"Long ago Two lovers parted by a scurrilous tale Had quarrell'd, till the man repenting sent

This ring 'Io t'amo' to his best beloved.

And sent it on her birthday. She in wrath

Return'd it on her birthday, and that

His death-day, when, half-frenzied by the ring,

He wildly fought a rival suitor, him The causer of that scandal, fought

and fell: And she that came to part them all too late,

And found a corpse and silence, drew the ring

From his dead finger, wore it till her

death. Shrined him within the temple of her

heart.

Made every moment of her after life

virgin victim to his memory, nd dying rose, and rear'd her arms, and cried

see him, Io t'amo, Io t'amo.'"

### MIRIAM.

egend or true? so tender should be true!

id he believe it? did you ask him?

### FATHER.

Ay! ut that half skeleton, like a barren ghost

rom out the fleshless world of spirits,

laugh'd:

hollow laughter!

### MIRIAM.

Vile, so near the ghost imself, to laugh at love in death!
But you?

### FATHER.

'ell, as the bygone lover thro' this

ad sent his cry for her forgiveness, I

ould call thro' this "Io t'amo" to
the heart

f Miriam; then I bad the man en-

From Walter" on the ring, and send it — wrote

ame, surname, all as clear as noon, but he —

ome younger hand must have engraven the ring—

is fingers were so stiffen'd by the

f seven and ninety winters, that he scrawl'd

"Miriam" that might seem a "Muriel";

ad Muriel claim'd and open'd what

or Miriam, took the ring, and flaunted it

fore that other whom I loved and love.

A mountain stay'd me here, a minster there, A galleried palace, or a battlefield, Where stood the sheaf of Peace: but

-coming home

And on your Mother's birthday—all but yours—

A week betwixt—and when the tower as now

Was all ablaze with crimson to the roof,

And all ablaze too plunging in the lake Head-foremost — who were those that stood between

The tower and that rich phantom of the tower?

Muriel and Miriam, each in white, and like

May-blossoms in mid autumn — was it they?

A light shot upward on them from the lake.

What sparkled there? whose hand was that? they stood

So close together. I am not keen of sight,
But coming nearer — Muriel had the

ring —
"O Miriam! have you given your

ring to her?
O Miriam!" Miriam redden'd, Muriel

clench'd
The hand that wore it, till I cried
again:

"O Miriam, if you love me take the ring!"

She glanced at me, at Muriel, and was mute.

"Nay, if you cannot love me, let it be."
Then — Muriel standing ever statuelike —

She turn'd, and in her soft imperial way

And saying gently: "Muriel, by your leave,"

Unclosed the hand, and from it drew

the ring,
And gave it me, who pass'd it down
her own,

"lo t'amo, all is well then." Muriel fled.

### MIRIAM.

Poor Muriel!

### FATHER.

Ay, poor Muriel when you hear What follows! Miriam loved me from the first, Not thro' the ring; but on her mar-

riage-morn

This birthday, death-day, and betrothal ring,

Laid on her table overnight, was gone; And after hours of search and doubt and threats,

And hubbub, Muriel enter'd with it, "See!—

Found in a chink of that old moulder'd

floor!"
My Miriam nodded with a pitying smile,

As who should say "that those who lose can find."

Then I and she were married for a

One year without a storm, or even a cloud;

And you my Miriam born within the year;

And she my Miriam dead within the

I sat beside her dying, and she gaspt:
"The books, the miniature, the lace are hers,

My ring too when she comes of age, or when

She marries; you—you loved me, kept your word.

You love me still 'Io t'amo.' — Muriel — no —

She cannot love; she loves her own hard self,

Her firm will, her fix'd purpose. Promise me,

Miriam not Muriel — she shall have the ring."

And there the light of other life, which lives

Beyond our burial and our buried eyes, Gleam'd for a moment in her own on earth.

I swore the vow, then with my latest

Upon them, closed her eyes, which would not close,

But kept their watch upon the ring and you.

Your birthday was her death-day.

### MIRIAM.

O poor Mother And you, poor desolate Father, and poor me,

The little senseless, worthless, word

less babe, Saved when your life was wreck'd!

### FATHER.

Desolate as that sailor whom the

Had parted from his comrade in the boat,

And dash'd half dead on barren sands, was I.

Nay, you were my one solace; only
-vou

Were always ailing. Muriel's mothe sent,

And sure am I, by Muriel, one day

And saw you, shook her head, an patted yours,

And smiled, and making with a kindle pinch

Each poor pale cheek a momentar

"That should be fix'd," she said "your pretty bud,

So blighted here, would flower int full health

Among our heath and bracken. Le

And we will feed her with our mountain air,

And send her home to you rejoicing.

No —

We could not part. And once, whe you my girl

Rode on my shoulder home - th

Had graspt a daisy from your Mother grave —

By the lych-gate was Muriel. "Ay, she said,

"Among the tombs in this damp val of yours! ou scorn my Mother's warning, but the child

paler than before. We often walk open sun, and see beneath our feet

he mist of autumn gather from your lake.

nd shroud the tower; and once we only saw

our gilded vane, a light above the mist"—

Our old bright bird that still is veering there

bove his four gold letters) "and

the light,"

he said, "was like that light" - and there she paused,

nd long; till I believing that the girl's

ean fancy, groping for it, could not

ne likeness, laugh'd a little and found her two -

A warrior's crest above the cloud of war"-

A fiery phœnix rising from the smoke,

'he pyre he burnt in." - "Nay," she said, "the light

hat glimmers on the marsh and on the grave."

and spoke no more, but turn'd and pass'd away.

Miriam, I am not surely one of

those Caught by the flower that closes on

the fly, But after ten slow weeks her fix'd intent,

n aiming at an all but hopeless mark To strike it, struck; I took, I left vou there:

came, I went, was happier day by day;

For Muriel nursed you with a mother's care:

Fill on that clear and heather-scented height

The rounder cheek had brighten'd into bloom.

she always came to meet me carrying you,

And all her talk was of the babe she loved:

So, following her old pastime of the brook.

She threw the fly for me; but oftener

That angling to the mother. "Muriel's health

Had weaken'd, nursing little Miriam. Strange!

She used to shun the wailing babe, and doats

On this of yours." But when the matron saw

That hinted love was only wasted bait.

Not risen to, she was bolder. "Ever since

You sent the fatal ring"-I told her " sent

To Miriam," "Doubtless - ay, but

ever since In all the world my dear one sees

but you -In your sweet babe she finds but you -she makes

Her heart a mirror that reflects but you."

And then the tear fell, the voice broke. Her heart!

I gazed into the mirror, as a man Who sees his face in water, and a stone, That glances from the bottom of the

pool. Strike upward thro' the shadow; yet at last.

Gratitude - loneliness - desire to keep

So skilled a nurse about you always -nav!

Some half remorseful kind of pity too -

Well! well, you know I married Muriel Erne.

" I take thee Muriel for my wedded wife"—

I had forgotten it was your birthday, child -

When all at once with some electric thrill

A cold air pass'd between us, and the hands

Fe'll from each other, and were join'd again.

No second cloudless honeymoon was mine.

For by and by she sicken'd of the farce,
She dropt the gracious mask of

motherhood, She came no more to meet me, carry-

ing you,

Nor ever cared to set you on her knee, Nor ever let you gambol in her sight, Nor ever cheer'd you with a kindly smile, Nor ever ceased to clamor for the

ring;
Why had I sent the ring at first to

Why had I sent the ring at first to her?

Why had I made her love me thro' the ring,

And then had changed? so fickle are men — the best!

Not she — but now my love was hers again,

The ring by right, she said, was hers again.

At times too shrilling in her angrier moods,

"That weak and watery nature love you? No!

'Io t'amo, Io t'amo'!" flung herself Against my heart, but often while her lips

Were warm upon my cheek, an icy breath,

As from the grating of a sepulchre, Past over both. I told her of my yow.

No pliable idiot I to break my vow;
But still she made her outcry for the
ring;

For one monotonous fancy madden'd her,

Till I myself was madden'd with her cry,

And even that "Io t'amo," those three sweet

Italian words became a weariness.

My people too were scared with

eerie sounds, A footstep, a low throbbing in the

A footstep, a low throbbing in the walls,

A noise of falling weights that neve fell,

Weird whispers, bells that rang with out a hand,

Door-handles turn'd when none wa at the door,

And bolted doors that open'd of them selves:

And one betwixt the dark and ligh

had seen

Her, bending by the cradle of he

babe.

### MIRIAM.

And I remember once that being waked

By noises in the house—and no on near—

I cried for nurse, and felt a gentlhand

Fall on my forehead, and a sudder face

Look'd in upon me like a gleam an pass'd,

And I was quieted, and slept again. Or is it some half memory of a dream

### FATHER.

Your fifth September birthday.

### MIRIAM.

And the face The hand, — my Mother.

### FATHER.

Miriam, on that da Two lovers parted by no scurrilou tale —

Mere want of gold — and still fo twenty years

Bound by the golden cord of thei first love —

Had ask'd us to their marriage, and to share

Their marriage - banquet. Muriel paler then

Than ever you were in your cradle moan'd,

"I am fitter for my bed, or for my grave,

I cannot go, go you." And then sh

She clung to me with such a hard

embrace,

So lingeringly long, that half-amazed I parted from her, and I went alone. And when the bridegroom murmur'd, "With this ring,"

I felt for what I could not find, the

The guardian of her relics, of her ring.

[ kept it as a sacred amulet

About me, - gone! and gone in that embrace!

Then, hurrying home, I found her

not in house

Or garden - up the tower - an icy

Fled by me. — There, the chest was open - all

The sacred relics tost about the

floor -Among them Muriel lying on her

face -[ raised her, call'd her "Muriel,

Muriel wake!" The fatal ring lay near her; the

glazed eve flared at me as in horror. Dead!

I took and chafed the freezing hand. A red

mark ran All round one finger pointed straight,

the rest Vere crumpled inwards. Dead!-

and maybe stung Vith some remorse, had stolen, worn

the ring -Then torn it from her finger, or as if --

for never had I seen her show remorse -

is if -

MIRIAM.

- those two Ghost lovers -

Lovers yet -

MIRIAM.

es, yes!

### FATHER.

- but dead so long, gone up so far, That now their ever-rising life has dwarf'd

Or lost the moment of their past on earth.

As we forget our wail at being born. As if -

### MIRIAM.

a dearer ghost had -

### FATHER.

- wrench'd it away.

### MIRIAM.

Had floated in with sad reproachful

Till from her own hand she had torn the ring

In fright, and fallen dead. And I myself

Am half afraid to wear it.

### FATHER.

Well, no more! No bridal music this! but fear not you! You have the ring she guarded; that poor link

With earth is broken, and has left her free.

Except that, still drawn downward for an hour,

Her spirit hovering by the church. where she

Was married too, may linger, till she

Her maiden coming like a Queen, who leaves

Some colder province in the North to

Her capital city, where the loyal bells Clash welcome - linger, till her own, the babe

She lean'd to from her Spiritual sphere, Her lonely maiden-Princess, crown'd with flowers.

Has enter'd on the larger woman-world Of wives and mothers.

But the bridal veil -Your nurse is waiting. Kiss me child and go.

### FORLORN.

τ.

"HE is fled — I wish him dead —
He that wrought my ruin —
O the flattery and the craft
Which were my undoing . .
In the night, in the night,
When the storms are blowing.

II.

"Who was witness of the crime? Who shall now reveal it? He is fled, or he is dead, Marriage will conceal it . . . In the night, in the night, While the gloom is growing."

III.

Catherine, Catherine, in the night What is this you're dreaming? There is laughter down in Hell At your simple scheming... In the night, in the night, When the ghosts are fleeting.

IV

You to place a hand in his Like an honest woman's, You that lie with wasted lung Waiting for your summons. In the night, O the night! O the deathwatch beating!

v

There will come a witness soon Hard to be confuted,
All the world will hear a voice Scream you are polluted . . . In the night! O the night,
When the owls are wailing!

VI. Shame and marriage, Shame and

marriage,
Fright and foul dissembling,
Bantering bridesman, reddening
priest,
Tower and altar trembling . . .
In the night, O the night,

When the mind is failing!

VII.

Mother, dare you kill your child?
How your hand is shaking!
Daughter of the seed of Cain,
What is this you're taking?
In the night, O the night,
While the house is sleeping.

### VIII.

Dreadful! has it come to this,
O unhappy creature?
You that would not tread on a worn
For your gentle nature...
In the night, O the night,
O the night of weeping!

IX.

Murder would not veil your sin,
Marriage will not hide it,
Earth and Hell will brand your name
Wretch you must abide it . . .
In the night, O the night,
Long before the dawning.

x.

Up, get up, and tell him all,
Tell him you were lying!
Do not die with a lie in your mouth
You that know you're dying . . .
In the night, O the night,
While the grave is yawning.

TI

No — you will not die before, Tho' you'll ne'er be stronger; You will live till that is born, Then a little longer . . . In the night, O the night, While the Fiend is prowling,

#### XII.

Death and marriage, Death and marriage!

Funeral hearses rolling!
Black with bridal favors mixt!
Bridal bells with tolling!
In the night, O the night,
When the wolves are howling.

XIII.

Jp, get up, the time is short,
Tell him now or never!
Fell him all before you die,
Lest you die for ever . .
In the night, O the night,
Where there's no forgetting.

XIV.

Up she got, and wrote him all,
All her tale of sadness,
Blister'd every word with tears,
And eased her heart of madness...
In the night, and nigh the dawn.
And while the moon was setting

### HAPPY.

### THE LEPER'S BRIDE.

Τ.

Why wail you, pretty plover? and what is it that you fear?

Is he sick your mate like mine? have you lost him, is he fied?

And there—the heron rises from his watch beside the mere,

And flies above the leper's hut, where lives the living-dead.

TT

Come back, nor let me know it! would he live and die alone?

And has he not forgiven me yet, his over-jealous bride,
Who am, and was, and will be his, his own and only own,
To share his living death with him, die with him side by side?

III.

Is that the leper's hut on the solitary moor,

Where noble Ulric dwells forlorn, and wears the leper's weed?

The door is open. He! is he standing at the door,

My soldier of the Cross? it is he and he indeed!

177

My roses — will he take them now — mine, his — from off the tree We planted both together, happy in our marriage morn? O God, I could blaspheme, for he fought Thy fight for Thee, And Thou hast made him leper to compass him with scorn —

v

Hast spared the flesh of thousands, the coward and the base,
And set a crueller mark than Cain's on him, the good and brave!
He sees me, waves me from him. I will front him face to face.
You need not wave me from you. I would leap into your grave.

37 T

My warrior of the Holy Cross and of the conquering sword,
The roses that you cast aside—once more I bring you these.
No nearer? do you scorn me when you tell me O my lord,
You would not mar the beauty of your bride with your disease.

HAPPY.

VII.

You say your body is so foul — then here I stand apart,
Who yearn to lay my loving head upon your leprous breast.
The leper plague may scale my skin but never taint my heart;
Your body is not foul to me, and body is foul at best.

VIII.

I loved you first when young and fair, but now I love you most;
The fairest flesh at last is filth on which the worm will feast;
This poor rib-grated dungeon of the holy human ghost,
This house with all its hateful needs no cleaner than the beast,

IX.

This coarse diseaseful creature which in Eden was divine,
This Satan-haunted ruin, this little city of sewers,
This wall of solid flesh that comes between your soul and mine,
Will vanish and give place to the beauty that endures,

X.

The beauty that endures on the Spiritual height,
When we shall stand transfigured, like Christ on Hermon hill,
And moving each to music, soul in soul and light in light,
Shall flash thro' one another in a moment as we will.

XI.

Foul! foul! the word was yours not mine, I worship that right hand Which fell'd the foes before you as the woodman fells the wood, And sway'd the sword that lighten'd back the sun of Holy land, And clove the Moslem crescent moon, and changed it into blood.

XII

And once I worshipt all too well this creature of decay,
For Age will chink the face, and Death will freeze the supplest limbs—
Yet you in your mid manhood—O the grief when yesterday
They bore the Cross before you to the chant of funeral hymns.

XIII.

"Libera me, Domine!" you sang the Psalm, and when
The Priest pronounced you dead, and flung the mould upon your feet,
A beauty came upon your face, not that of living men,
But seen upon the silent brow when life has ceased to beat.

XIV.

"Libera nos, Domine"—you knew not one was there
Who saw you kneel beside your bier, and weeping scarce could see;
May I come a little nearer, I that heard, and changed the prayer
And sang the married "nos" for the solitary "me."

### xv.

My beauty marred by you? by you! so be it. All is well If I lose it and myself in the higher beauty, yours.
My beauty lured that falcon from his eyry on the fell,
Who never caught one gleam of the beauty which endures—

### XVI.

The Count who sought to snap the bond that link'd us life to life,
Who whisper'd me "your Ulric loves"—a little nearer still—
He hiss'd, "Let us revenge ourselves, your Ulric woos my wife"—
A lie by which he thought he could subdue me to his will.

### XVII.

I knew that you were near me when I let him kiss my brow; Well, he kiss'd me on the lips, I was jealous, anger'd, vain, And I meant to make you jealous. Are you jealous of me now? Your pardon, O my love, if I ever gave you pain.

### XVIII.

You never once accused me, but I wept alone, and sigh'd
In the winter of the Present for the summer of the Past;
That icy winter silence — how it froze you from your bride,
Tho' I made one barren effort to break it at the last.

#### XIX.

I brought you, you remember, these roses, when I knew
You were parting for the war, and you took them tho' you frown'd;
You frown'd and yet you kiss'd them. All at once the trumpet blew,
And you spurr'd your fiery horse, and you hurl'd them to the ground.

### XX.

You parted for the Holy War without a word to me, And clear myself unask'd—not I. My nature was too proud. And him I saw but once again, and far away was he, When I was praying in a storm—the crash was long and loud—

#### XXI.

That God would ever slant His bolt from falling on your head—
Then I lifted up my eyes, he was coming down the fell—
I clapt my hands. The sudden fire from Heaven had dash'd him dead,
And sent him charr'd and blasted to the deathless fire of Hell.

### XXII.

See, I sinn'd but for a moment. I repented and repent, And trust myself forgiven by the God to whom I kneel. A little nearer? Yes. I shall hardly be content Till I be leper like yourself, my love, from head to heel.

#### XXIII.

O foolish dreams, that you, that I, would slight our marriage oath:
I held you at that moment even dearer than before;
Now God has made you leper in His loving care for both,
That we might cling together, never doubt each other more.

### XXIV

The Priest, who join'd you to the dead, has join'd our hands of old; If man and wife be but one flesh, let mine be leprous too, As dead from all the human race as if beneath the mould; If you be dead, then I am dead, who only live for you.

### XXV.

Would Earth tho' hid in cloud not be follow'd by the Moon?

The leech forsake the dying bed for terror of his life?

The shadow leave the Substance in the brooding light of noon?

Or if I had been the leper would you have left the wife?

#### XXVI

Not take them? Still you wave me off—poor roses—must I go—
I have worn them year by year—from the bush we both had set—
What? fling them to you?—well—that were hardly gracious. No!
Your plague but passes by the touch. A little nearer yet!

#### XXVII.

There, there! he buried you, the Priest; the Priest is not to blame, He joins us once again, to his either office true:

I thank him. I am happy, happy. Kiss me. In the name

Of the everlasting God, I will live and die with you.

DEAN MILMAN has remarked that the protection and care afforded by the Church to this blighted race of lepers was among the most beautiful of its offices during the Middle Ages The leprosy of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries was supposed to be a legacy of the crusades, but was in all probability the offspring of meagre and unwholesome diet, miserable lodging and clothing, physical and moral degradation. The services of the Church in the seclusion of these unhappy sufferers were most affecting. The stern duty of looking the public welfare is tempered with exquisite compassion for the victims of this loathsom disease. The ritual for the sequestration of the leprous differed little from the buria service. After the leper had been sprinkled with holy water, the priest conducted his into the church, the leper singing the psalm "Libera me domine," and the crucifix and bearer going before. In the church a black cloth was stretched over two trestles in front of the altar, and the leper leaning at its side devoutly heard mass. The priest, taking up a little earth in his cloak, threw it on one of the leper's feet, and put him out of the church, if it die not rain too heavily; took him to his hut in the midst of the fields, and then uttered the prohibitions: "I forbid you entering the church . . . or entering the company of others. forbid you quitting your home without your leper's dress." He concluded: "Take this dress, and wear it in token of humility; take these gloves, take this clapper, as a sign the you are forbidden to speak to any one. You are not to be indignant at being thus separate from others, and as to your little wants, good people will provide for you, and God will no desert you." Then in this old ritual follow these sad words: "When it shall come to pas from others, and as to your little wants, good people will provide for you, and God will no desert you." Then in this old ritual follow these sad words: "When it shall come to pas from others, or remain in the world and marry again. The Church decide

This ceremony of quasi-burial varied considerably at different times and in different places. In some cases a grave was dug, and the leper's face was often covered during the service.

### TO ULYSSES.

"Ulysses," the title of a number of essays W. G. Palgrave. He died at Monte Video fore seeing either this volume or my

LYSSES, much-experienced man, Whose eyes have known this globe of ours,

Her tribes of men, and trees, and flowers,

rom Corrientes to Japan.

II.

'o you that bask below the Line, I soaking here in winter wet -The century's three strong eights have met

'o drag me down to seventy-nine.

n summer if I reach my day -To you, yet young, who breathe the

Of summer-winters by the palm and orange grove of Paraguay,

tolerant of the colder time, Who love the winter woods, to trace On paler heavens the branching grace of leafless elm, or naked lime,

and see my cedar green, and there My giant ilex keeping leaf When frost is keen and days are brief -

)r marvel how in English air

Ay yucca, which no winter quells, Altho' the months have scarce be-

Has push'd toward our faintest sun I spike of half-accomplish'd bells -

or watch the waving pine which here The warrior of Caprera set,1

1 Garibaldi said to me, alluding to his baren island, "I wish I had your trees."

A name that earth will not forget Till earth has roll'd her latest year -

I, once half-crazed for larger light On broader zones beyond the foam, But chaining fancy now at home Among the quarried downs of Wight,

Not less would yield full thanks to

For your rich gift, your tale of lands

I know not,1 your Arabian sands; Your cane, your palm, tree-fern, bamboo.

X.

The wealth of tropic bower and brake:

Your Oriental Eden-isles, 2

Where man, nor only Nature smiles; Your wonder of the boiling lake;3

### XI.

Phra-Chai, the Shadow of the Best,4 Phra-bat 5 the step; your Pontic coast:

Crag-cloister; 6 Anatolian Ghost; 7 Hong-Kong, 8 Karnac, 9 and all the rest.

Thro' which I follow'd line by line Your leading hand, and came, my friend,

To prize your various book, and

A gift of slenderer value, mine.

1 The tale of Nejd.

<sup>2</sup> The Philippines.

3 In Dominica. 4 The shadow of the Lord. Certain obscure markings on a rock in Siam, which express the image of Budda to the Buddhist more or less distinctly according to his faith and his moral worth.

5 The footstep of the Lord on another

<sup>6</sup> The monastery of Sumelas.

Anatolian Spectre stories.
 The three cities.

9 Travels in Egypt.

### TO MARY BOYLE.

WITH THE FOLLOWING POEM.

I.

"Spring-flowers"! While you still delay to take Your leave of Town, Our elmtree's ruddy-hearted blossomflake

Is fluttering down.

Be truer to your promise. There! I heard One cuckoo call.

Be needle to the magnet of your word, Nor wait, till all

TIT.

Our vernal bloom from every vale and plain And garden pass, And all the gold from each laburnum chain

Drop to the grass.

Is memory with your Marian gone to rest. Dead with the dead? For ere she left us, when we met, you My hand, and said

v.

"I come with your spring-flowers." You came not, friend; My birds would sing, You heard not. Take then this spring-

flower I send.

This song of spring,

Found vesterday - forgotten mine own rhyme By mine old self,

As I shall be forgotten by old Time, Laid on the shelf -

A rhyme that flower'd betwixt the whitening sloe And kingcup blaze, And more than half a hundred years

In rick-fire days.

VIII.

When Dives loathed the times, and paced his land

In fear of worse,

And sanguine Lazarus felt a vacant hand

Fill with his purse.

IX.

For lowly minds were madden'd to the height By tonguester tricks,

And once — I well remember that red night

When thirty ricks.

All flaming, made an English homestead Hell -

These hands of mine Have helpt to pass a bucket from the

well Along the line,

XI.

When this bare dome had not begun to gleam

Thro' youthful curls,
And you were then a lover's fairy dream.

His girl of girls;

XII.

And you, that now are lonely, and with Grief Sit face to face.

Might find a flickering glimmer of relief

In change of place.

XIII.

7hat use to brood? this life of mingled pains

And joys to me,

espite of every Faith and Creed, remains

The Mystery.

XIV.

et golden youth bewail the friend, the wife,

For ever gone.

e dreams of that long walk thro' desert life

Without the one.

xv.

he silver year should cease to mourn and sigh —

Not long to wait -

o close are we, dear Mary, you and

To that dim gate.

XVI.

ake, read! and be the faults your Poet makes

Or many or few,

e rests content, if his young music wakes

A wish in you

XVII.

o change our dark Queen-city, all her realm

Of sound and smoke,

or his clear heaven, and these few lanes of elm

And whispering oak.

### THE PROGRESS OF SPRING.

Ι.

HE groundflame of the crocus breaks the mould,

Fair Spring slides hither o'er the Southern sea,

drop cold

That trembles not to kisses of the bee:

Come Spring, for now from all the dripping eaves

The spear of ice has wept itself away.

And hour by hour unfolding woodbine leaves

O'er his uncertain shadow droops the day.

She comes! The loosen'd rivulets

The frost-bead melts upon her

golden hair; Her mantle, slowly greening in the

Sun,
Now wraps her close, now arching

leaves her bare

To breaths of balmier air:

baimier air;

II.

Up leaps the lark, gone wild to welcome her,

About her glance the tits, and shriek the jays,

Before her skims the jubilant woodpecker,

The linnet's bosom blushes at her gaze,

While round her brows a woodland culver flits, Watching her large light eyes and

gracious looks,

And in her open palm a halcyon sits
Patient—the secret splendor of
the brooks.

Come Spring! She comes on waste and wood,

On farm and field: but enter also here.

Diffuse thyself at will thro' all my blood,

And, tho' thy violet sicken into sere, Lodge with me all the year!

#### TT.

Once more a downy drift against the brakes,

Self-darken'd in the sky, descending slow!

But gladly see I thro' the wavering flakes

Yon blanching apricot like snow in snow.

These will thine eyes not brook in forest-paths,

On their perpetual pine, nor round the beech;

They fuse themselves to little spicy baths,

Solved in the tender blushes of the peach;

They lose themselves and die

On that new life that gems the hawthorn line;

Thy gay lent-lilies wave and put them by,

And out once more in varnish'd glory shine

Thy stars of celandine.

### ıv.

She floats across the hamlet. Heaven lours,

But in the tearful splendor of her smiles

I see the slowly-thickening chestnut

towers
Fill out the spaces by the barren

tiles.

Now past her feet the swallow circling flies,

A clamorous cuckoo stoops to meet her hand;

Her light makes rainbows in my closing eyes,

I hear a charm of song thro' all the land.

Come, Spring! She comes, and Earth is glad

To roll her North below thy deepening dome,

But ere thy maiden birk be wholly clad,

And these low bushes dip their twigs in foam,

Make all true hearths thy home.

v

Across my garden! and the thicket stirs,

The fountain pulses high in sunnier jets,

The blackcap warbles, and the turtle purrs,

The starling claps his tiny casta-

nets.

Still round her forehead wheels the woodland dove, And scatters on her throat the

sparks of dew, The kingcup fills her footprint, and

above
Broaden the glowing isles of ver-

nal blue.

Hail ample presence of a Queen, Bountiful, beautiful, apparell'd gay,

Whose mantle, every shade of glancing green,
Flies back in fragrant breezes to

Flies back in fragrant breezes t display

A tunic white as May!

### VI.

She whispers, "From the South bring you balm, For on a tropic mountain was

born,

While some dark dweller by the coco

Watch'd my far meadow zoned with airy morn;

From under rose a muffled moan o floods;

I sat beneath a solitude of snow; There no one came, the turf wa

There no one came, the turi wa fresh, the woods Plunged gulf on gulf thro' all thei

vales below.

I saw beyond their silent tops

The steaming marshes of the scar let cranes,

The slant seas leaning on the man grove copse,

And summer basking in the sultr

About a land of canes;

### VII.

"Then from my vapor-girdle soal

I scaled the buoyant highway of the birds,

and drank the dews and drizzle of the North, That I might mix with men, and

hear their words

In pathway'd plains; for - while my hand exults

Within the bloodless heart of lowly flowers

'o work old laws of Love to fresh results,

Thro' manifold effect of simple powers -

too would teach the man

Beyond the darker hour to see the bright,

That his fresh life may close as it began,

The still-fulfilling promise of a light Narrowing the bounds of night."

### VIII.

so wed thee with my soul, that I may

The coming year's great good and varied ills,

Ind new developments, whatever spark

Be struck from out the clash of warring wills;

)r whether, since our nature cannot

The smoke of war's volcano burst again from hoary deeps that belt

changeful West, Old Empires, dwellings of

kings of men; or should those fail, that hold the helm.

While the long day of knowledge grows and warms,

And in the heart of this most ancient realm

A hateful voice be utter'd, and alarms

Sounding "To arms! to arms!"

A simpler, saner lesson might he learn

Who reads thy gradual process, Holy Spring.

Thy leaves possess the season in their turn.

And in their time thy warblers rise on wing.

How surely glidest thou from March to May,

And changest, breathing it, the sullen wind,

Thy scope of operation, day by day, Larger and fuller, like the human mind!

Thy warmths from bud to bud Accomplish that blind model in the seed.

And men have hopes, which race the restless blood,

That after many changes may suc-

Life, which is Life indeed.

### MERLIN AND THE GLEAM.

O Young Mariner. You from the haven Under the sea-cliff, You that are watching The gray Magician With eves of wonder. I am Merlin, And I am dying, I am Merlin Who follow The Gleam.

II.

Mighty the Wizard Who found me at sunrise Sleeping, and woke me And learn'd me Magic! Great the Master, And sweet the Magic, When over the valley, In early summers, Over the mountain, On human faces, And all around me, Moving to melody, Floated The Gleam.

III.

Once at the croak of a Raven
who crost it,
A barbarous people,
Blind to the magic,
And deaf to the melody,
Snarl'd at and cursed me.
A demon vext me,
The light retreated,
The landskip darken'd,
The melody deaden'd,
The Master whisper'd
"Follow The Gleam."

IV.

Then to the melody,
Over a wilderness
Gliding, and glancing at
Elf of the woodland,
Gnome of the cavern,
Griffin and Giant,
And dancing of Fairies
In desolate hollows,
And wraiths of the mountain,
And rolling of dragons
By warble of water,
Or cataract music
Of falling torrents,
Flitted The Gleam.

v.

Down from the mountain
And over the level,
And streaming and shining on
Silent river,
Silvery willow,
Pasture and plowland,
Horses and oxen,
Innocent maidens,
Garrulous children,
Homestead and harvest,
Reaper and gleaner,
And rough-ruddy faces
Of lowly labor,
Slided The Gleam.—

VI.

Then, with a melody Stronger and statelier, Led me at length To the city and palace Of Arthur the king;
Touch'd at the golden
Cross of the churches,
Flash'd on the Tournament,
Flicker'd and bicker'd
From helmet to helmet,
And last on the forehead
Of Arthur the blameless
Rested The Gleam.

VII.

Clouds and darkness
Closed upon Camelot;
Arthur had vanish'd
I knew not whither,
The king who loved me,
And cannot die;
For out of the darkness
Silent and slowly
The Gleam, that had waned to a

wintry glimmer
On icy fallow
And faded forest,
Drew to the valley
Named of the shadow,
And slowly brightening
Out of the glimmer,
And slowly moving again to a

melody
Yearningly tender,
Fell on the shadow,
No longer a shadow,
But clothed with The Gleam.

VIII.

And broader and brighter The Gleam flying onward, Wed to the melody, Sang thro' the world; And slower and fainter. Old and weary, But eager to follow, I saw, whenever In passing it glanced upon Hamlet or city, That under the Crosses The dead man's garden, The mortal hillock, Would break into blossom And so to the land's Last limit I came — And can no longer,

But die rejoicing,
For thro' the Magic
Of Him the Mighty,
Who taught me in childhood,
There on the border
Of boundless Ocean,
And all but in Heaven
Hovers The Gleam.

IX.

Not of the sunlight,
Not of the moonlight,
Not of the starlight!
O young Mariner,
Down to the haven,
Call your companions,
Launch your vessel,
And crowd your canvas,
And, ere it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow The Gleam.

### ROMNEY'S REMORSE.

"I read Hayley's Life of Romney the ther day — Romney wanted but education not reading to make him a very fine painter; out his ideal was not high nor fixed. How ouching is the clos. of his lif! He married to nineteen, and because Sir Joshua and thers had said that 'marriage spoilt an urtist' almost immediately left his wife in he North and scarce saw her till the end of its life; when old, nearly mad and quite lesolate, he went back to her and she re-eived him and nursed him till he died. This quiet act of hers is worth all Romney's bictures! even as a matter of Art, I am ure." (Letters and Literary Remains of Edward Fitzgerald, vol. i.)

'BEAT, little heart — I give you this and this" —

Who are you? What! the Lady Hamilton?

dood, I am never weary painting you. To sit once more? Cassandra, Hebe, Joan,

or spinning at your wheel beside the

Bacchante, what you will; and if I fail

Co conjure and concentrate into form and color all you are, the fault is less In me than Art. What Artist ever

Could make pure light live on the canvas? Art!

Why should I so disrelish that short word?

Where am I? snow on all the hills!

So fever'd! never colt would more delight

To roll himself in meadow grass

To wallow in that winter of the hills. Nurse, were you hired? or came of

your own will

To wait on one so broken, so forlorn a

Have I not met you somewhere long

ago? I am all but sure I have — in Kendal

church—
O yes! I hired you for a season

O yes! I hired you for a season there,

And then we parted; but you look so kind

That you will not deny my sultry

One draught of icy water. There — you spill

The drops upon my forehead. Your hand shakes.

I am ashamed. I am a trouble to you,

Could kneel for your forgiveness.

Are they tears?

For me — they do me too much grace — for me?

O Mary, Mary!

Vexing you with words! Words only, born of fever, or the fumes

Of that dark opiate dose you gave me. — words.

me, — words, Wild babble. I have stumbled back

again
Into the common day, the sounder

self.
God stay me there, if only for your

God stay me there, if only for your sake,

The truest, kindliest, noblest-hearted wife

That ever wore a Christian marriage ring.

My curse upon the Master's apothegm.

That wife and children drag an Artist down!

This seem'd my lodestar in the Heaven of Art,

And lured me from the household fire on earth.

To you my days have been a life-long lie.

Grafted on half a truth, and tho' you "Take comfort, you have won the

Painter's fame;"

The best in me that sees the worst in And groans to see it, finds no com-

fort there. What fame? I am not Raphaël,

Titian - no

Nor even a Sir Joshua, some will cry. Wrong there! The painter's fame? but mine, that grew

Blown into glittering by the popular breath,

May float awhile beneath the sun, may roll

The rainbow hues of heaven about it -

The color'd bubble bursts above the abvss

Of Darkness, utter Lethe.

Is it so? Her sad eyes plead for my own fame

with me To make it dearer.

Look, the sun has risen To flame along another dreary day. Your hand. How bright you keep your marriage-ring!

Raise me. I thank you.

Has your opiate then Bred this black mood? or am I conscious, more

Than other Masters, of the chasm between

Work and Ideal? Or does the gloom of Age

And suffering cloud the height I stand upon

Even from myself? stand? stood ... no more.

And vet

The world would lose, if such a wife as you Should vanish unrecorded. Might I

crave I am bankrupt of all One favor?

claim On your obedience, and my strongest

Falls flat before your least unwilling-

Still would you - if it please you -

sit to me? I dream'd last night of that clear

summer noon, When seated on a rock, and foot to

. With your own shadow in the placid

lake, You claspt our infant daughter, heart

to heart. been among the hills, and

brought you down A length of staghorn-moss, and this vou twined

About her cap. I see the picture yet Mother and child. A sound from far

No louder than a bee among the flowers.

A fall of water lull'd the noon asleep. You still'd it for the moment with a song

Which often echo'd in me, while stood

Before the great Madonna-master nieces

Of ancient Art in Paris, or in Rome. Mary, my crayons! if I can, I wil You should have been - I might hav made you once,

Had I but known you as I know yo

The true Alcestis of the time. You

Sit, listen! I remember it, a proof That I - even I - at times remen

ber'd you.

"Beat upon mine, little heart! beat, beat! Beat upon mine! you are mine, my

sweet!

All mine from your pretty blue eyes to your feet,

My sweet."
ess profile! turn to me—threequarter face.

"Sleep, little blossom, my honey,

my bliss!
For I give you this, and I give you

this!
And I blind your pretty blue eyes

with a kiss!

Sleep!"
oo early blinded by the kiss of death—

"Father and Mother will watch you grow"—

ou watch'd, not I, she did not grow, she died.

"Father and Mother will watch you grow,

And gather the roses whenever they blow,

And find the white heather wherever you go,

My sweet."

th, my white heather only grows in heaven

Vith Milton's amaranth. There, there, there! a child

lad shamed me at it - Down, you idle tools,

tampt into dust - tremulous, all awry,

Slurr'd like a landskip in a ruffled pool, —

ot one stroke firm. This Art, that harlot-like

educed me from you, leaves me harlot-like,

Vho love her still, and whimper, impotent

o win her back before I die — and then —

When, in the loud world's bastard judgment-day,

One truth will damn me with the mindless mob,

Who feel no touch of my temptation, more

More than all the myriad lies, that blacken round

The corpse of every man that gains a name;

"This model husband, this fine Artist"! Fool,

What matters? Six foot deep of burial mould

Will dull their comments! Ay, but when the shout

Of His descending peals from Heaven, and throbs

Thro' earth, and all her graves, if He should ask

"Why left you wife and children? for my sake,

According to my word?" and I replied
"Nay, Lord, for Art," why, that would
sound so mean

That all the dead, who wait the doom of Hell

For bolder sins than mine, adulteries, Wife-murders, — nay, the ruthless Mussulman

Who flings his bowstrung Harem in the sea,

Would turn, and glare at me, and point and jeer,

And gibber at the worm, who, living, made The wife of wives a widow-bride, and

lost Salvation for a sketch.

I am wild again!
The coals of fire you heap upon my

head
Have crazed me. Someone knocking
there without?

No! Will my Indian brother come?

Me or my coffin? Should I know the man?

This worn-out Reason dying in her house

May leave the windows blinded, and if so,

Bid him farewell for me, and tell him -

Hope!
I hear a death-bed Angel whisper
"Hope."

"The miserable have no medicine
But only Hope!" He said it . . .
in the play.

His crime was of the senses; of the mind

Mine; worse, cold, calculated.

Tell my son—
O let me lean my head upon your
breast.

"Beat little heart" on this fool brain of mine.

I once had friends — and manv — none like you.

I love you more than when we married. Hope!

O yes, I hope, or fancy that, perhaps, Human forgiveness touches heaven, and thence—

For you forgive me, you are sure of that—
Reflected sends a light on the forgiven.

## PARNASSUS.

.

What be those crown'd forms high over the sacred fountain? Bards, that the mighty Muses have raised to the heights of the mountain, And over the flight of the Ages! O Goddesses, help me up thither! Lightning may shrivel the laurel of Cæsar, but mine would not wither. Steep is the mountain, but you, you will help me to overcome it, And stand with my head in the zenith, and roll my voice from the summit Sounding forever and ever thro' Earth and her listening nations, And mixt with the great Sphere-music of stars and of constellations.

TT

What be those two shapes high over the sacred fountain,
Taller than all the Muses, and huger than all the mountain?
On those two known peaks they stand ever spreading and heightening;
Poet, that evergreen laurel is blasted by more than lightning!
Look, in their deep double shadow the crown'd ones all disappearing?
Sing like a bird and be happy, nor hope for a deathless hearing!
Sounding forever and ever?" pass on! the sight confuses—

These are Astronomy and Geology, terrible Muses

TIT.

If the lips were touch'd with fire from off a pure Pierian altar, Tho' their music here be mortal need the singer greatly care? Other songs for other worlds! the fire within him would not falter; Let the golden Iliad vanish, Homer here is Homer there.

### BY AN EVOLUTIONIST.

ΓHE Lord let the house of a brute to the soul of a man, And the man said "Am I your debtor?" And the Lord — "Not yet: but make it as clean as you can, And then I will let you a better."

τ.

If my body come from brutes, my soul uncertain, or a fable,
Why not bask amid the senses while the sun of morning shines,
the finer brute rejoicing in my hounds, and in my stable,
Youth and Health, and birth and wealth, and choice of women and of wines?

TT

What hast thou done for me, grim Old Age, save breaking my bones on the rack?

Would I had past in the morning that looks so bright from afar!

OLD AGE.

Done for thee? starved the wild beast that was linkt with thee eighty years back.

Less weight now for the ladder-of-heaven that hangs on a star.

۲.

f my body come from brutes, tho' somewhat finer than their own, I am heir, and this my kingdom. Shall the royal voice be mute? No, but if the rebel subject seek to drag me from the throne, Hold the sceptre, Human Soul, and rule thy Province of the brute.

have climb'd to the snows of Age, and I gaze at a field in the Past,

11

Where I sank with the body at times in the sloughs of a low desire,
3ut I hear no yelp of the beast, and the Man is quiet at last
As he stands on the heights of his life with a glimpse of a height that is
higher.

### FAR - FAR - AWAY.

(FOR MUSIC.)

What sight so lured him thro' the fields he knew

heaven's own hue,

Far — far — away?

Vhat sound was dearest in his native dells?

'he mellow lin-lan-lone of evening bells

Far - far - away.

What vague world-whisper, mystic pain or joy,

Thro' those three words would haunt him when a boy

Far - far - away?

A whisper from his dawn of life? a breath

From some fair dawn beyond the doors of death

Far - far - away?

Far, far, how far? from o'er the gates of Birth,

The faint horizons, all the bounds of earth,

Far - far - away?

What charm in words, a charm no words could give?
O dying words, can Music make you

live Far — far — away ?

### POLITICS.

WE move, the wheel must always move.

Nor always on the plain, And if we move to such a goal

As Wisdom hopes to gain,
Then you that drive, and know your
Craft.

Will firmly hold the rein, Nor lend an ear to random cries,

Or you may drive in vain,
For some cry "Quick" and some cry
"Slow."

But, while the hills remain,
Up hill "Too-slow" will need the
whip,

Down hill "Too-quick" the chain.

### BEAUTIFUL CITY.

Beautiful city, the centre and crater of European confusion,

O you with your passionate shrick for the rights of an equal humanity,

How often your Re-volution ha proven but E-volution

Roll'd again back on itself in the tides of a civic insanity!

### THE ROSES ON THE TERRACE.

Rose, on this terrace fifty years ago, When I was in my June, you in your May,

Two words, "My Rose" set all your face aglow,

And now that I am white, and you

are gray,
That blush of fifty years ago, my

Blooms in the Past, but close to me to-day As this red rose, which on our terrace here

Glows in the blue of fifty miles away.

### THE PLAY.

Act first, this Earth, a stage so gloom'd with woe

You all but sicken at the shifting scenes.

And yet be patient. Our Playwright

may show
In some fifth Act what this wild

In some fifth Act what this wild Drama means.

# ON ONE WHO AFFECTED AN EFFEMINATE MANNER.

WHILE man and woman still are in complete.

I prize that soul where man and woman meet,

Which types all Nature's male and female plan,

But, friend, man-woman is no woman-man.

# TO ONE WHO RAN DOWN THE ENGLISH.

You make our faults too gross, and thence maintain

Our darker future. May your fear be vain!

At times the small black fly upo the pane

May seem the black ox of the distant plain.

### THE SNOWDROP.

Many, many welcomes
February fair-maid,
Ever as of old time,
Solitary firstling,
Coming in the cold time,
Prophet of the gay time,
Prophet of the May time,
Prophet of the roses,
Many, many welcomes
February fair-maid!

### THE THROSTLE.

'Summer is coming, summer is coming.

I know it, I know it, I know it. Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,"

Yes, my wild little Poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue. Last year you sang it as gladly. 'New, new, new, new!" Is it then

so new That you should carol so madly?

'Love again, song again, nest again, young again,'

Never a prophet so crazy! And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,

See, there is hardly a daisy.

'Here again, here, here, here, happy year!"

O warble unchidden, unbidden! Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,

And all the winters are hidden.

### THE OAK.

LIVE thy Life, Young and old, Like yon oak, Bright in spring, Living gold;

Summer-rich Then; and then Autumn-changed, Soberer-hued Gold again.

All his leaves Fall'n at length, Look, he stands, Trunk and bough, Naked strength.

### IN MEMORIAM.

W. G. WARD.

FAREWELL, whose like on earth I shall not find,

Whose Faith and Work were bells of full accord.

My friend, the most unworldly of mankind,

Most generous of all Ultramontanes, Ward,

How subtle at tierce and quart of mind with mind.

How loyal in the following of thy Lord!

### CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star, And one clear call for me! And may there be no moaning of the bar,

When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,

Too full for sound and foam. When that which drew from out the boundless deep Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell, And after that the dark! And may there be no sadness of farewell.

When I embark;

For the from out our bourne of Time and Place The flood may bear me far, I hope to see my Pilot face to face When I have crost the bar.



# NOTES.

#### To the Queen, p. 1.

irst printed in the seventh edition of myson's *Poems*, 1851. A defective 12a, relating to the Crystal Palace inibition, was omitted in later edition.

ne brought a vast design to pass When Europe and the scattered ends Of our fierce world did meet as friends and brethren, in her halls of glass."

ther changes were made in the text. other version of To the Queen, in teen stanzas, was published in es's Growth of the Idylls of the 1895, pp. 152-54. Tennyson appointed poet laureate in 1850, ucceed Wordsworth.

## Claribel, p. 3.

irst printed in *Poems*, chiefly Lyri-1830. This poem is peculiarly Tenonian in rhythm, diction, and feeling. s appropriately placed first in the ection of *Juvenilia*. <sup>1</sup>

#### Nothing will die, p. 3.

irst printed in 1830, and for a long suppressed. The poem is a versistatement of the old Heraclitean osophy of the eternity of matter. Lucretius, p. 160.

dost of the poems included in the Juvetwere printed in the books of 1830 and but not all. Some of the pieces in these ar volumes were for many years withdrawn publication, and restored at various times e collected editions (from 1869 to 1886).

#### All Things will die, p. 4.

First printed in 1830, and afterward suppressed. A companion poem to *Nothing will die*, giving the opposite view of the beginning and ending of the world.

# Leonine Elegiacs, p. 4.

First printed, with the title *Elegiacs*, in 1830, and suppressed in later editions. Of *Leonine* Mr. Luce remarks: "From Leo or Leoninus, canon of the Church of St. Victor, Paris, twelfth century, who wrote many such. The end of the line rhymes with the middle." (*Handbook to Tennyson's Works*, 1895, p. 80.) Cf. lines 13 and 14 with the paraphrase of Sappho's verses in Frederick Tennyson's *Isles of Greece*:—

"Hesper, thou bringest back again
All that the gaudy daybeams part,
The sheep, the goat back to their pen,
The child home to his mother's heart."

Also see couplet on Hesper in Locksley Hall Sixty Years After, p. 645.

## Supposed Confessions, p. 4.

First printed in 1830, with the title Supposed Confessions of a Second-Rate Sensitive Mind not in Unity with Itself; suppressed in later editions, and afterward restored. The poem probably contains some autobiographical touches, revealing the poet's introspective habits and questioning moods in youth, notwithstanding the pious atmosphere of his Somersby home. Cf. In Memoriam, XCVI.

#### The Kraken, p. 7.

First printed in 1830; suppressed in later editions, and afterward restored.

#### Song, p. 7.

First printed in 1830, but suppressed in later editions. The influence of Shelley is apparent in this song, as in other poems of Tennyson's.

#### Lilian, p. 7.

First published in 1830. Of Tennyson's portraits of women, Lilian, Adeline, etc., Taine says: "I have translated many ideas and many styles, but I shall not attempt to translate one of these portraits. Each word of them is like a tint, curiously deepened or shaded by the neighboring tint, with all the boldness and results of the happiest refine-The least alteration would ment. obscure all. And there an art so just, so consummate, is necessary to paint the charming prettinesses, the sudden hauteurs, the half-blushes, the imperceptible and fleeting caprices of feminine beauty." (Hist. Eng. Lit., V., vi.)

## Isabel, p. 7.

First printed in 1830. The poet's much-loved mother is the woman whose praises are sung in this poem and elsewhere in his works. See *Memoir* by his son, 1897, Vol. I., pp. 17, 18.

## Mariana, p. 8.

First printed in 1830, substantially as it is now. Even then Tennyson was fond of using uncommon words, such as marish for marsh, a habit that clung to him through life. The poem is an admirable piece of word-painting, built on the merest suggestion in Shakespeare's drama. Cf. Spenser's Faerie Queene, III., ii., stanzas 28, 29. According to Tennyson, "the Moated Grange is an imaginary house in the fen." Napier

says: "Moated granges of this descrition still exist in the fenny districts a Lincolnshire, but they are many middistant from Somersby, hence the see ery which colors this poem is not take from the country round the poet's birt place, as it has no features in commo with the landscape depicted in 'Man ana.'" (Homes and Haunts of Tenn son, 1892, p. 84.)

#### Mariana in the South, p. 9.

First printed in the 1832 *Poems*; a written, with two new stanzas, for the 1842 edition. The scenery is said to that of southern France, which the positive in 1830.

#### To ----, p. 10.

First printed in 1830. The "cleaheaded friend" was J. W. Blakesl (1808-85), who belonged to the intimacircle of Tennyson's associates at Cabridge; he was later Dean of Lincoln.

## Madeline, p. 11.

First printed in 1830. Possibly t poem and other word-portraits of won contain references to the love affairs the poet in his early manhood.

#### The Owl, p. 11.

First printed in 1830. The poem is echo of the song in Shakespeare's Lov Labor Lost, V., ii.

#### Second Song, p. 12.

First printed in 1830. Tennyson was a boy had a pet owl. (Memoir, I., p. 1

# Recollections of the Arabian Nigi

First printed in 1830. A piece of geous description after the manner Coleridge's Kubla Khan. Says Li "Probably there is no more strik

the language."

#### Ode to Memory, p. 14.

First printed in 1830. Stanza IV. is miniscent of Tennyson's boyhood me in Somersby. "In later life he ould often recall with affection his rly haunts, the gray hill near the ectory, the winding lanes shadowed tall elm trees, and the two brooks at meet at the bottom of the glebeld." Stanza V. refers to the seaside wn of Mablethorpe on the Lincolnire coast, where the Tennysons used spend the summer months.

#### Song, p. 15.

Printed in 1830. Luce regards it as or poetry. There seems to be an ho of the refrain,

Heavily hangs the broad sunflower Over its grave i' the earth so chilly." .., in Poe's Dreamland.

#### A Character, p. 16.

Printed in 1830. The poem is said to a portraiture of Thomas Sunderland, nan of eccentric tastes and materialic views, whom the poet knew at mbridge.

#### The Poet, p. 16.

Printed in 1830. Like Milton, Tennyn, when a young man, realized the rd's exalted mission. The true poet here represented to be a seer rather in a literary artist.

#### The Poet's Mind, p. 17.

Printed in 1830. Tennyson's point of w in this poem is the same as Wordsrth's in A Poet's Epitaph.

## The Sea-Fairies, p. 18.

Printed in 1830. The main thought the poem recalls a passage in the

hievement of musical word-painting | Odyssey, XII., describing the "cleartoned song" of the Sirens.

#### The Deserted House, p. 18.

Printed in 1830, but omitted in the 1842 Poems; restored in the next edition. The poem is an allegory; "the deserted house" is the body after the spirit has fled.

## The Dying Swan, p. 19.

Printed in 1830. Though not much is said of "the wild swan's death-hymn," the poem is remarkable for the realistic description of the desolate landscape.

# A Dirge, p. 19.

Printed in 1830. A poem in Tennyson's peculiar manner, musical and felicitous.

## Love and Death, p. 20.

Printed in 1830. A striking poem, giving beautiful expression to Tennyson's spiritual philosophy, suggestive of the triumphant close of In Memoriam.

## The Ballad of Oriana, p. 20.

Printed in 1830. The poem is an imitation of the ballads on the death of Helen of Kirkconnel.

## Circumstance, p. 21.

Printed in 1830. A good example of Tennyson's wondrous faculty of condensing much into little.

## The Merman, p. 22.

Printed in 1830. Parodied in Aytoun and Martin's Bon Gaultier Ballads, 1843-

#### The Mermaid, p. 22.

Printed in 1830. The poem recalls the voice of the ocean spirit in Byron's Manfred, I., i. Luce remarks of The Merman and The Mermaid: "They

may be called trifles in the volumes of Tennyson, but they would look more than pretty in the pages of a lesser poet. They exhibit his accustomed wealth of diction, in which they often resemble Shelley and Keats, and they have much witchery of sound."

## Adeline, p. 23.

Printed in 1830. A blemish in some of Tennyson's early poems is the careless use of rhymes occasionally found, such as *skies* and *spice* in stanza V.

#### Margaret, p. 24.

First printed in 1832. This may be a portrait from life; the "pale Margaret" is said to have been the poet's cousin.

#### Rosalind, p. 25.

First printed in 1832; omitted in lattreditions, and afterward restored. Rosalind is evidently a girl of the middle or upper classes, as are the majority of Tennyson's women.

#### Eleänore, p. 25.

First printed in 1832. Perhaps an idealized portrait of an English maiden born in a foreign land, possibly France. Lines 127-41 may be an echo of Sappho's famous ode. Says Luce: "'Eleänore' recalls Shelley more than a dozen times, and many other poets, ancient and modern, enter into its elaborate composition."

# My life is full of weary days, p. 27.

First printed with the title, To—, in 1832; omitted in later editions. Two stanzas of the second piece were reprinted in 1865. Several changes were made in the text.

## To ---, p. 28.

This sonnet was first printed in 1832, and was for many years withdrawn from publication. The peculiar trance-

may be called trifles in the volumes of experience described is often spoken called trifles in the would look more in Tennyson's later works.

#### To J. M. K., p. 28.

Printed in 1830. The initials a those of the eminent Anglo-Sax scholar, John Mitchell Kemble (18057), one of the poet's college friend. The poem hints at the degenerate sta of the Anglican clergy in the days before the Oxford movement.

#### Mine be the strength, p. 28.

First printed in 1832, and omitted later editions. This sonnet, thou faulty in some respects, well illustrated Tennyson's use of natural phenome for poetical material.

## Alexander, p. 28.

First published in the Library edition of Tennyson's Works, 6 vols., 1871–Based on an incident related by Arriche Exped. Alexandri, Lib. III., 3 and In this sonnet Tennyson turns to go account proper names, as did Milton many passages of Paradise Lost a Paradise Regained.

# Buonaparte, p. 29.

First printed in 1832, but omitted later editions. Exhibits the Brite characteristic pride in the English tories over the French.

#### Poland, p. 29.

First printed in 1832 with the ti On the Result of the late Russian In sion of Poland; omitted in later tions. The poet's hostility to Ru breaks out again in the poem, To Rev. F. D. Maurice, p. 182.

## Caress'd or chidden, p. 29.

First printed in 1865 with the following sonnets under the title, T. Sonnets to a Coquette. "Though full-bodied nor trumpet-toned, they

original as they are beautiful." uce).

#### If I were loved, p. 30.

First printed in 1832; suppressed in er editions, and restored (in 1871-73?).

# The Bridesmaid, p. 30.

'irst printed in Library edition, 1871-The bridesmaid was Emily Sellwood, erward Lady Tennyson, and the bride s her younger sister, Louisa, married the poet's older brother Charles (May 1836).

#### The Lady of Shalott, p. 31.

first printed in 1832. Said to be ned after an Italian romance, Donna Scalotta. The poem is an earlier vern of the story of Lancelot and Elaine.

#### The Two Voices, p. 33.

First printed in 1842, though written e in 1833 when Tennyson was broken spirit by the death of Arthur Hallam. rell says of Lucretius: "I know of other poem except Tennyson's Two ices in which the same wealth of sy is enlisted to explain and beautify truse argument. Nearly every verse he Two Voices illustrates this exquimarriage of poetry and logic."

levey, in his Estimate of Modern glish Poets, pp. 290-91, thus comats on the poem: "In the 'Two ces' the poet deals with the exisce of evil and the enigma of life and th purely upon philosophic grounds. his verses are little more than an glish rendering of Goethe's, except t the casual conjectures which the man poet thought worthy of being ted only in a spirit of sportive banthe English poet has invested with air of sepulchral solemnity." The Frence is likely to Faust, Prologue in ven and Act I.

he divisions of the argument are as

77-105; 106-34; 135-54. Cf. stanzas 127-28 with To ---, p. 28. The same thought is developed by Wordsworth in Ode on the Intimations of Immortality.

#### The Miller's Daughter, p. 39.

First printed in 1832. This exquisite lyric was rewritten and greatly improved before its republication in 1842. It contains many borrowings from Homer, Ronsard, and other poets. incident is related that the Queen chanced to pick up one of Tennyson's earlier books, and was charmed with the simple story of The Miller's Daughter; she procured a copy of the volume for the Princess Alice, and thus brought Tennyson's poetry into favor with the British aristocracy in the mid-century.

## Fatima, p. 42.

First printed in 1832. Fatima is an example of the passionate Oriental woman. Like the sentimental Mariana. she makes love all in all. Says Luce. "The merit of the poem is considerable; the four rhymes followed by three produce a fine effect of intense and prolonged emotion; indeed, music, imagery, passion, all are remarkable, and more than worthy to be the inspiration of Mr. Swinburne."

## Enone, p. 43.

First printed in 1832. Part of the poem was written in the summer of 1830, when Tennyson (with Hallam) was visiting the Pyrenees, which are described in some of the loveliest passages. The last lines are prophetic of the burning of Troy. An account of the nymph's tragic end is given in one of his latest poems, The Death of Enone (1892).

#### The Sisters, p. 47.

First printed in 1832. Swinburne has a rather remarkable comment on this ows: stanzas 1-15; 16-33; 34-76; poem: "In those six short stanzas,

without effort, without pretence, without parade—in other words, without any of the component qualities of Byron's serious poetry—there is simple and sufficient expression for the combined and contending passions of womanly pride and rage, physical attraction and spiritual abhorrence, all the outer and inner bitterness and sweetness of hatred and desire, resolution and fruition and revenge." (Miscellanies, p. 94.)

#### To ----, p. 48.

First printed in 1832. It has been asserted that the soul described here stands for Goethe, but the poem following can have only partial application to the poet whose self-confessed aim in life was—"im Ganzen, Guten, Schönen, Resolut zu leben."

#### The Palace of Art, p. 48.

First printed in 1832. The poem was afterward almost entirely rewritten. A study of the changes in the text as printed in 1842 and later corrections was made by Dr. Henry van Dyke, who says: "In 1833 the poem, including the notes, contained eighty-three stanzas; in 1884 it has only seventy-five. Of the original number thirty-one have been entirely omitted - in other words, more than a third of the structure has been pulled down; and, in place of these, twenty-two new stanzas have been added, making a change of fifty-three The fifty-two that remain have almost all been retouched and altered, so that very few stand to-day in the same shape which they had at the beginning. I suppose there is no other poem in the language, not even among the writings of Tennyson, which has been worked over so carefully as this." (The Poetry of Tennyson, 1892, p. 41.)

Lady Clara Vere de Vere, p. 53.
Written in 1833, and first published

without effort, without pretence, without parade—in other words, without any of the component qualities of Byron's serious poetry—there is sim-

#### The May Queen, p. 54.

The two first divisions of *The MacQueen* were first published in 1832; the Conclusion in 1842, though composed 1833.

#### The Lotos-Eaters, p. 58.

First published in 1832, and later su jected to thorough revision. So mai lines in VIII. were changed, that it w practically a new stanza in the text 1842. The suggestion of the poem w doubtless derived from the Odysse IX., 82-102, and other passages. Clins says Tennyson "has laid oth poets under contribution for his chanting poem, notably Bion, Mosch Spenser (description of the Idle La! Faerie Queene, bk. ii. canto vi.), a Thomson (Castle of Indolence)."

# A Dream of Fair Women, p. 61

First printed in 1832, but grea changed before and after its appearar in 1842. Of some "balloon stanza beginning the poem of 1832 Fitzger said, "They make a perfect po by themselves without affecting 'dream." The women seen by poet in vision are Helen of Troy, If genia, Cleopatra, Jephtha's daught Rosamund, Margaret Roper, and Que Eleanor. Cf. Goethe's treatment of story of Iphigenia (Iphigenia in Tau V., i., tr. by Swanwick):—

"I trembling kneeled before the al once,

And solemnly the shade of early de Environed me. Aloft the knife raised

To pierce my bosom, throbbing warm life;

A dizzy horror overwhelmed my so My eyes grew dim;—I found my in safety." See song of Jephtha's daughter in yron's Hebrew Melodies.

#### The Blackbird, p. 66.

Written in 1833; first printed in 1842. he bird is of the thrush species comon in England, not the American ackbird.

The Death of the Old Year, p. 67. First printed in 1832.

# To J. S., p. 67.

First printed in 1832. The poem was dressed to James Spedding, on the ath of his brother Edward. Spedng (1808-81), the noted Bacon scholar, as one of the poet's most intimate iends at Cambridge. Stanzas 5 and 6 fer to the death of Dr. G. C. Tennyn (March 16, 1831).

## On a Mourner, p. 68.

First printed in A Selection from the orks of Alfred Tennyson, 1865.

#### You ask me, why, p. 69.

Written in 1833; first published in 42. This poem and the two common pieces following were occasioned the discussion of the Reform Bill of 32, which added half a million electors om the middle classes).

# Of old sat Freedom on the heights, p. 69.

Written in 1833; first published in 1842. In poem briefly traces the development constitutional liberty in England. Of its and the preceding poem Wordsporth remarked once in conversation: must acknowledge that these two ems are very solid and noble in pught. Their diction also seems sinlarly stately."

Love thou thy land, p. 70.

Written in 1833; first published in

1842. These three poems (62, 63, 64) contain an epitome of Tennyson's political philosophy. They show his intense Englishness and his aristocratic leanings. He was a moderate Conservative, who believed in gradual reform.

## England and America in 1782, p. 71.

First printed in an American newspaper in 1872; republished in the Cabinet edition of Tennyson's Works, 12 vols., 1874-77. The poem affords abundant evidence of the changed attitude of Englishmen toward Americans, notwithstanding the violent disruption of the British Empire in the Revolutionary War.

#### The Goose, p. 72.

First printed in 1842. The poem "is a lively allegory of commerce and free trade."

## The Epic, p. 73.

First published in 1842 as an introduction to the blank-verse fragment, Morte d'Arthur. The poem is interesting for its incidental references to the tendencies of the age, social and religious.

#### Morte d'Arthur, p. 74.

The first draft of this poem seems to have been written as early as 1833, though not published until 1842. Afterward incorporated in the concluding poem of *Idylls of the King* (1869). Tennyson's epic, "his King Arthur, some twelve books," was finished in 1885 by the publication of *Balin and Balan*, p. 619.

# The Gardener's Daughter, p. 79.

Mentioned in letters of 1833, but first printed in 1842. Of the English idyls, "pictures of English home and country life," published in 1842, it has been remarked that the fundamental note is the sanctity of the family relation, the fidelity of lover and sweetheart and of husband and wife. On the purity of the

home depends not only the happiness but the permanence of the nation. It is said that this poem contains Tennyson's favorite line: -

"The mellow ouzel fluted in the elm."

See prologue to The Gardener's Daughter in Memoir by his son, I., pp. 199, 200.

#### Dora, p. 84.

Written as early as 1835; first printed in 1842. The pathetic incident of this idyl is based on a tale in Miss Mitford's Village. Said Tennyson of its style: "'Dora,' being the tale of a nobly simple country girl, had to be told in the simplest possible poetical language, and therefore was one of the poems which gave most trouble." Wordsworth, who highly appreciated its merit, once remarked to him: "Mr. Tennyson, I have been endeavoring all my life to write a pastoral like your 'Dora' and have not succeeded." Aubrev de Vere called Dora "an English Ruth."

#### Audley Court, p. 87.

First printed in 1842. This poem, "partially suggested by Abbey Park at Torquay," is valuable for its vigorous pictures of middle-class life in England. The landscape and the men, as Aubrey de Vere says, "mutually reflect each other."

#### Walking to the Mail, p. 89.

First published in 1842. The poem is rather remarkable for its allusions to the stirring events of the thirties and forties. Of the "two parties" Tennyson belonged to "those that have," yet he was in sympathy with movements for the physical and intellectual improvement of the people. See Memoir, I., p. 185.

#### Edwin Morris, p. 91.

Written in Wales in 1839; first printed in Poems, 7th ed., 1851. A mannerism, zine, February, 1860. It was wri

shrilled (p. 93), is often found in Tenn son's later writings.

#### St. Simeon Stylites, p. 94.

First printed in 1842. A good illustr tion of the dramatic monologue, whi Browning used so successfully. celebrated Syrian pillar-saint (d. 45 figures in Gibbon's Decline and Fa XXXVII.

#### The Talking Oak, p. 97.

First printed in 1842. One of Tenn son's happiest ventures in the ball measure.

## Love and Duty, p. 101.

First published in 1842. The poexhibits Tennyson's moralizing hal The importance of self-control, of obe ence to duty, is the keynote of many his utterances.

# The Golden Year, p. 103.

First printed in Poems, 4th ed., 18 In this poem Tennyson has admira caught the spirit of reform and phil thropy that pervaded England in early years of the Victorian reign.

# Ulysses, p. 104.

First published in 1842. Of Ulys. which was composed not long after thur Henry Hallam's death, in 18 Tennyson said it "was written un the sense of loss, and that all had g by, but that still life must be fought to the end." This striking poem only shows Tennyson in his most her mood, it reflects the unrest and as ration of the period. The poet v especially indebted to Horace (I., and to Dante (Inferno, 26) for leading motive.

# Tithonus, p. 106.

First printed in the Cornhill Mo

many years before, about the time that Ulusses was composed, and is as beautiful as that masterpiece. Waugh says: "'Tithonus,' which in the original opened a little differently-

'Ay me! Ay me! the woods decay and fall,' ---

is not only touched with Tennyson's richest color, it has also a distinct place in his work as an utterance of his favorite creed. Μηδέν ἄγαν is once more its motto. The immortality which Tithonus desired turns to ashes in his mouth: he is sick of life, who cannot die." Lord Tennyson, 1893, p. 185.)

#### Locksley Hall, p. 107.

First printed in 1842; its composition is said to have occupied the poet six weeks. The main thought he owed to a translation of the Arabic Moâllakát, prize odes "which were written in golden letters and hung up on the portals of the sacred shrine at Mecca." Tennyson thus comments on the place and the poem: "'Locksley Hall' is an imaginary place (tho' the coast is Lincolnshire) and the hero is imaginary. The whole poem represents young life, its good side, its deficiencies, and its vearnings. Mr. Hallam said to me that the English people liked verse in trochaics, so I wrote the poem in this metre."

There is a close parallel between couplets 9 and 10 and these lines from Pervigilium Veneris: -

"Cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit cras amet,

Ver novum, vir jam canorum; vere natus orbis est,

Vere concordant amores, vere nubent alites."

Couplet 16 recalls Goethe's epigram: -

'Eros, wie seh' ich dich hier! Im jeglichem Händchen die Sanduhr! Wie? Leichtsinniger Gott, missest

du doppelt die Zeit?

Langsam rinnen aus einer die Stunden entfernter Geliebten:

Gegenwärtigen fliesst eilig die zweite herab."

Couplet 38, from Dante's Inferno, V., 121, is also similar to Alfred de Musset's lines in Lucie: -

"Il n'est pire douleur, Qu'un souvenir heureux dans les jours du malheur."

The poet got the simile of the lion (line 135) from Pringle's Travels, which he was reading in 1837.

A considerable number of the phrases and lines of this deservedly popular poem have become familiar quotations. admired for their consummate brevity and felicity. Some of the more striking thoughts and images of Locksley Hall occur again and again in Tennyson's later works, in slightly different form.

#### Godiva, p. 113.

First published in 1842. While waiting for the train at Coventry in 1840 Tennyson shaped this ancient legend into an exquisite idyl, which has suggested two or three statues of Lady Godiva. A brief account of the circumstance, which took place in the eleventh century, is given in Dugdale's Antiquities of Warwickshire, 1656. Cf. poems on Godiva by Moultrie and Leigh Hunt.

#### The Day-Dream, p. 114.

First published in 1842, except the part entitled The Sleeping Beauty, printed in 1830. Edward Fitzgerald heard the poem read in 1835, all but the prologue and the epilogue. Incidentally the poem reveals the new interest in physical science felt in England in the thirties. Lady Flora is evidently one of the few women in Tennyson's works who are intellectual and personally attractive.

#### Amphion, p. 118.

First published in 1842, but later sub-

jected to more or less revision. The fifth stanza originally began with these lines:—

"The birch tree swung her fragrant hair, The bramble cast her berry, The gin within the juniper Began to make him merry."

#### St. Agnes' Eve, p. 120.

First printed, with the title St. Agnes, in The Keepsake, 1837. The poem is mentioned in correspondence of 1834. Says Professor Cook: "'St. Agnes' Eve' is a study of medieval mysticism, - of pure devotional passion such as we encounter in the lives of St. Catharine of Siena and St. Teresa of Jesus. It belongs in the same class with 'St. Simeon Stylites' and 'Sir Galahad,' and may be regarded, together with them, as a lyrical forerunner of portions of the 'Idylls of the King,' particularly of such passages as the description of Percival's sister in 'The Holy Grail' and the cloistered penitence of Guinevere as depicted in the idyll of that name." (Poet-Lore, January, 1891, p. 10.)

#### Sir Galahad, p. 120.

First published in 1842, though written as early as 1834. Says Luce: "'Sir Galahad' is an ideal of chivalry as well as a type of religion. But from one point of view he is St. Agnes in the form of a man. Like hers is his stainless purity and his ecstatic devotion to an ideal that has usurped the dearer instincts of humanity. But the poem, though full of lyrical splendor, is not so good as the former; that was perfect in its sufficiency; this is imperfect in its opulence." (Handbook, p. 183.)

#### Edward Gray, p. 121.

First published in 1842. The "sweet Emma Moreland" of this pretty ballad (written in 1840) forms the subject of a fine painting by Sir John E. Millais. Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue, p. 122.

First published in 1842. One change in stanza 5 may be noted. The lines +

"Against its fountain upward runs
The current of my days"—

were substituted in 1853 for -

"Like Hezekiah's backward runs The shadow of my days."

Edward Fitzgerald remarks: "'The plump head-waiter of The Cock,' by Temple Bar, famous for chop and porter, was rather offended when told of the poem ('Will Waterproof'). 'Had Mr. Tennyson dined oftener there, he would not have minded it so much,' he said." In 1887 the proprietors of the Cock Tavern remembered the poet with the gift of an old tankard, which he prized as an heirloom of "the old vanished Tavern."

The poem, which is written in a pleasant vein, proves that Tennyson was not always steeped in melancholy and gloom in his early manhood.

## Lady Clare, p. 124.

First published in 1842. Some changes were made in the text in 1851. poem is based on the plot of Miss Ferrier's novel. The Inheritance. Napier, in Homes and Haunts of Tennyson, p. 90: "The marriage relationship is a favorite theme with him, and many of his finest poems circle round it. In 'The Lord of Burleigh,' 'Lady Clare,' etc., he brushes aside all traditions, and with exquisite pathos, revels in that true sentiment he is so fond of, showing that when there exists between two persons what Scott calls 'the secret sympathy,' their union is almost sure to be a happy one."

#### The Captain, p. 126.

First published in A Selection from the Works of Alfred Tennyson, 1865. Of

this "legend of the navy" Luce says:
"The incidents are improbable; no
enemy would riddle a ship that did not
fire a shot in return."

#### The Lord of Burleigh, p. 127.

First published in 1842, though written as early as 1835. According to Mr. Napier, this "ballad of ballads" is "more than the creation of a poet's fancy, being rather a narrative in verse, with the usual poetic licenses, of the wooing and romantic marriage of the tenth Earl and first Marquis of Exeter." Under the assumed name of John Jones he married a farmer's daughter, Sarah Hoggins, of Bolas, Shropshire (April 13, 1790). She died in 1797, "aged 24," sincerely lamented by her husband and all his dependents. Burleigh House dates back to 1587 and is situated "in Northamptonshire, on the borders of the counties of Rutland and Lincoln."

#### The Voyage, p. 128.

First printed, apparently, in the *Enoch* Arden volume, 1864. The poem is an algorical description of the pursuit of the ideal. Cf. Tennyson's later poem, Merlin and The Gleam, p. 679.

#### Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere, p. 129.

First published in 1842. Even in his college days Tennyson was attracted by the Arthurian legend and composed some verses on Launcelot and Guinevere. A single stanza of these unpublished verses was preserved by Edward Fitzgerald:—

"Life of the Life within my blood,

Light of the Light within mine eyes, The May begins to breathe and bud,

And softly blow the balmy skies; Bathe with me in the fiery flood,

And mingle kisses, tears, and sighs, Life of the Life within my blood,

Light of the Light within mine eyes."

#### A Farewell, p. 129.

First published in 1842. This lovely little lyric dates back, no doubt, to 1837, when the Tennysons left Somersby. Probably the "cold rivulet" is the brook of his Ode to Memory, IV. (p. 15).

#### The Beggar Maid, p. 130.

First published in 1842. The beggar maid, to whose incomparable charms King Cophetua fell a willing prey, figures in old ballads and in three of Shakespeare's plays.

#### The Eagle, p. 130.

First published in *Poems*, 7th ed., 1851. There is an unfortunate change in the first line of this much-admired fragment, due to the poet's habit of ceaselessly revising his published writings. The first reading was

"He clasps the crag with hooked hands."

Some of the emendations of later years were not always for the better.

Move eastward, happy earth, p. 130. First published in 1842. A felicitous mingling of poetry and science.

Come not, when I am dead, p. 130. First included in Poems, 7th ed., 1851. These stanzas were printed in The Keepsake, 1851.

#### The Letters, p. 130.

First published in Maud, and Other Poems, 1855.

#### The Vison of Sin, p. 131.

First published in 1842. The poem as published in A Selection from the Works of Alfred Tennyson, 1865, contained two lines afterward omitted. They are near the close of the poem:—

"Another answer'd, 'But a crime of sense?

Give him new nerves with old ex-

According to Shepherd (Bibliography of Tennyson, 1896, pp. 40-41) these lines occur only in this edition.

The poem itself is an allegory conveying a religious lesson—the just and inevitable penalty that sooner or later overtakes the sensualist. As Palgrave puts it: "The life of selfish pleasure ends in cynicism and cynicism in moral death."

#### To ----, p. 134.

Contributed to the Examiner, March 24, 1849. First included in Poems, 6th ed., 1850, and reprinted (with slight changes) in 1853. Like The Dead Prophet (p. 634), the poem expresses Tennyson's abhorrence of publicity.

#### To E. L., on his Travels in Greece, p. 135.

First published in *Poems*, 8th ed., 1853. Addressed to Edward Lear (1812-88), author of *Journal of a Landscape Painter in Greece and Albania*, 1851, and other illustrated books of travel.

## Break, break, break, p. 135.

First published in 1842, but probably composed in the spring of 1834. This melodious wail, occasioned by the death of Arthur Hallam, was not written at Clevedon by the Severn, but "in a Lincolnshire lane at five o'clock in the morning."

#### The Poet's Song, p. 135.

First published in 1842. Cf. The Poet (p. 16) and The Poet's Mind (p. 17).

#### The Brook, p. 136.

First published in Maud, and Other Poems, 1855. It is said that the poem, or one on the same subject, was written some twenty years before and, like other verses of this productive period, was thrown aside. The manuscript was

rescued by chance from a pile of waste paper. The babbling stream of this exquisite idyl is not the rivulet near Somersby, but a brook existing only in the poet's imagination. The "figure like a wizard pentagram" (line 103) recalls a passage in Faust, Pt. I., Act I., —

'The wizard's foot that on the threshold made is." etc.

Lines 20-25 of The Brook recall Goethe's Bächlein.

#### Aylmer's Field, p. 140.

First published in 1855. Mr. Woolner, who was a friend of Tennyson's, furnished the plot. It is the opinion of Mr. Luce that the locality is in Kent, while Mr. Napier thinks the scenery is like that near Bayons Manor, the seat of the Tennyson-d'Eyncourts. It is certainly depicted with wonderful loveliness and effectiveness. It is a labored idyl, which the poet found hard to manage. Says Napier: "In 'Maud' and 'Locksley Hall' he declaims in tones of thunder against those who sin against 'the truth of love' and especially in 'Avlmer's Field,' taking for his text the words, 'Behold, your house is left unto you desolate!' he teaches the lesson of pride trampling on love, and leaving in its train desolation and ruin."

## Sea Dreams, p. 155.

First printed in Macmillan's Magazine, January, 1860; afterward included in the Enoch Arden volume, 1864. Sea Dreams, says Stopford Brooke, in his work on Tennyson, p. 419, "is not a narrative of years and of many characters, but of a single day in the life of a man and his wife, and of a crisis in their souls." The poem is especially entitled to the name "Idyl of the Hearth," being an affecting recital of the ups and downs of domestic life in the middle classes. The kind-hearted, pious wife has in her the right material for a true woman.

## Lucretius, p. 160.

First printed in Macmillan's Magane, May, 1868; included in the Holy rail volume, 1869. In Mrs. Tennyson's ournal for 1865 is this entry, dated Oct. h: "A. read me some 'Lucretius,' and e '1st Epistle of St. Peter.' (At work his new poem of 'Lucretius')." As rst printed the last line was:—

"Care not thou hat matters? All is over: Fare thee well!"

The later reading (of 1869) is still reined.

At the time the poem was written the aterialistic teaching of the Epicureans as coming into favor in England. Prossor Tyndall was one of its new expoents. The Lucretian doctrine briefly ated is this: "Atoms wrought on by apulse and gravity, and excited in very mode to cohere, and having been ied in all possible aggregations, otions, and relations, fell at last into ose that could endure." Given atoms nd motion, the universe was the result. Professor Jebb thus comments on ennyson's remarkably successful poem ealing with the philosophy and personity of the Roman poet-philosopher vho lived in the first century B.C.): Apart from its artistic qualities, the em has another which, in a work of t, is accidental, -its historical truth; at is, the Lucretius whom it describes is a true resemblance to the real acretius, as revealed in his own work: e picture is not merely a picture but uppens to be a portrait also."

Cf. the description of the Lucretian ods (lines 94–100) with the concluding usage of *The Lotos Eaters* (p. 61).

ssage of The Lotos Eaters (p. 61). The allusion in lines 120-22 is to the dyssey, XII., 374-96. According to the ory in Ovid's Fasti it was King Numa ho "snared Pieus and Faunus" and mpelled them to reveal "the secret of

averting Jove's angry lightnings." It is needless to cite instances of Tennyson's use of the thoughts and imagery of Lucretius' great poem De Rerum Natura.

# Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington, p. 165.

First published in pamphlet form on the morning of Nov. 18, 1852, and again in 1853; included in the Maud volume, 1855. The poem was written in the interval between the death of the Duke (Sept. 14), and his funeral (Nov. 18). This elaborate ode was not appreciated at first, but Sir Henry Taylor wrote of it: "It has a greatness worthy of its theme, and an absolute simplicity and truth, with all the poetic passion of your nature moving beneath." Its patriotic passages especially appeal to the national heart and conscience.

#### The Third of February, p. 169.

Contributed to the Examiner, Feb. 7, 1852; included in the Library edition of Tennyson's collected Works, 1872. This and other patriotic poems were occasioned by the disturbed political condition of England after the coup d'état of Louis Napoleon.

# The Charge of the Light Brigade, p. 170.

Contributed to the Examiner, Dec. 9, 1854; reprinted (with changes) in the Maud volume, 1855. A four-page copy was privately printed for distribution among the soldiers before Sebastopol. The famous charge took place in the Crimean War (Oct. 25, 1854). Says Waugh: "The poem has become almost too popular for discussion; it is the one stirring, galloping piece of energy which all shades of mind and sympathy seem to admire alike."

NOTES.

International Exhibition, p. 171.

Published in Fraser's Magazine, June, 1862; reprinted in the Enoch Arden volume, 1862. The ode, with music by Sterndale Bennett, was sung on the opening day of the International Exhibition, May 1, 1862. Cf. V. with The Golden Year (p. 103).

A Welcome to Alexandra, p. 172.

Printed in a four-page pamphlet, 1863; republished, with changes and additions, in the Enoch Arden volume, 1864. The poem is a heart-felt welcome to Princess Alexandra, of Denmark, on the occasion of her marriage (March 7, 1863) to Albert Edward, Prince of Wales.

A Welcome to her Royal Highness, Marie Alexandrovna, Duchess of Edinburgh, p. 172.

Published in a four-page sheet, 1874: also printed in the London Times on the day of the marriage of the Russian princess to Alfred, second son of Queen Victoria. The lines in III. beginning

"For thrones and peoples are as waifs that swing,"

contain a favorite and oft-repeated sentiment of Tennyson's.

#### The Grandmother, p. 173.

First published in Once a Week, July 16, 1859 (with a capital illustration by J. E. Millais); reprinted in the Enoch Arden volume, 1864. Professor Jowett quoted a saying of an old lady. "The spirits of my children always seem to hover about me," which so impressed Tennyson that the poem (first called The Grandmother's Apology) was the result.

> Northern Farmer (Old Style), p. 177.

Published in the Enoch Arden volume, 1864. The poem, written in 1861,

Ode sung at the Opening of the is imaginative, though founded on char acter-studies of Lincolnshire farmers.

> Northern Farmer (New Style p. 179.

First published in the Holy Grail vo ume, 1869. According to the poet him self, this poem was suggested by the words of a rich farmer living in his neighborhood, "When I canters m 'erse along the ramper (highway) 'ears proputty, proputty, proputty. From this characteristic saying he con jectured and portrayed the man. Th Lincolnshire dialect, which Tennyso uses so successfully in this poem and i the Northern Cobbler and the Village Wife, he learned when a boy, by hea ing the talk of farm laborers around Somersby and Caistor. Cf. Jean Ing. low's High Tide.

#### The Daisy, p. 181.

First published in the Maud volum 1855. This poem, written at Edinburg in 1853, was addressed to Mrs. Tenn son: it was suggested by the finding a daisy in a book, the flower havir been plucked by her on the Splugen ar placed between the leaves of a volun as a memento of their Italian journe The reference in the twent fourth stanza is to their baby son, Ha lam (born in 1852). The measure is or of several that Tennyson invented. "1 was proud of the metre of 'The Daisy which he called a far-off echo of the Horatian Alcaic."

To the Rev. F. D. Maurice, p. 18

Dated January, 1854; first publish in 1855 with Maud. Addressed to the eminent preacher, F. D. Maurice (180 72), leader of the Broad Church Part who concerned himself not only wi books but with the practical interes of English workingmen. In his liber views on religious matters Tennys had much in common with Mauric hose essays and sermons involved m in some fierce controversies. Stanis 4-7 describe the poet's new home ear Freshwater. The eighth stanza uches on the Crimean War.

# Will, p. 183.

First published with Maud in 1855. an's free-will was one of the fundaentals of Tennyson's creed. See progue of In Menoriam and CXXXI. 5.522).

In the Valley of Cauteretz, p. 183. First published with Enoch Arden, 364. Written while the poet was travling in the French Pyrenees in 1861, vercome by reminiscences of other days hen he and Arthur Hallam visited this vely valley together in 1830. The miske in writing "two and thirty years" ems to have been due to carelessness.

In the Garden at Swainston, p. 184. First published in Cabinet edition of ennyson's Works, 12 vols., 1874-77. Tritten at the home of Sir John Simeon, ne of the poet's dearest friends, who ied in 1870. To Lady Simeon he wrote fune 27, 1870), "I knew none like im for tenderness and generosity, not mention his other noble qualities, and he was the very Prince of Coursy." The other two men were Arthur allam and Henry Lushington. Cf. the ne

"With a love that ever will be"

ith the last line of Vastness (p. 660).

#### The Flower, p. 184.

First published with Enoch Arden, 64. Described in Tennyson's manuript notes as "an universal apologue." ne interpretation was to the effect at the "seed" was a new metre of ennyson's, and "the flowers" were poems of his imitators. He wrote a tter to J. B. Selkirk, saying that this

was not the right explanation of the parable. The poem seems to be a metrical paraphrase of the quotation, "In this world are few voices and many echoes."

#### Requiescat, p. 184.

First published with Enoch Arden, 1864. The stanzas recall Wordsworth's verses on "Lucy," written in 1799–1800

## The Sailor Boy, p. 184.

First published in *Victoria Regia*, Dec. 25, 1861; reprinted with *Enoch Arden*, 1864. The poem well expresses youthful love of adventurous activity and dislike of indolent ease.

#### The Islet, p. 185.

First published in the Enoch Arden volume, 1864. Of the purpose of the poem Luce remarks: "Dwelling apart by ourselves, seeking only our own appropriet, and the tropics; when the real work of life is suspended, where the only music is the false note of the mocking-bird, and where loathsome diseases lurk in every profusion of loveliness. Like 'The Voyage,' this slighter poem is an occasion for vivid sketches of far-off isle and ocean."

#### The City Child, p. 185.

This and the companion poem (125) were first published in St. Nicholas (February, 1880); reprinted in the collected edition of Tennyson's Works, 1886. These "child-songs" and many other lyrics of Tennyson's were set to music by his wife.

#### Minnie and Winnie, p. 186.

First published in St. Nicholas, New York (February, 1880). The same magazine for February and March contains Mrs. Tennyson's settings of the two poems.

#### The Spiteful Letter, p. 186.

First published in Once a Week (January, 1868); reprinted with alterations in Library edition of Tennyson's Works, The poet wrote: "It is no particular letter that I meant. I have had dozens of them from one quarter or another."

#### Literary Squabbles, p. 186.

First printed with the title Afterthought in Punch, March 7, 1846; republished with new title in Library edition, 1872. Throughout his long career Tennyson was free from the petty spites and jealousies of authors. Once, in 1846, he deigned to reply to an attack by Bulwer, but he regretted the unauthorized publication of his satirical verses - The New Timon and the Poets (in Punch, March 7, 1846), and in this second poem expressed his attitude of indifference and silence.

## The Victim, p. 186.

First published in Good Words, January, 1868; reprinted with the Holy Grail, 1869. Privately printed, 1867.

#### Wages, p. 188.

First printed in Macmillan's Magazine, February, 1868, and republished in the Holy Grail volume, 1869. The poem is an expression of Tennyson's passionate desire for personal immortality. Cf. Locksley Hall Sixty Years After, lines 67-72 (p. 642).

## The Higher Pantheism, p. 188.

First published in the Holy Grail volume, 1869. The poem was read at the first meeting of the Metaphysical Society (June 2, 1869). Mrs. Tennyson's journal for 1867 contains this entry (dated Dec. 1st.): "A. is reading Hebrew (Job and the Song of Solomon and Genesis): he talked much about his Hebrew, and about all-pervading Spirit being more understandable by him than solid mat- stand the rhythm." Queen Boadic

ter. He brought down to me his psalm like poem, 'Higher Pantheism.'" Sec Memoir, I., p. 514 (Reminiscences by Allingham).

The Voice and the Peak, p. 188.

First published in Cabinet edition, 1874 According to Luce this poem "is another attempt to find a voice for the ineffable and to apprehend the infinite." Line describes a torrent in Val d'Anzasca in the Alps, which Tennyson visited in September, 1873.

Flower in the crannied wall, p. 188

First published in Holy Grail volume 1869. The meaning of these verses which show Tennyson's interest in philo sophical problems, is illustrated by Goethe's lines: -

"Wouldst know the whole? then sca the parts; for all

That moulds the great lies mirrore in the small."

Says Leibnitz: "He who should kno perfectly one monad would in it know the world, whose mirror it is."

## A Dedication, p. 189.

First published in Enoch Arden vo ume, 1864. A tribute to his wife, wh was the presiding genius of the Tenn son household for more than forty year Edith, in Locksley Hall Sixty Yea After, is doubtless another name for Lady Tennyson. She is also praised June Bracken and Heather (1892). his mother and in his wife Tennys found his high ideal of womanho realized.

# Boädicea, p. 190.

First published with Enoch Arde 1864. An experiment in a new metric form, "an echo of the metre in t 'Atys' of Catullus," written in 185 The poet "wanted some one to annota it musically so that people could unde NOTES.

(d. 62 A.D.) headed an unsuccessful revolt against the Romans in Britain.

# Hexameters and Pentameters, p. 192.

First printed in Cornhill Magazine, December, 1863, but not republished in 1864 with the following experiments in classic metres (136 and 137); restored in collected editions of later years. Cf. Arnold's Lectures on Translating Homer.

#### Milton, p. 192.

Printed in the Cornhill (December, 1863), and later in the Enoch Arden volume, 1864. See notes of Tennyson's talk on Paradise Lost, in Memoir, II., pp. 518-23.

# Hendecasyllabics, p. 192.

Printed in the Cornhill (December, 1863), and later in the Enoch Arden volume, 1864. A skilful handling of "the dainty metre" of Catullus in English. Tennyson expressed his appreciation of the graceful Roman singer in Frater Ave atque Vale (p. 636).

## Specimen of Translation of Homer's Iliad, p. 192.

Printed in the Cornhill (December, 1863), and later with Enoch Arden, 1864. An admirable rendering of this oftquoted passage. "He's a wonderful man for dovetailing words together," said Carlyle of Tennyson, whom he begged to translate Sophocles.

# The Window, p. 193.

Privately printed in 1867, and published with alterations in 1870; afterward republished in collected editions of Tennyson's Works. The Window Songs call for no special comment. A phrase in the preliminary note (dated December, 1870) needs explanation. Mrs. Tennyson writes in her journal for No-

vember 4: "A. did not like publishing songs that were so trivial at such a grave crisis of affairs in Europe," because of the Franco-Prussian War; hence the words — "in the dark shadow of these days."

# Idylls of the King, p. 197.

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About the time of the publication of The Holy Grail (1869) Tennyson said: "At twenty-four I meant to write an epic or a drama of King Arthur; and I thought that I should take twenty years about the work. Now they will say I have been forty years about it." The Morte d'Arthur of the 1842 volumes was a fragment of the proposed epic. The earliest of his published Arthurian poems was The Lady of Shalott (1832), described as "another version of the story of Lancelot and Elaine."

Tennyson was familiar with the history of Arthur through the books of Geoffrey and Malory. He seems to have got some details from Ellis's Metrical Romances. He made no exhaustive study of the sources of the Arthur legend. Had he read the tales in the Old French of Chrestien de Troyes, the Thornton Morte Arthure, Sir Gawayne, and other Middle-English romances, he would have formed a different conception of "the blameless king," of Gawain, and other knights of the Table Round. Besides the old chronicles and romances, he found more or less material in Celtic myths and traditions, especially the stories of the Mabinogion, translated by Charlotte Guest. He depended for much upon his own imagination. Says Hutton: "In taking his subject from the great medieval myth of English chivalry, it was of course open to Mr. Tennyson to adopt any treatment of it which would really incorporate the higher and grander aspects of the theme, and also find an ideal unity for a number of legends in which of unity there was none."

For many years not much progress was made in the composition of Tenny-

son's epic, probably because of Hallam's death and other circumstances. After Maud was off his hands, he resumed work on the subject that had haunted him and wrote Vivien and Enid in 1856. In the summer of 1857 these two idylls were privately printed, with the title: Enid and Nimuë; or, The True and the It is said that of the six original copies only one is now in existence, that in the British Museum. There is an interesting record in Mrs. Tennyson's journal of this year: "A. has brought me as a birthday present the first two lines that he has made of 'Guinevere,' which might be the nucleus of a great poem. Arthur is parting from Guinevere, and says: -

"" But hither shall I never come again, Never lie by thy side; see thee no more; Farewell! '"

In the winter of 1858 Guinevere was completed. Then Elaine was written, and in 1859 these four Arthurian stories appeared with the title: Idylls of the They were arranged in this order: Enid. Vivien, Elaine, Guinevere.

Then preparation for other idylls was begun, but the undertaking was interrupted for several years. The poet was urged to write on the Sangreal, but was not "in the mood for it." In 1868 The Holy Grail was written; it "came suddenly as if by a breath of inspiration." Others followed, and in 1869 another instalment of four idylls was published: The Holy Grail, The Coming of Arthur, Pelleas and Ettarre, and The Passing of Afterward The Last Tournament was printed in the Contemporary Review (December, 1871) and republished in 1872 with Gareth and Lunette. A little later Balin and Balan was written, though not published until 1885 in the Tiresias volume.

Of the innumerable changes in the text, Professor Jones has made thorough study in his Growth of the Idylls of the King, 1895. The poet's last correction suggested by Johnson's Rasselas, Chap

was made in 1891, when he inserted the line-

"Ideal manhood closed in real man" in the Epilogue after the line-

"New-old, and shadowing Sense at war with Soul."

The most important addition, lines 6-146 of Merlin and Vivien, appeared first in 1874, with a few variations from the present reading. In 1888 Geraint and Enid was divided into two idylls, with the titles: The Marriage of Geraint and Geraint and Enid. The later editions of Idylls of the King have ten tales in the Round Table, or "twelve books," including the introductory and closing idyls.

#### The Princess, p. 381.

While at Eastbourne, in the summer of 1845, Tennyson was engaged on The Princess, but the poem was mostly written in London. Come down, O maid (p. 435), was composed among the Alps in 1846, and was "descriptive of the waste Alpine heights and gorges, and of the sweet, rich valleys below." poet told Aubrey de Vere that the Bugle Song (p. 404) was written at Killarney, and O Swallow, Swallow (p. 406) was first composed in rhyme. cerning one of his most characteristic and successful strains, that wonderful "blank-verse lyric" - Tears, idle tears (p. 405), he said: "The passion of the past, the abiding in the transient, was expressed in 'Tears, idle tears,' which was written in the vellowing autumntide at Tintern Abbey, full for me of its bygone memories." In the manuscript the first line originally stood: -

"Ah foolish tears, I know not what they mean."

The hand of the artist made a happy change to "Tears, idle tears."

Possibly the first hint of the plot was

XLIX. However, the main structure of the poem was essentially original with Tennyson. Collins pointed out a number of phrases and similes that sound like echoes of older singers. Dawson calls the *Princess* "a transfusion of the Greek spirit into modern life."

The first edition of The Princess was a very different poem from that of 1853, which has remained unchanged. dedication to Henry Lushington,1 in the second edition, was dated January, 1848; but few alterations were made in the text of the poem. A number of additions and omissions were made in the third edition (1850); the intercalary songs were inserted, and the Prologue and conclusion were revised. In the fourth edition (1851) "the passages relating to the weird seizures of the Prince" were inserted. The fifth edition (1853) contains many new readings, also lines 35-49 of the Prologue; this is the final text of the poem.

#### Maud, p. 440.

The nameless stanzas, O that 'twere possible, written in 1834 and printed in the Tribute (1837), later became the foundation of Maud. As the poet wrote: "Sir John Simeon years after begged me to weave a story round this poem and so 'Maud' came into being." It was thus written backward, the work being chiefly done in 1854 and 1855. In the early proofs of the poem the title was Maud; or the Madness. The laureate remarked, "This poem is a little 'Hamlet.'" The lyrics in it which he liked best were: I have led her home; Courage, poor heart of stone; and O that 'twere possible. He was vexed at the hostile reception of the poem on the part of the critics, and was grateful for the defence of Dr. Mann and for the fine commentary of Brimley. With the proceeds of the sale of Maud he bought

<sup>1</sup> Park House, home of the Lushingtons, near Maidstone, is Vivian Place (referred to in the Prologue).

(1856) Farringford, which had been leased in 1853.1

The second edition of Maud (1856) contained "considerable additions, extending to some ten pages." The poem was afterward divided into two parts, and ultimately into three parts. Of section IV. (pp. 457-59), contributed to the Tribute, Luce remarks: "The stanzas, as they originally appeared, formed a poem of strange and pathetic beauty. A portion of them, with certain alterations, now constitute the fourth section of the second part of 'Maud.'"

#### Enoch Arden, p. 463.

First published in 1864 in the volume entitled Idylls of the Hearth. The poem was first called the Old Fisherman. It was written in the summer of 1862, and occupied him only about two weeks when once started, though he had brooded on the subject a long while. Tennyson got the incident from the sculptor Thomas Woolner. Similar stories had been told in Suffolk, Brittany, and other places. Here was a theme well suited to his powers, one that took him into a different world from that of the Arthurian idylls. He was so much at home in the society of humble fisher-folk that

1 A writer in Good Words (October, 1892) refers to the beautiful word-pictures in Maud of the sea and sky as observed at Farringford in the Isle of Wight: "If one would wish to see the influence which the island has had on the great minstrel, let him read 'Maud,' where its magic has been most profusely translated into speech.... Here, too, surely is the 'little grove' where he sits while

'A million emeralds break from the rubybudded lime;'

and here in a gap of the trees one catches a gleam of white, where

'The far-off sail is blown by the breeze of a softer clime,

Half-lost in the liquid azure bloom of a crescent

The silent sapphire-spangled marriage ring of the land."

he fairly won the title bestowed upon him, "The poet of the people."

Tennyson's treatment of the subject is considerably different from that of Adelaide Procter's Homeward Bound, first published in her Legends and Lyrics (1858). A few passages in Enoch Arden bear a striking resemblance to certain stanzas of Miss Procter's touching poem, which is the brief narrative of a seaman wrecked on the Barbary coast and kept in bondage ten long years in Algiers, who is freed and returns to his old English home to find his wife married to his "ancient comrade."

He took pains to be accurate in depicting the ways of fishermen and in matters of local color. Mrs. Tennyson wrote to Edward Fitzgerald, asking a number of fishing questions for Alfred's benefit. In his diary the poet speaks of meeting the eminent botanist, Joseph Hooker, "who told me my tropical island (in 'Enoch') was all right; but X— in his illustrations has made it all wrong, putting a herd of antelopes upon it, which never occur in Polynesia."

When the poet and his son were cruising around the coast of Wales in the summer of 1887, they "landed at Clovelly, and he thought it one of the most beautiful places he had seen. It reminded him of Enoch Arden's village, although 'Long lines of cliff breaking had left a chasm' was not true of Clovelly; he did not think of any particular village when writing the poem."

On the coast of Cornwall is sometimes heard that strange atmospherical phenomenon, "the calling of the sea" (mentioned in the closing lines of Enoch Arden). "A murmuring or a roaring noise, proceeding from the shore, is sometimes heard at the distance of several miles inland, whereas at other times, although the atmosphere may appear equally favorable for transmitting sounds, no sound whatever from

the shore can be heard at the twentieth part of that distance." (Edmunds. Land's End District, 1862, p. 142.)

#### In Memoriam, p. 480.

The few lines "which proved to be the germ of 'In Memoriam'" were written late in the year 1833, a few months after the death of Arthur Henry Hallam.1 Sections IX., XXX., XXXI., LXXXV., and XXVIII, were evidently jotted down in December of this year. These manuscript poems circulated among Tennyson's friends and were much admired.

Professor Edmund Lushington (the "true in word and tried in deed" of LXXXV.), who was with the Tennysons at Boxley during the holidays of 1841, writes that "the number of memorial poems had rapidly increased" in the autumn of that year. In the summer of 1845 he visited the poet, who showed him the epithalamium celebrating the marriage of the professor and Cecilia Tennyson in 1842 (pp. 522-23).

In November, 1845, Tennyson wrote to Moxon, his publisher: "I want you to get me a book which I see advertised in the Examiner; it seems to contain many speculations with which I have been familiar for years, and on which I have written more than one poem. The book is called 'Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation." Commenting on this passage, the son says (Vol. I., p. 223) that the evolutionary sections of In Memoriam, referred to here by the poet, had been written years before Chambers' book was published in 1844. Possibly the sections meant are LIV.-LVI. (pp. 496-7), and CXVIII. (p. 519).

In 1891 the poet explained the allusions

in the first stanza of I.,

"I held it truth, with him who sings To one clear harp with divers tones,"

as referring to Goethe, whom he "placed

Alfred, Lord Tennyson: A Memoir by his son, 1897, Vol. I., p. 107.

foremost among the moderns as a lyrical poet," because " consummate in so many different styles." The sentiment in the oft-quoted lines,

"That men may rise on stepping-stones Of their dead selves to higher things,"

occurs in the West-Easterly Divan,

"Die to the old; live to the new; Grow strong with each to-morrow,"

and in other works of Goethe's.

It was not until 1848 that Tennyson made up his mind to print the Elegies, as he called the cantos of In Memoriam. He thought of entitling the new poem Fragments of an Elegy, and sometimes called it The Way of the Soul. Three sections (printed in the Memoir, I., pp. 306-7) were omitted as redundant. LIX. was inserted in 1851, and XXXIX. in 1869 (in the Pocket-Volume edition of Tennyson's Works).

The first Christmas Eve, mentioned in XXVIII., was December 25, 1833; the second (in LXXVIII.) in 1834, and the one referred to in CV. was in 1837. The date of CVI., Ring out, wild bells, is likely about December 31, 1837; and CXV. probably describes the spring of 1838. XCVIII. was suggested by the wedding-trip of Charles Tennyson Turner in the summer of 1836; this muchloved brother is the "noble heart" of LXXIX. The anniversary of Hallam's death (September 15, 1833) is spoken of in LXXII. and XCIX., and his birthday is remembered in CVII. (February 1, 1838). The dates of some other sections may be conjectured, but not with certainty. As to the metre of In Memoriam, the poet supposed himself to be the originator of it.

## The Lover's Tale, p. 525.

A fragment of this work was printed in 1832 (dated 1833), and a few copies were distributed among Tennyson's friends before it was suppressed. In 1869 the poem (revised) was again sent

to press, and for some reason it was withdrawn from publication for ten years. In 1879 the three parts, with a reprint of The Golden Supper (published in 1869) as a fourth part, appeared in a small volume. This boyish production contains many quotable passages, some of them similar to lines in his later works, as "A morning air, sweet after rain," suggesting "Sweet after showers, ambrosial air" (In Memortam. LXXXVI.). The closing lines of I. recall Byron's poem, Written beneath a Picture, "'Tis said with Sorrow Time can cope," etc.

#### The First Quarrel, p. 552.

The book of ballads, of which this is the first, appeared in 1880, addressed to the poet's first grandson (b. 1878). First Quarrel was founded on a true story, told to him by Dr. Dabbs of the Isle of Wight. "A dreary tragic tale," Carlyle called it.

# Rizpah, p. 554.

Of this powerful poem, which is based on fact, Swinburne remarks: "Never since the very beginning of all poetry were the twin passions of terror and pity more divinely done into deathless words or set to more perfect and profound magnificence of music." (Miscellanies, 1886, p. 219). This dramatic monologue reveals the very life of the rough times and people of the eighteenth century.

# The Northern Cobbler, p. 557.

This characteristic dialect poem is founded on an incident that the poet "heard in early youth. A man set up a bottle of gin in his window when he gave up drinking, in order to defy the drink."

## The Revenge, p. 559.

The first line of The Revenge lay on Tennyson's desk for years, then "he finished the ballad at last all at once in a day or two." He read up about Grenville in old histories and steeped himself in the spirit of the time and of the valiant seamen whose heroic deeds he celebrated in ringing verse. The poem appeared in the Nineteenth Century, March, 1878; reprinted in Ballads, and Other Poems, 1880.

#### The Sisters, p. 562.

The plot of this narrative-poem is partly founded on a story that the poet had heard. Cf. the lines which "he would quote as his own belief,"

"My God, I would not live Save that I think this gross hard-seeming world

Is our misshaping vision of the Powers Behind the world, that make our griefs our gains,"

with the parallel passage in In Memoriam, LVI, stanza 7 (p. 497). See also The Ancient Sage, "And we the poor earth's dying race," etc. The songs of Evelyn and Edith recall the songs in Shelley's Prometheus.

#### The Village Wife, p. 567.

"Among his Lincolnshire poems," says his son, "'The Village Wife' is the only one that is in any way a portrait. The rest of them are purely imaginative."

#### In the Children's Hospital, p. 570.

This poem was based on a true story told to Tennyson by Miss Gladstone. He says: "The doctors and hospital are unknown to me. The two children are the only characters, in this little dramatic poem, taken from life."

#### Dedicatory Poem to the Princess Alice, p. 572.

First published in the Nineteenth Century, April, 1879. The Princess

Alice (1843-78) was "the best loved of all the Queen's children."

#### The Defence of Lucknow, p. 573.

First printed with Dedicatory Poem (183) in the Nineteenth Century, April, 1879. Professor Jowett suggested to Tennyson that recent English history in India offered material for poetry, and this ballad, celebrating an incident of the mutiny of 1857, was the result.

#### Sir John Oldcastle, p. 575.

Lord Cobham, a prominent leader of the English Lollards, was put to death (1417) for alleged treason and heresy.

## The Voyage of Maeldune, p. 583.

In writing this poem Tennyson utilized an old Irish story translated in Joyce's Celtic Romances, but most of the details were his own. Says Collins: "He has dealt with it in the same way as he has dealt with Malory's Morte d'Arthur in such idylls as The Coming of Arthur, deriving from his original little more than the framework of his poem."

## De Profundis, p. 587.

Published in the Nineteenth Century, May, 1880; reprinted in Ballads and Other Poems, 1880. A brief but forceful statement of Tennyson's mystical philosophy.

#### Prefatory Sonnet, p. 588.

First published in the Nineteenth Century, March, 1877. This sonnet is an expression of Tennyson's characteristic attitude toward doubt, and of his openminded search for truth.

# To the Rev. W. H. Brookfield, p. 588.

Published in the Memoir of Brookfield, 1875. William Henry Brookfield (1809-74), one of the poet's intimate friends at Cambridge, was a noted preacher and educator.

#### Montenegro, p. 588.

First published in the *Nineteenth Century*, May, 1877. This fine sonnet, like that on Poland, written in his youth, shows Tennyson's interest in the cause of freedom.

#### To Victor Hugo, p. 589.

First printed in the Nineteenth Century, June, 1877.

#### Achilles over the Trench, p. 591.

This blank-verse translation of a spirited passage of the *Iliad* appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, August, 1877.

#### To E. Fitzgerald, p. 593.

The prefatory lines of *Tiresias*, and Other Poems, 1885, were addressed to the poet's lifelong friend, the scholarly translator of the Rubáiyat of Omar Khayyam. Edward Fitzgerald died in 1883, before the poem was published, and his death called forth the passionate cry for immortality in the closing lines of the poem (p. 597). Tiresias, the blind Theban seer, who lived before Homer's time, is celebrated in Greek legend.

#### Despair, p. 601.

Published in Nineteenth Century, November, 1881; reprinted in the Tiresias volume, 1885. The poem is a protest at once against extreme Calvinism and Atheism.

#### The Ancient Sage, p. 605.

The introspective poet of *The Two Voices* has grown to fuller intellectual stature in *The Ancient Sage*, which contains a number of personal touches. According to the poet himself, "The Ancient Sage' is not the philosophy of the Chinese philosopher, Laot-ze, but it was written after reading his life and maxims." Says Tyndall, "The poem is, throughout, a discussion between a

believer in immortality and one who is unable to believe." The point of view is that of intuitional idealism. Cf. the passage describing the state of tranceconsciousness:—

# "for more than once when I Sat all alone," etc.,

with In Memoriam, XCV., stanzas 9-12. The poet finds the remedy for scepticism in well-doing, beneficent activity dulling the edge of doubt.

#### Balin and Balan, p. 619.

A prose-sketch of this idyll, dictated to James Knowles, appeared in Nineteenth Century, January, 1893. The purpose of the poem seems to be to show the gradual development of the powers of evil at Arthur's court, working ill and bringing the king's fair hopes to ruin. The time is the eighth year of Arthur's reign of twelve years.

#### Prologue to General Hamley, p. 630.

In the opening lines of this poem Tennyson pictures Aldworth, his summer home on Blackdown Heath, in Sussex. Says Church, "The prospect from the terrace of the house is one of the finest to be found in the south of England."

# The Charge of the Heavy Brigade at Balaclava, p. 631.

First published in Macmillan's Magazine, March, 1882; reprinted with Tiresias in 1885.

#### To Virgil, p. 633.

First published in the Nineteenth Century, September, 1882; reprinted with Tiresias, 1885. There is an excellent chapter in Collins's Illustrations of Tenyson comparing Tennyson and Virgil. The two bards have much in common.

#### Early Spring, p. 635.

First published in the Youth's Com-

panion, 1884; reprinted with Tiresias, 1885.

> Prefatory Poem to my Brother's Sonnets, p. 636.

First printed in Collected Sonnets, Old and New, by C. T. Turner, 1884. A touching tribute to this brother, who was for many years vicar of Grasby.

" Frater Ave atque Vale," p. 636.

First published in the Nineteenth Century, March, 1883. These lines on Catullus were composed while the poet and his son were visiting Italy in 1880. They passed a delightful day, exploring the groves and ruins of Sirmio, the home of the graceful Roman singer, which recalled to memory that plaintive strain: Accipe fraterno multum manantia fletu, Atque in perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale!

Helen's Tower, p. 637.

Lines written for Lord Dufferin in 1861, and afterward printed in Good Words, 1884.

Hands all round, p. 637.

Contributed to the Examiner, February 7, 1852.

Freedom, p. 638.

Published in Macmillan's Magazine, December, 1884, also in the New York Independent for 1884; reprinted with Tiresias, 1885.

> Locksley Hall Sixty Years After, p. 640.

Published in 1886, with several short poems and The Promise of May. Says H. S. Salt: "In politics, Lord Tennyson's principles are distinctly reactionary; the best that can be said of them is that, having begun as a sham Liberal, he at least ended as a real and undisguised Tory." (Tennyson as a Thinker, zine, November, 1885; reprinted in the

1893, p. 28.) There is some foundation for this criticism. As Wilson remarks, "The eager impulse to advance is lost within a growing gloom, as the wise old poet contemplates a nation fallen on evil days." ('Tis Sixty Years Since, 1894, p. 26.) Other eminent Englishmen shared this distrust of Liberalism. On the other hand, many public men of England welcomed the change to self-government on the part of the masses of the workingmen, who were given the ballot in 1885.

#### The Fleet, p. 648.

Contributed to the London Times, April 23, 1885. The verses are in keeping with other utterances of Tennyson's, by which he is rightly called the "poet of imperialism."

> To the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava. p. 649.

Published in Demeter, and Other Poems, 1889. These stanzas, in the metre of In Memoriam, were addressed to the Marquis of Dufferin in appreciation of his kindnesses to Lionel Tennyson, the poet's youngest son, who died of jungle-fever contracted in India in 1886.

> On the Jubilee of Queen Victoria, p. 650.

Published in Macmillan's Magazine, April, 1887; reprinted in the Demeter volume, 1889. Written to celebrate the fiftieth year of the Queen's reign.

Demeter and Persephone, p. 652.

First published in 1889. In dealing with this old classic legend, Tennyson fully equalled the beautiful antique poems of his early years.

#### Vastness, p. 658.

First published in Macmillan's Magas

meter volume, 1889. A poem that reats the lyrical triumphs of Tennyson's lmiest days.

## The Ring, p. 660.

First published in 1889. To an Amerin, J. R. Lowell, the poet was indebted r the strange tale related in this dratic sketch, which recalls the story of e Sisters (p. 562). The poem shows e drift of his thinking on mystical bjects.

## To Ulysses, p. 675.

First published in 1889. Addressed to illiam Gifford Palgrave (1826-88), a ll-known missionary and diplomatist, to lived many years in the East.

#### The Progress of Spring, p. 677.

Of this poem Waugh writes: "It must ve been about the time of leaving mersby that Alfred Tennyson wrote be 'Progress of Spring,' a poem laid de and forgotten by the writer, till turned up again in 1888, to be printed the 'Demeter' volume in the follow-fy year." (Alfred, Lord Tennyson, 33, pp. 74, 75.)

## Merlin and The Gleam, p. 679.

The poem is an allegory, containing brief the poet's literary biography. s son says, "From his boyhood he d felt the magic of Merlin—that rit of poetry—which bade him know power and follow throughout his rk a pure and high ideal."

## Romney's Remorse, p. 681.

The poem is based on some episodes the domestic life of the renowned glish painter, George Romney (1734-22). After his marriage to Mary bott at Kendal (1756), he was sepated from her nearly all his life (except last two years).

in old age the poet found intense de-

light in playing with his grandchildren; and when eighty "wrote the lullaby in 'Romney's Remorse,' partly for his little grandson Lionel."

#### By an Evolutionist, p. 685.

This poem and Parnassus, as well as other pieces (published in 1892), indicate Tennyson's partial acceptance of the evolutionary theory. See closing stanzas of In Memoriam and Maud, Pt. I., IV., stanzas 4 and 6.

#### The Throstle, p. 687.

Published in the *New Review*, October, 1889; also printed in a number of American newspapers the same year.

#### Crossing the Bar, p. 687.

Of this beautiful hymn, that has sung its way into the hearts of thousands, a fine interpretation is given by R. S. Herries in the London Times (Oct. 31, 1892): "The goal to which the poet wishes to attain is obviously the open sea of Eternal Life after crossing the bar of Death. The poet embarks at night, the night of death, following on the day of life on earth. During the darkness the poet sleeps, while the Pilot, as yet unseen by him, watches over the safety of the ship and conducts it safely across the bar. Cf. In Memoriam, CXXXXI., st. 3; also epilogue, st. 31.





